The Saturday Evening
POST
June 23, 1962 20¢

How To Toughen Our Flabby Youth

Comeback of Rudy Vallee

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

363 GROV ADV P JUN 63
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

Western-style floor—by Kentile! This steak house features a floor in new Kentile® Woodgrain® Solid Vinyl Planks. Shown: random shades of Birch. Totem Pole insert uses plain colors in Solid Vinyl Tile.

*Want a wood floor's beauty...with far less work? Use new Kentile Woodgrain Solid Vinyl Planks. No need ever to sand or refinish. Waxings last and last. And, because these are solid vinyl planks, they'll take years of heavy traffic. Greaseproof, too. Your Kentile Dealer? Look him up in the Yellow Pages.**

**Or consult your architect, builder, or interior designer. There's a Kentile Floor for every business, at every price. Over 250 colors in 5 types of tile.*

KENTILE VINYL FLOORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! The oil that
protects you if you forget to change

There's a good chance that you *may* forget to change your motor oil when you should. But you *can* protect yourself—with Pennzoil Z-7 . . . the oil with *protection reserve.*

Regardless of price, you can't buy a finer, longer lasting motor oil than Pennzoil Z-7. It comes from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude, refined by a patented, exclusive process, making it the world's *richest* motor oil. Then, the addition of Z-7 makes it so *complete* you never need buy expensive extra additives between oil changes at regular intervals.

Result: a *protection reserve* that stands by you even if you forget to change oil when you should. Your car performs better, your engine lives longer.

Insist on Pennzoil at your favorite service station, car dealer or garage. Or write for the nearest dealer's name. Pennzoil, Oil City 50, Pa.

When to change oil:

Winter — every 30 days*

Summer — every 60 days*

*But never exceed car manufacturers' recommendations for the driving conditions prevailing.

PENNZOIL Z-7—World's richest, most complete motor oil . . . *now with protection reserve.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wherever you go...go first by Long Distance

"I always call ahead. Doesn't *everybody?*

"Really it's Daddy who calls and asks for reservations. Then we pack up and go."

No doubt about it—calling ahead for reservations is a good idea. You know where you're staying and what it will cost.

When you go to the Seattle World's Fair
... be sure to see the Bell Telephone System Exhibit.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Keep in touch by Long Distance

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editor:
ROBERT SHERROD

Managing Editor:
CLAY BLAIR JR.

Art Editor:
KENNETH STUART

Assistant Managing Editors:
JOHN BIRD
DAVIS THOMAS

Foreign Editor:
MARTIN SOMMERS

Washington Editor:
STEWART ALSOP

Photography Editor:
DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Senior Editors:
BEN HIBBS
RICHARD THRUELSEN
STUART ROSE
PETE MARTIN
ROBERT MURPHY
WESLEY PRICE
ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR.
WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK

Contributing Editors:
BEVERLY SMITH JR., *Special Assignments*
ARTHUR W. BAUM, *Business*
DEMAREE BESS, *Foreign Affairs*
ERNEST O. HAUSER, *Foreign Affairs*
HARRY T. PAXTON, *Sports*
STEVEN M. SPENCER, *Science*
HAROLD H. MARTIN, *Special Assignments*
JOHN KOBLER, *Special Assignments*
PETER WYDEN, *Special Assignments*
DON A. SCHANCHE, *Special Assignments*
BILL DAVIDSON, *Special Assignments*
PETER MAAS, *Special Assignments*
ROUL TUNLEY, *Special Assignments*

Assistant to the Editor:
DAY EDGAR

Associate Art Editor:
FRANK KILKER

Associate Editors:
PEGGY DOWST CRONLUND
ARNOLD NICHOLSON
ASHLEY HALSEY JR.
MERRILL POLLACK
RICHARD L. LEHMAN
BILL BREISKY
MORTON D. HULL
ROBERT N. TAYLOR
IRV GOODMAN
THOMAS B. CONGDON JR.
ROBERT CAHN
ART SEIDENBAUM
KATHARINE BRITTON MISHLER
BENTON R. PATTERSON
JOHN R. WELLS
ZEN YONKOVIG
JACK HARING
DAVID A. LYLE

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM J. BAILEY
GWEN LYSAUGHT
VIVIAN CROAKE WARD
DICK PRYCE
HOMER GROSVENOR
HAROLD P. HOSTETLER
NATHAN A. HAVERSTOCK
ELIZABETH L. GREEN
DON OBERDORFER

Editorial Assistants:
GLADYS ANN MÜLLER
JANE DENIS SMITH
SALLY A. REUKAUF
ROGER VAUGHAN
ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS
STEPHEN BERG
JOHN HORAN
KENT OWEN
NANCY MAHONEY

© 1962 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and *Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title reg.* U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly with the two year-end issues combined. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription Prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

Changing Your Address?
DON'T FORGET YOUR POST
The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.
POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

In This Issue

Volume 235, Number 25

ARTICLES

America the Ugly (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By Stewart Alsop* 8
Toughening Our Soft Generation . . *By R. M. Marshall with William Gill* 13
How to Succeed in Show Business by Being Rediscovered *By George Scullin* 24
The Cases of Goldfine and Costello . . . . *By Edward Bennett Williams* 28
Seagoing Challenge From Down Under . . . . . *By W. A. Powers* 44
Strangers From a Barren Paradise . . . . *By Charlotte and Denis Plimmer* 54
How We Exposed Billie Sol Estes . . . . . *By Oscar Griffin Jr.* 69

FICTION

The Prehistoric Producer . . . . . *By Ray Bradbury* 18
The Ironclad Alibi (Part 1 of 2) . . . . . *By Steve McNeil* 38
The Wedding Came Too Dear . . . . . *By Neill C. Wilson* 62

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
People on the Way Up 20
Post Scripts 50
Hazel 66
Editorials 74

Billie Sol's Nemesis. The year 1960 was go-go-go for young **Oscar Griffin Jr.:** He won four major awards from the Texas Press Association for his editing of the Canyon *News;* he accepted a job from the Pecos *Independent and Enterprise;* and he developed an ulcer. Two years later Griffin uncovered the facts which precipitated the downfall of Mr. Pecos himself—the flamboyant Billie Sol Estes. News correspondents swarmed into Pecos, Oscar Griffin became a celebrity and his ulcer started acting up again. When it calmed down, we persuaded Griffin to write his exclusive story, telling how the *Independent* got the goods on Billie Sol.

General Manager Propp and Editor Griffin of the Pecos Independent.

Other By-Lines. What blight-free spot in AMERICA THE UGLY does blight-hater **Stewart Alsop** head for on his vacations? Says Alsop: "Aspen, Colorado." . . . Two of **R. M. Marshall**'s sons were killed in World War II and the third was wounded. "The tragic knowledge of what his boys faced up to," says Marshall's collaborator, writer **William Gill,** "makes him especially concerned about the softness of today's youth." . . . **George Scullin,** 17 years a free-lancer, reports on Rudy Vallee's show-business comeback. . . . American yachtsman **W. A. Powers** tells how Australian yachtsmen plan to cop the America's Cup. . . . **Charlotte** and **Denis Plimmer,** a man-and-wife writing team, are Americans who live in London. . . . **Ray Bradbury** has a close friend who, like the hero of his tale, makes monsters for movies. . . . **Steve McNeil,** author of 91 *Post* stories, is now in Hollywood writing screenplays. . . . *The Post*'s new chief editorial writer is **William K. Goolrick,** aged 41, formerly of *National Geographic* and *Life* magazines. A World War II reserve (see the lead editorial on page 74), he won a Silver Star as an intelligence officer on Gen. George Patton's staff. Seriously wounded in the Battle of the Bulge, Goolrick was hospitalized thirty months while recovering. He lives in a Washington suburb with his wife and two children.

The Cover. The fleet's out, but two trim runabouts, blonde and brunette, remain at the yacht-club pier. This evening after work the girls will be besieged for dates by the young men now frittering away the afternoon in sailboats. How long, artist George Hughes wonders, before some bright guy discovers that he who helps peel potatoes while the sun shines fares better when the moon comes up?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Some Back Schlesinger . . .

Dear Sirs:

I do not think anyone could have stated the case for pragmatic liberalism any better than did Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. in THE FAILURE OF WORLD COMMUNISM [May 19]. Liberalism never seeks to destroy capitalism, regardless of what many capitalists contend. But pragmatic liberalism will, instead, render Communism both unnecessary and totally undesirable.

RONALD E. HARRIS
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Bravo to *The Post* for the article by Arthur Schlesinger Jr. I believe that opening the doors of trade between Russia and the United States will bring democratic ways sooner inside the Communist nation, and thus democracy will be seen and taken up by the peoples and nations who do not practice this most progressive system.

M. I. BERNETT
St. Petersburg, Fla.

. . . And Some Don't Agree

Dear Sirs:

I am appalled at the implications in Mr. Schlesinger's article. . . . You can't have socialism—and that's what his so-called liberalism will achieve, if not checked—without controls, and you can't have controls without the means to enforce them. And you can't enforce them without resort to force. "Creeping socialism" was well named.... Let's stop it before it becomes impossible to extricate ourselves.

A. J. BLENCOE
Geneva, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

So Communism is a complete failure . . . throughout the world. . . . In 1939 Communism had control over some 180,000,000 people. In 1962 it controls 1,000,000,000, or almost a six-fold increase. Perhaps we should all strive to be failures.

WILLIAM CHAUVENET
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

Reds a Success in U.S.?

Dear Sirs:

Harold H. Martin's article [THE COMMUNIST PARTY, U.S.A., May 19] . . . creates a very erroneous and dangerous impression. The truth is that Communism has been a great success in the United States. In 1938, when the Dies investigation started, there were 195,756 Communists in the United States as shown by the highest number on one of the membership cards we obtained. As our committee proved . . . there were numerous "front" organizations . . . with a total membership of several million. . . .

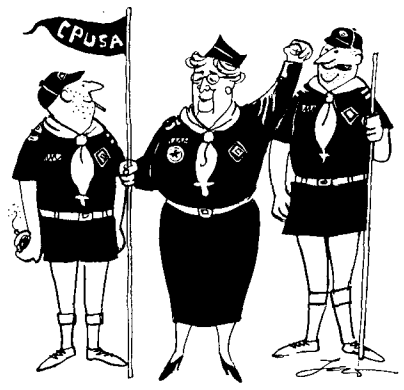
Through this apparatus, Moscow was able to accomplish its full purposes in the United States, which were: (1) the theft of vital military, diplomatic, industrial and scientific secrets, without which Russia could not have advanced seriously in our lifetime, (2) influencing our foreign policy in favor of the Soviet Union and (3) influencing our domestic policies to weaken our internal strength. . . .

[Most of] the same people who were members of the apparatus in 1938 to 1945 are still in this country, ready to be reactivated when the time is ripe.

MARTIN DIES
Lufkin, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

As a den mother I resent Mrs. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn being placed in the same category with me and the rest of



us patriotic den mothers! We try to instill in our cubs love of God and country.

MRS. FRANK M. ONO
Kettering, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Permit me to point out a factual error contained in your reference to *Political Affairs* [the Communist Party's intellectual monthly]. You gave the circulation of this magazine as 1045; apparently you have confused the number of subscribers with the circulation total. In any case, the figure given in your article is about six times removed from the truth; closer to reality, however, in this instance, than anything else in that stirring example of "free press" reportage.

HERBERT APTHEKER, *Editor*
Political Affairs
New York, N.Y.

Let's See Who Is Elected

Dear Sirs:

By the publication of a full-length photograph and biographical sketch of Ross Pritchard [PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP: HUSTLING CANDIDATE, Apr. 28] you perform a disservice to your readers and the reputation of your publication.

Publication of this material under the heading PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP implies . . . that Doctor Pritchard will be the winner not only in the Democratic primary but also in the subsequent general election. The latter implication carries with it an invitation for a corollary inference that it would be useless to support or vote for any other candidate, Democratic or Republican, for the seat of representative from the Ninth Congressional District of Tennessee because Doctor Pritchard's election is a foregone conclusion. This criticism would be equally valid had you chosen for this publicity any of the other candidates for the office.

JOHN H. TODD
Memphis, Tenn.

Taliaferro

Davis

● *Besides Pritchard, another young candidate—forty-year-old State Sen. Lewis Taliaferro—is challenging the incumbent, Rep. Clifford Davis, in the August-second Democratic primary in Tennessee's Ninth Congressional District. Taliaferro is a Memphis attorney who drew more votes than any other legislative candidate ever got in Shelby County when he was elected to the State Senate in 1960. Davis, 64, a twenty-two-year veteran in Congress, has planned a fighting primary campaign. Nomination by the Democrats usually means election in this district.—ED.*

Where Ignorance Isn't Bliss

Dear Sirs:

Your editoral on THE COMING BOOM IN IGNORANCE [May 12] indicates that the boom may already be here. . . . Since the source of income for both Federal and local governments is the same—namely, the citizen-taxpayer—then it is obvious that, if local communities cannot afford the proposed program, neither can the Federal Government. If, in the face of this, you advocate Federal expenditure, then you must be suggesting it be done by inflationary means—debt financing.

R. E. FIELD
Croton Falls, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

One point in your fine editorial supporting Federal aid to education is of particular importance—the increasing inability of local communities to support adequate school systems. States and municipalities are hard pressed to finance many other urgently needed public services. Yet the majority of the states are using more than one third of all the state and local revenues for the support of the schools.

MAURINE B. NEUBERGER
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

The "boom in ignorance" predicted in your editorial is, in itself, an amazing display of misconceptions about conditions in this country. . . . The vast program of aid to education proposed by the Administration has failed of enactment because of the lack of demonstrated need or any probability of effectiveness for such Federal intervention in our schools.

JOHN R. MILES, *Manager*
Education Department
U.S. Chamber of Commerce
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

We feel that many of our educational problems can be attributed to the indifference of our local citizenry and to the poor leadership on the part of our profession but, in the main, these problems are due to the large increase in school enrollment, the keen competition for the college trained, and by the vastness of providing classrooms, equipment, supplies and teachers. . . . Your publication is to be congratulated for pointing out the real threat of national ignorance.

PAUL E. SPARKS
Asst. Superintendent of Schools
Louisville, Ky.

Dear Sirs:

We at the National Education Association were delighted with the editorial. . . . Thank you for so clearly placing the issue before the American people.

EWALD TURNER, *President*
National Education Association
Washington, D.C.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

A Case-History Report

Birth-Control Pills

Baseball's Hottest Debate:

THE BEANBALL

ALSO:

One Man's War Against Sharks

Safeguarding Atomic Secrets

By former AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Bill Shrout. • 4–Eldred Reany (The Nashville Tennessean); Memphis Commercial Appeal. • 8, 10–Arnold Roth. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17–Robert Huntzinger. • 19–Albert Hirschfeld. • 20–Jerry Cooke. • 21–Edward Clark. • 22–Arthur Shay. • 23–Inge Morath. • 24, 25–Friedman-Abeles. • 26–Ormond Gigli; Friedman-Abeles. • 27–Ormond Gigli. • 28–Philippe Halsman. • 29–United Press International. • 35–Wide World. • 39–James Bama. • 44, 45–Ron Perrott. • 46, 47–Ronny Jaques. • 49–Ron Perrott. • 54–Pictorial Parade. • 55, 57–Jacques Lowe. • 62, 63–Joe Kaufman. • 69–Bill Shrout. • 70, 71–Bill Winfrey (Dallas Morning News). • 72–Bill Shrout; two by Bill Winfrey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When your feet hurt ...you hurt all over!

THIS WEEK, STOP THOSE PAINS FAST WITH Dr Scholl's

MEDICALLY-APPROVED RELIEF FOR ANY COMMON FOOT TROUBLE!

Sore, weary, aching feet can affect your whole body. This is why thousands always turn to Dr. Scholl's for fast, comforting relief from all common foot troubles. Discover the joy of happy, pain-free feet yourself! Do it right now. This is DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT® WEEK when Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops everywhere join in helping stop foot discomfort. With these scientific foot aids, you'll get fast, dependable relief at very small cost.

World's Largest-Selling Aids to Foot Happiness!

CORNS—SORE TOES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure; soothe, cushion. Also prevent corns and sore toes. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve pain, soothe, ease pressure on sore spot; quickly loosen and remove callouses. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for bunions; relieve tender and enlarged joints; lift painful shoe pressure. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

CORNS Between Toes

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve and remove soft corns between toes. Be sure to ask for this special size. 19¢ and 45¢ boxes.

HOT, TIRED FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves, refreshes feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet due to exertion or fatigue. 50¢ and $1.00 jar.

TENDER FEET

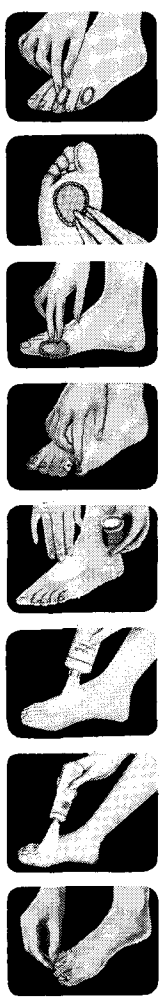
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder soothes tender, chafed, hot, perspiring feet, eases tight shoes. Helps dispel foot odor. 19¢, 50¢ and 90¢.

ODOROUS FEET

Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder stops bad foot odor due to a disorder of the sweat glands and excessive perspiration. 75¢.

INGROWN NAIL

Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops of this soothing preparation in the nail groove relieves soreness, pain; softens embedded part of nail for easier removal. 35¢ and 75¢.



ATHLETE'S FOOT
ITCHING FEET AND TOES

Dr. Scholl's Solvex stops itching, kills fungi on contact. Aids healing. Powder, 75¢. Liquid and Ointment, $1.00. Spray, $1.50.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Shoe Deodorizer Spray instantly kills Athlete's Foot fungi it contacts in linings of shoes, prevents reinfection. Stops shoe odors. Dries in seconds. $1.25.

HARD, SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Corn-Callous Remover helps relieve pain. Speedily softens hard and soft corns, so they just lift off. No cutting. 19¢ and 40¢.

SORE HEELS

Dr. Scholl's Heel Cushions relieve tender heels by giving them a soft cushioning bed to rest upon. Made of rubber, leather covered. 75¢ pair.

CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft, cushioning rubber, tends to gradually straighten crooked or overlapping toes. Worn invisibly under stocking. 75¢ each.

BUNION PAIN

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer of soft rubber, relieves pain from shoe pressure, hides the bulge, helps preserve shape of shoe. Worn invisibly. 75¢ each. *Leather Bunion Protector*, $1.25 each.

SHIELDS BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Foam-Ease Bunion Shield almost magically stops painful shoe pressure. Helps hide bulge. Soft, cushioning. $1.50 each.

CALLOUSES, PAIN
BURNING AT BALL OF FOOT

Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion loops over toe and nestles under ball of foot. Made of soft Latex Foam. Gives day-long walking ease. Flesh color. $1.00 pair.

FOOT RELIEF

Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, soothing, cushioning superior moleskin relieves corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Cut to any size and shape. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, $1.15.

REDUCES CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Corn-Callous File quickly, painlessly reduces, relieves hard corns, callouses, thickened skin. 19¢, 25¢ and 40¢.

ARCH STRAIN

Dr. Scholl's Arch Binder relieves strain of weak arches. Flesh color elastic. Sizes for men and women. Worn invisibly. $1.00 pair.

NEW FELT PADS

Dr. Scholl's Bev-Edge Pads, made of felt, have smoother, thinner edge than conventional felt pads. Stop pain. Flesh color. 45¢ box.

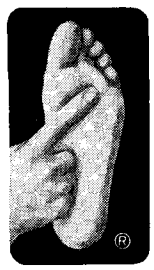
LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS!

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles cushion your feet from toe to heel. Made of soft Latex Foam. Washable. Give luxurious walking ease. Men's & Women's. 60¢ pair.

RELAX Your Feet!

After a day on your feet, see how fast *Dr. Scholl's Foot Exercizer Sandals* strengthen and relax foot muscles. Reduce fatigue, relieve aches and pains, lift sagging arches. Men's, Women's $9.95 a pair up. Children's $7.95.

WATCH YOUR ARCHES!



Tired, Aching Feet, Callouses, Rheumatic-like Foot and Leg Pains, Sore Heels—are symptoms of Weak, Fallen Arch, Flatfoot.

Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise quickly relieve the aches and pains due to arch sag. Light, flexible, adjustable. Choice of metal, leather, foam rubber, plastic. $2.00 pair up. Sizes for Men, Women and Children.

BUILT-IN-COMFORT Dr Scholl's ARCH-LIFT SANDALS

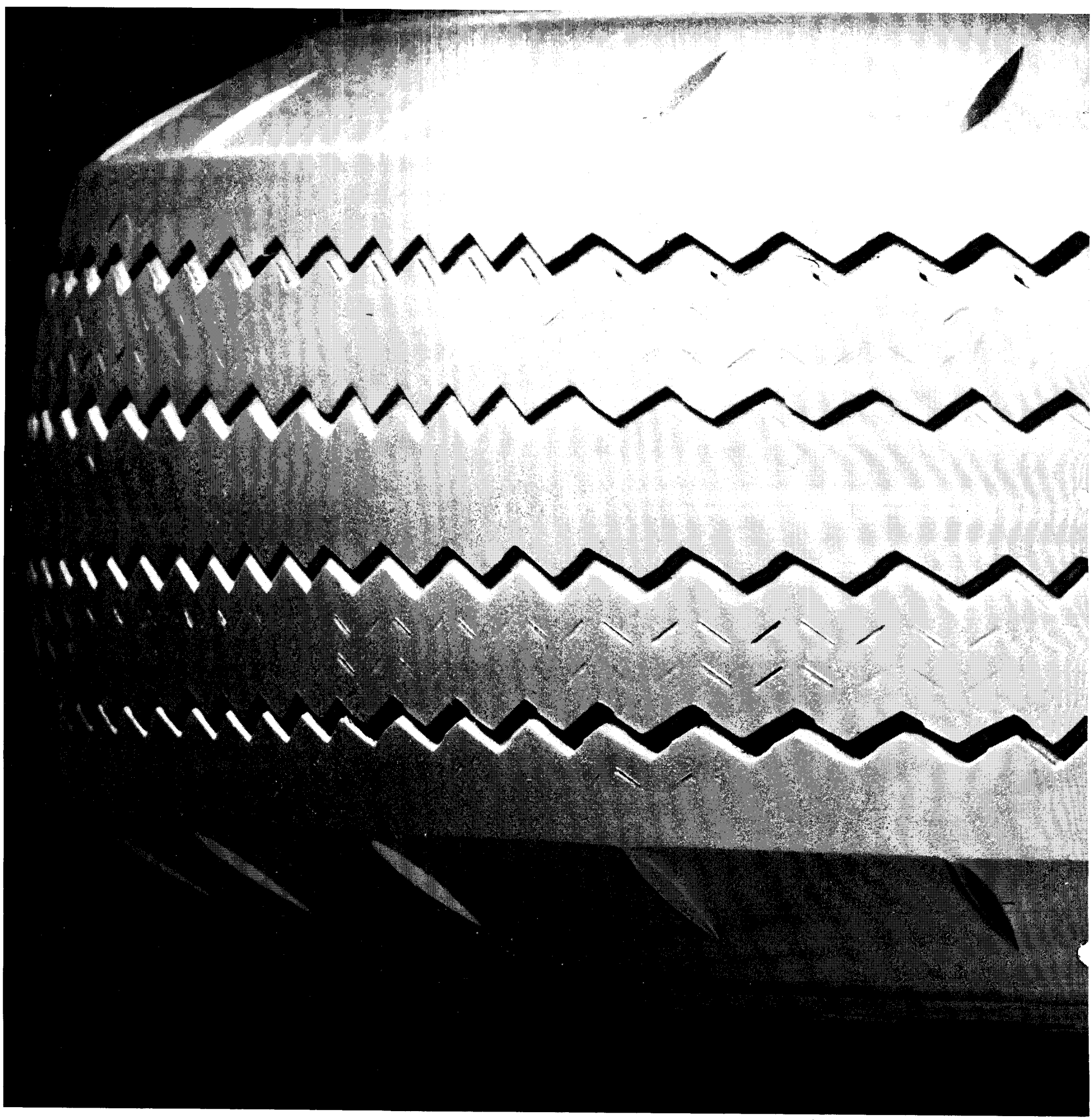
For Men, Women and Children

Molded Sole—BUILT-UP ARCH—Cupped Heel

The exclusive built-up arch, molded sole and cupped heel support and cradle your every step. Ideal for home, street and recreation. Women's: Tan, Red, White, Black. Men's: Brown, Tan, Black. $10.95 pair. Children's $7.95 pair up. Sold at all Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort®, Shops and Select Shoe and Department Stores in principal cities.

Act now! ...JUNE 23-30 Dr Scholl's FOOT COMFORT® WEEK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

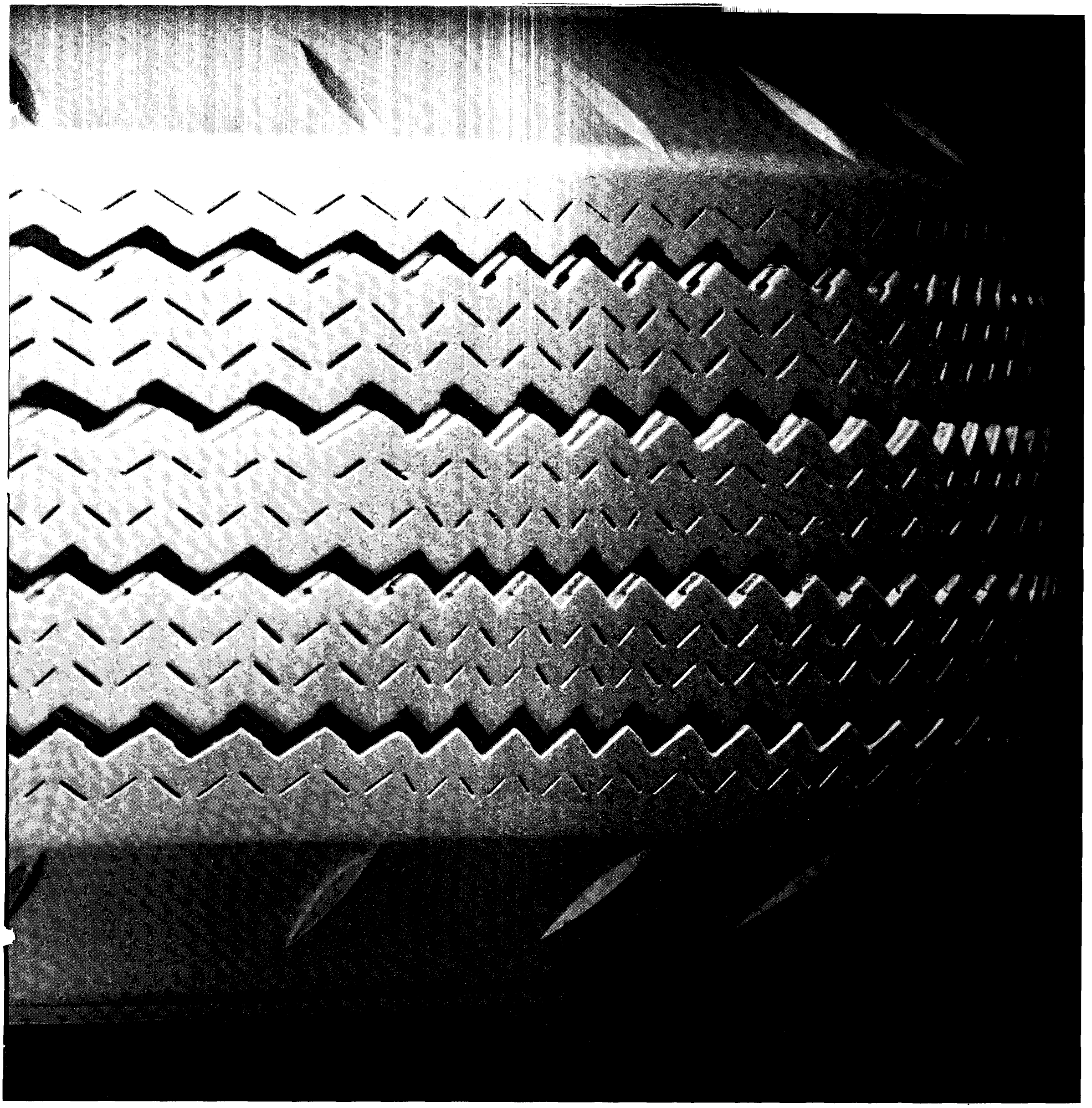


Both tires went 21,501 miles.

The proof of the extra value Goodyear now offers you is right on these pages. Because Goodyear tires—even the lowest priced Goodyear tires—are now made with Tufsyn, a tough new synthetic that gives you far more mileage for your money. These Goodyear tires—one with Tufsyn and one without—were run on the same car and over the same roads. Goodyear against Goodyear. No monkey business. And now the result is right in front of you. Tufsyn is tough. So tough that when it's used in the body of Goodyear tires, it gives you up to 25% greater body durability.

TUFSYN, T. M. THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This one has new Tufsyn.

Meaning you're better protected than ever against blowouts, chunking, chipping, cracking—especially at turnpike speeds. More than ever, Goodyear gives you a real he-man of a tire: the new Turnpike-Proved Goodyear with Tufsyn. Goodyears cost you no more than so-called "bargain" tires, so why settle for less? Get these tires anywhere you see the blue & gold Goodyear Diamond.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America the Ugly

Our once-lovely land has become a garish, tasteless, messy junk heap.

BY STEWART ALSOP

With the possible exception of a couple of countries in Africa and the Middle East, the United States is the ugliest country in the world. Or if it isn't yet, it is rapidly becoming so.

This is an opinion, of course, and like all opinions it is subject to error—ugliness, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. But at least it's an opinion based on a lot of travel and observation. To earn a living, I've had to move around a lot. I've been on reporting trips to most of the countries of Europe, Asia and Africa. As national-affairs contributing editor of this magazine, I spent a lot of time wandering around the United States, reporting on local situations or covering political campaigns.

America's ugliness is all man-made, of course. And it took some doing to make America ugly. For the land itself—the land we inherited from God and the Indians—is probably the most beautiful in the world, and certainly the most varied. I started writing this article in a cabin in the Rockies, and I finished it after a long automobile trip across the Northwest, the part of the country I had known least. On that trip I was astonished all over again by America's amazing variety.

Around Aspen, Colorado, the starting point of the trip, the country is like the lower Austrian Alps. Not far away, driving north from Rock Springs in southern Wyoming, I was reminded of a drive I took once from Jerusalem to Damascus—only the distant Arab encampments, with the camels and the spidery black tents, were missing. Farther north there was a landscape which might have been magically transported from southern Spain; and then there were great level plains like the Russian steppes as I saw them on a long boat ride from Kiev to Dnepropetrovsk. There were stretches of countryside nearer the coast that had the humid, softly countoured, almost feminine richness of the English countryside. And in the Northwest, as in every other part of the country, you come upon landscapes which could only be American—uniquely, endearingly American.

Stewart Alsop, a long-time contributor to and now Washington Editor of this magazine, is known as a versatile writer and a man of impeccable taste. He and his family live in a wooded section of Washington, D.C., known as Cleveland Park—which he definitely does not consider ugly.

All this we have—this wonderful variety, this marvelous natural beauty. And all this we seem determined to turn into a vast continental junk heap. For on that automobile trip I saw what I have seen almost everywhere else in the United States—the way we Americans are turning our lovely country into a garish, brassy, neon-lit, billboard-ridden, slummish, littered, tasteless and, above all, *messy* place.

An Experiment

"Thine alabaster cities gleam, undimmed by human tears," or so we are taught to sing in *America the Beautiful.* Well, I suggest you try an experiment. Take your car and go to the center of the "alabaster city" which is nearest to where you live. Drive slowly outward from the center of town toward the countryside, and try to look around you with fresh eyes, as though you were seeing everything for the first time. Unless your city is one of only about two or three in the United States, it is not hard to predict what you will see.

First, there is "downtown"—the inevitable cluster of skyscrapers, or buildings trying to pretend they are skyscrapers. The great art critic Bernard Berenson once remarked to my brother Joe that everybody loved Paris because it was the last big city left in the world which was "built to human scale." We seem determined to build even our tank towns to inhuman scale, filling them purposelessly with towering steel-and-concrete ant heaps, creating silly, meaningless little imitations of Manhattan Island.

Drive around the base of the cluster of concrete ant heaps, and you will see a littered, garish asphalt jungle. Look about you, at the bits of trash and garbage in the streets, the rust and peeling paint, the multicolored neon signs, endlessly winking on and off—GIANT BURGERS . . . . KUSTOM KUT KLOTHES . . . EATS. Now drive slowly out from downtown. Within a few blocks, if your city is at all typical, you come on the "circle of decay," nearly universal in our cities.

The circle of decay consists of houses, once perhaps handsome and, alas, all too solidly built, which were occupied by merchants who used to walk to work in the days before the horseless carriage. Now they are musty funeral parlors, slatternly taverns, dubious boarding-houses.

Some streets in the circle of decay cling precariously to a sad and grimy respectability, but the rest is slum. The phrase "the affluent society," coined by our brilliant ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith, has recently been much on knowledgeable lips. Driving slowly through the slum areas of your city, and looking about you, just keep repeating that phrase over and over, and see if it does not come to have a hollow ring.

Beyond the circle of decay you are likely to find a newer area, a sort of no-man's land between the suburbs and the city proper. The no man's land is a meaningless jumble—honky-tonks, gas stations with tinsel streamers, littered empty lots, glossy motels catering to the quick-turnover trade. Here you begin to see those terrible neon arrows, plunging interminably downward toward some motel or eatery, blinding the eyes of the weary motorist. Here too begin the serried ranks of billboards, which stretch relentlessly on from your town to either coast, concealing and defiling the lovely land.

The Developments

Driving out beyond the no-man's land at the outskirts, you may find, if you are lucky, some pleasant older suburbs and residential streets. Then, in what was farm or forest a few years ago, the developments begin, built to a uniform geometrical pattern, surrounding the central city as though in a state of siege. Beyond the developments, the countryside is ravished by the ruthless ribbons of arterial roads, lined with the inevitable complement of billboards, neon-lit honky-tonks, hot-dog stands, trailer parks, car dumps, litter.

Thus America the Beautiful is transmogrified into America the Junk Heap.

By this time the reader is no doubt muttering angrily to himself, "Dammit, it's not that bad." And, of course, it isn't that bad. Skyscrapers can be beautiful, from a distance—the Manhattan sky line seen from the ocean on a clear night is one of the world's splendors. Motels, like the skyscraper, a uniquely American invention, are wonderfully convenient, and almost all of them these days are clean and comfortable and some are even pretty. The major oil companies insist on clean, well-kept gas stations. And of course there are at least three really handsome cities in the United States, and many pleasant towns and pretty villages.

Even so, you should make that experiment I have suggested. If you really look around you with fresh eyes, I think you will agree that too much of this country is getting a lot too ugly, and that something really has to be done about it. But what?

There is no complete answer to that question, but at least we ought to begin thinking seriously about it. A lot of favorite formulas for de-uglifying America are silly, or intellectually snobbish, or demonstrably impractical. So a good way to start thinking seriously about the problem of ugliness in America is to recognize what is *not* going to be done about it.

Outlaw Cars?

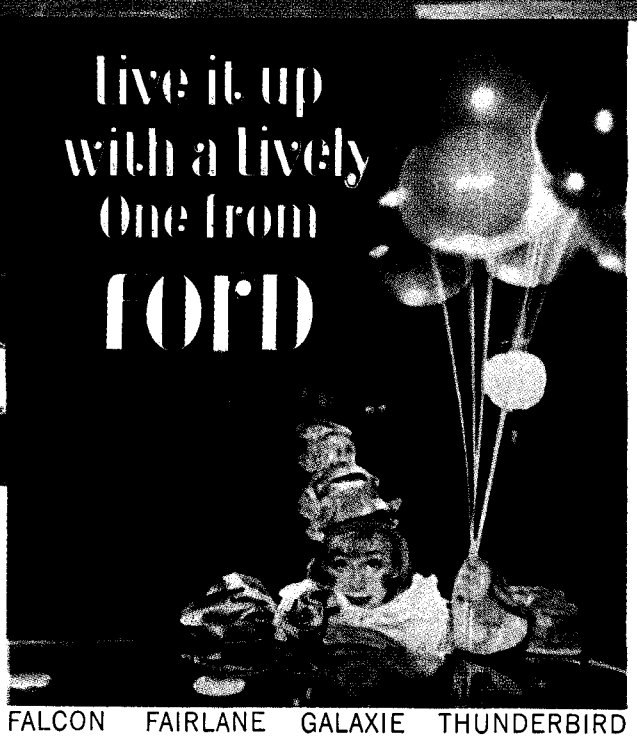
For example, we are not going to banish the automobile. Some critics, like the architect Edward Durell Stone, hold the automobile principally responsible for America's ugliness. It is true that the automobile has contributed its share to urban sprawl and to such other unlovely aspects of the American scene as old-car dumps. Thus there is logic in Stone's proposal that the automobile companies take a leading part in the drive to de-uglify America. But Americans are going to go on driving cars.

And Americans are going to go on moving into suburban developments. The developments are another favorite target of the intellectual critics of the American scene. Lewis Mumford, for example, writes of the "encapsulated and denatured environment" of these "treeless communal wastes." This is silly intellectual snobbery. The developments

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brand new way to have a ball on a budget!

FAIRLANE 500. The high cost of living it up has been cut down to size—and this is the car that did it. Fairlane's room and ride are big-car from the word go. Yet its price (listen carefully) is less than many compacts! The optional new "260" Challenger V-8—the first V-8 of its kind—develops a sparkling 164 h.p. And, like other big Ford, Fairlane has broken the monthly maintenance habit—it needs service only twice a year or every 6000 miles. For the car that lets you have your cake and eat it, head out for your Ford Dealer's. You can't miss it. It's the liveliest spot in town!



Live it up with a lively One from **ford**

A PRODUCT OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

FALCON FAIRLANE GALAXIE THUNDERBIRD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

E. & J. GALLO WINERY, MODESTO, CALIFORNIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This summer, find a shady spot, relax and...

Drink Wonderful!

Gallo Wines add excitement and summer magic to informal living...whether you're hosting an outdoor barbecue or enjoying a tall cool one alone.

Try robust Gallo Burgundy with ice and soda...delicious Gallo Port...Gallo Sherry on the rocks...refreshing Gallo Sauterne straight from a frosty bottle.

California Straight SHERRY

Gallo Sherries, wonderful "anytime" wines. A choice of four, mellow Cream to Pale Dry.

California SAUTERNE

Exquisite Gallo Sauterne has a delightful taste that inspires light summer foods.

California PORT

Rich, bright Gallo Port has a smooth subtle taste. Pick your favorite from four varieties.

California BURGUNDY

Superb Gallo Burgundy has a robust flavor. A perfect companion to good food.

DISCOVER THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF WINE....WITH GALLO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT

are no heavens on earth, but with their open air and patches of green they are far pleasanter places in which to bring up a family than the low-income ant-heap apartments of a big city. It is from the city ant heaps that the occupants of the developments have wisely escaped—and good luck to them.

Again, bar a nuclear war, we are not going to tear down and rebuild our cities, as some critics, like the well-known architect George Nelson, seem to want us to do. And we might as well face certain facts about our cities. In the very nature of things, an industrial city is ugly. If you doubt that, have a look at England's Leeds, or France's Nancy, or the Soviet Union's Kharkov. Moreover, a lot of the ugliness of our cities—as of cities elsewhere in the world—is due to poverty. Despite our affluence, poverty is a problem we have yet to solve, as anyone with eyes can see.

Moreover, there is, alas, no way to endow our cities with the kind of ancient and inherited beauty the citizens of Europe and other older parts of the world enjoy. There are some handsome old buildings in America, and they should be tenderly preserved. In my opinion, the single worst act of vandalism in recent history was the gutting of the White House, which used to smell of history in every layer of paint and every shaky beam. Then the guts and gizzard were torn out of the old place just because Harry Truman's bathtub fell through a floorboard. But because we are a young country, and because we have never had a king, or a state church, or an inherited ruling class, we have no Versailles, no Chartres, no great country houses or châteaux.

By bad luck, moreover, most of our older buildings west of the Alleghenies were built during the very worst period of public taste—Victorian buildings in Europe are just as ugly, or uglier. There is really nothing we can do about this sort of thing. But a lot can be done all the same. Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and some other cities have shown what can be done to rescue our big cities from the threat of total decay. More must be done.

Some of the things that need doing are not really very hard to do. Take trees, for example. As some cities have discovered, nothing is so effective as trees in transforming the asphalt jungle into a pleasant place to live or shop or do business. There is nothing very difficult about planting trees.

But other things that need doing are a lot more difficult to do because they involve that sensitive commodity, money. In a lot of ways, our present fiscal structure seems purposely designed to promote ugliness in America. For example, the Federal Housing Administration's appraisal of the value of a builder's development largely determines the size of the mortgage he can raise. But as Peter Blake has pointed out in *American Heritage*, the FHA appraisers give little or no credit for defacing the landscape with garish billboards in the name of promotion. Again, the tax structure, with its write-offs for depreciation, makes it profitable to tear down sound and handsome buildings and replace them with glassy monstrosities. The depreciation allowances are primarily responsible for the progressive transformation of Manhattan's Park Avenue from a dignified big-city street into a midway for some monstrous fair.

Nothing is more difficult to change than an established tax structure. But sooner or later the tax base of American cities is going to have to be changed. It is going to have to be extended from the old city limits to the whole urban complex, including the suburbs which feed on the city. In the long run there is simply no other way to deal with the decay of many of our cities, which is as ugly and as dangerous to the health of the whole body politic as the decay of a tooth in the human body.

Money is the key factor in other ways. Take neon signs. Colored neon tubing is more responsible for the uglification of America than any other single development—except perhaps for billboards. The most beautiful square in Europe could be transformed instantly into a garish horror by festooning it with multicolored neon tubing. Obviously merchants don't hang out those horrible blinking neon signs out of sheer perversity—they want to attract customers and make money. Indeed, they have to attract customers to survive. But a good many merchants are coming to realize that in the long run ugliness is bad business; and we customers ought to patronize those merchants who have grasped this point.

With some agreed self-discipline, it is possible to make downtown shopping streets pleasant, pretty and profitable. This has already been done in a number of cities, like Santa Barbara, California. In other cities, like Kalamazoo, Michigan, there have been interesting experiments in blocking off whole shopping streets from traffic, and planting them with grass, trees and flowers.

An Obligation of Wealth

Or take the rich. The rich themselves rarely create beauty, but their money does, or ought to. Much of Europe's beauty, like the great houses and their contents, was created through the medium of the money of the ruling class. The elimination of private wealth accounts in part for the dreariness and drabness you find everywhere in Communist countries. We have no ruling class but we have plenty of rich people. Some of our rich have done a lot to make possible the creation of beauty—Winterthur and Williamsburg come to mind. But most American rich people regard being rich as an end in itself. Any rich man—say with a couple of million and up—who dies without leaving behind him something permanently beautiful or otherwise enjoyable has failed to justify his existence.

The government also has a central responsibility for reversing the process of uglification. From the time of the pyramids and the Parthenon, the sovereign state has played a key role in the creation of beautiful and impressive surroundings for its citizens. I live in Washington, so I am particularly aware of the Government's failure in this respect. Our Government seems to be determined to anticipate *1984*, creating monstrous beehives for the bureaucracy, like the new State Department Building; or architectural practical jokes like the new Senate Office Building, which manages to be ugly, incredibly expensive and ludicrously inefficient all at the same time.

State and municipal governments should also be held responsible for erecting buildings designed to please the eye, even unto the third or fourth generation.

Architecture on Trial

That brings us to the architects. Dammit, look about you. Is this really the best that American architecture can do? Some modern buildings are pretty in a light, amusing sort of way, and some are pleasantly functional. But almost all of them have that World's Fair look, as though they were put up to be torn down tomorrow or the next day. Can't American architects design *anything* that our great-great-grandchildren might reasonably be expected to look at with pleasure?

But the ultimate responsibility for America's ugliness rests not with the architects or the governments or the rich or the merchants. It rests with all of us, the American people. We tolerate our country's ugliness and we help to create it.

I once bought a peach in a store in Geneva, which must surely be the world's most spotless city. After eating it, I threw the pit in the gutter, as an American would. Two Swiss immediately tapped me on the shoulder and politely but sternly motioned me to pick the pit out of the gutter.

This small episode came to my mind on my recent trip through the Northwest. Driving through Yellowstone Park, I saw fish rising on an inviting stretch of the Yellowstone River. I took a fly rod out of the car and went down to try my luck. But I didn't stay long. Some japester had stolen a big A.A.A. sign and thrown it into the river, and the bank was littered with old newspapers, tin cans, toilet paper, rotting oranges and other refuse.

Why are we Americans so messy? For one thing, I think, we are a lot closer to the frontier than most of us realize.

I wonder how many readers of this article, who served abroad during the war, came home to see their own country with new eyes. I vividly remember coming home after being in the European theater for almost three years. I had married an English girl, so perhaps I saw the family place—a Connecticut farm with a rather typical New England farmhouse—partly through her eyes. The countryside I was brought up in has been settled as long as almost any other part of the country. But suddenly it looked amazingly raw and untamed. I could easily imagine Indians roaming the woods, as indeed they had only a few short generations ago. And our house looked like a temporary wooden structure hastily erected against the elements and marauding savages—which is what most New England houses look like to visiting Europeans, though they are usually too polite to say so.

Our closeness to the frontier accounts for a lot in the American character, like our zest and hopeful venturesomeness, which still abound despite the hand-wringing about American conformism. But it accounts for other things as well.

There has always been so much of everything. And clearing a continent is not a neat business. A grizzled Westerner recently appeared before a Senate committee taking testimony on the national park lands. "I don't understand all this talk about preserving the wilderness," he said plaintively. "I've spent all my life fighting the wilderness."

The Cult of Ugliness

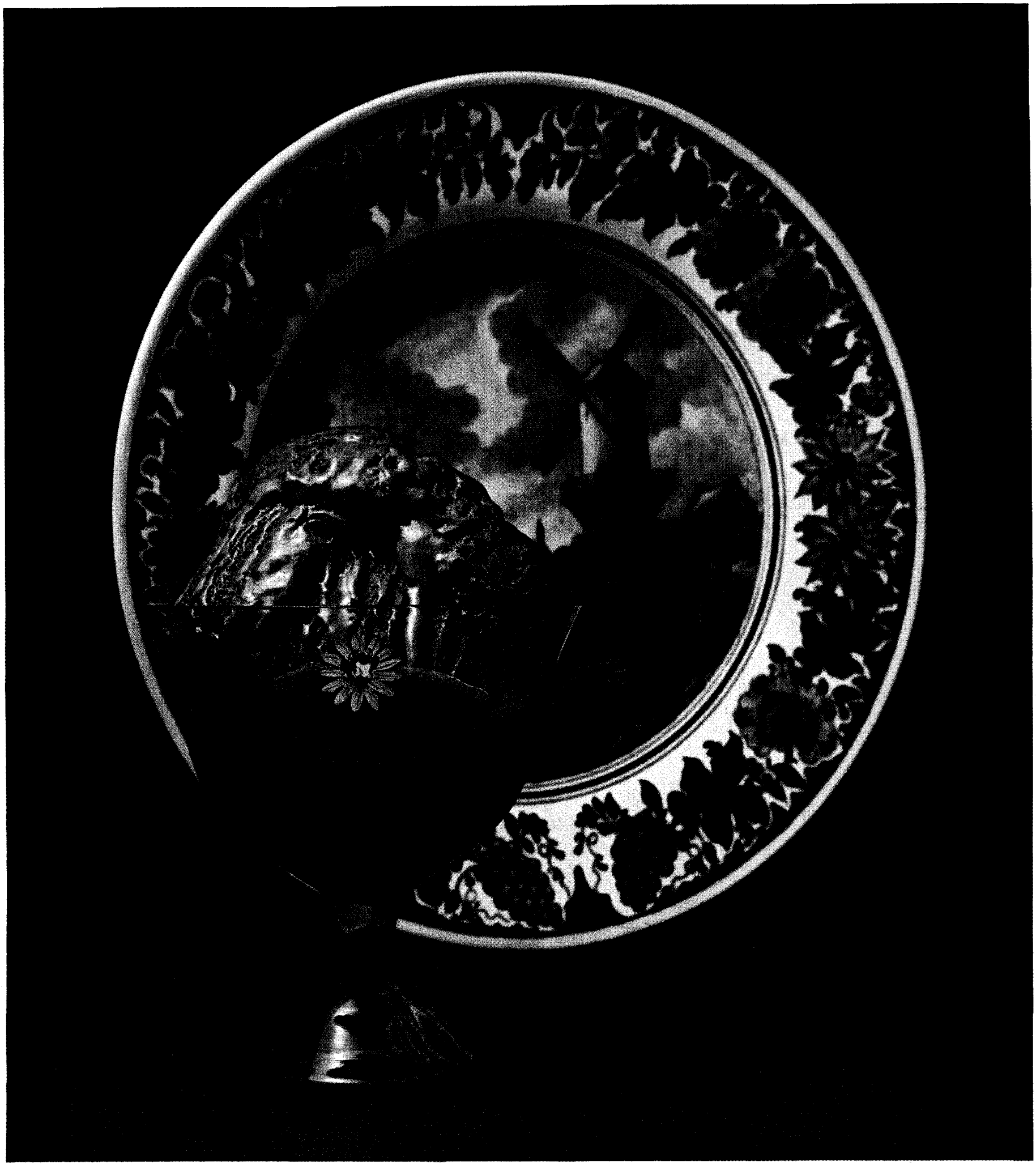
Out of our closeness to the frontier there has grown, I think, an American cult of ugliness. When survival came first, a man who cared about beauty would be laughed or hounded out of town. Out of the frontier past has grown a subconscious consensus that there is something manly about messiness and ugliness, something sissified about whatever is handsome, or well ordered, or beautiful.

But the days of the frontier are gone, and more and more of us are going to have to live behind the same fixed borders. We are big boys now, and we must stop treating our country the way spoiled children treat their toys.

With the population exploding, we are simply going to have to accept the kind of regional planning England and almost all other European countries have, even if this means some infringement of individual property rights.

Property rights do not include the right to turn America into a junk heap. Aside from accepting this measure of discipline, there are other things we can do if enough of us are determined to make war on ugliness. For example, perhaps we who care about the uglification of America—and there are a lot of us—ought to form a national lobby, a Committee to Combat Ugliness, to make war with our votes and our pocketbooks on those who are turning our country into a junk heap. It is a war we are sure to win in the end, if enough of us face up to the fact of America's ugliness. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



©1962, The Borden Co.

Holland sends you its best, and Borden's offers it to you in a truly glorious form. Take the goodness of choice imported Dutch cocoa and blend it with the smoothest, creamiest perfection of Borden's. The result is a truly superlative chocolate ice cream appropriately named Borden's Dutch Chocolate Ice Cream. Taste the difference that's exclusively Dutch, deliciously Borden's. One spoonful and you'll know how truly great chocolate ice cream can be.

BORDEN'S

VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

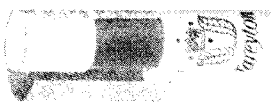
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hungry for flavor? Tareyton's got it!

Flavor you never thought you'd get from any filter cigarette!

If you're hungry for flavor, Tareyton's got plenty—and it's *plenty good!* Quality tobaccos at their peak go *into* Tareyton. Then the famous Dual Filter *brings out* the best taste of these choice tobaccos. Try a pack of Dual Filter Tareytons—you'll see!

Dual Filter makes the difference

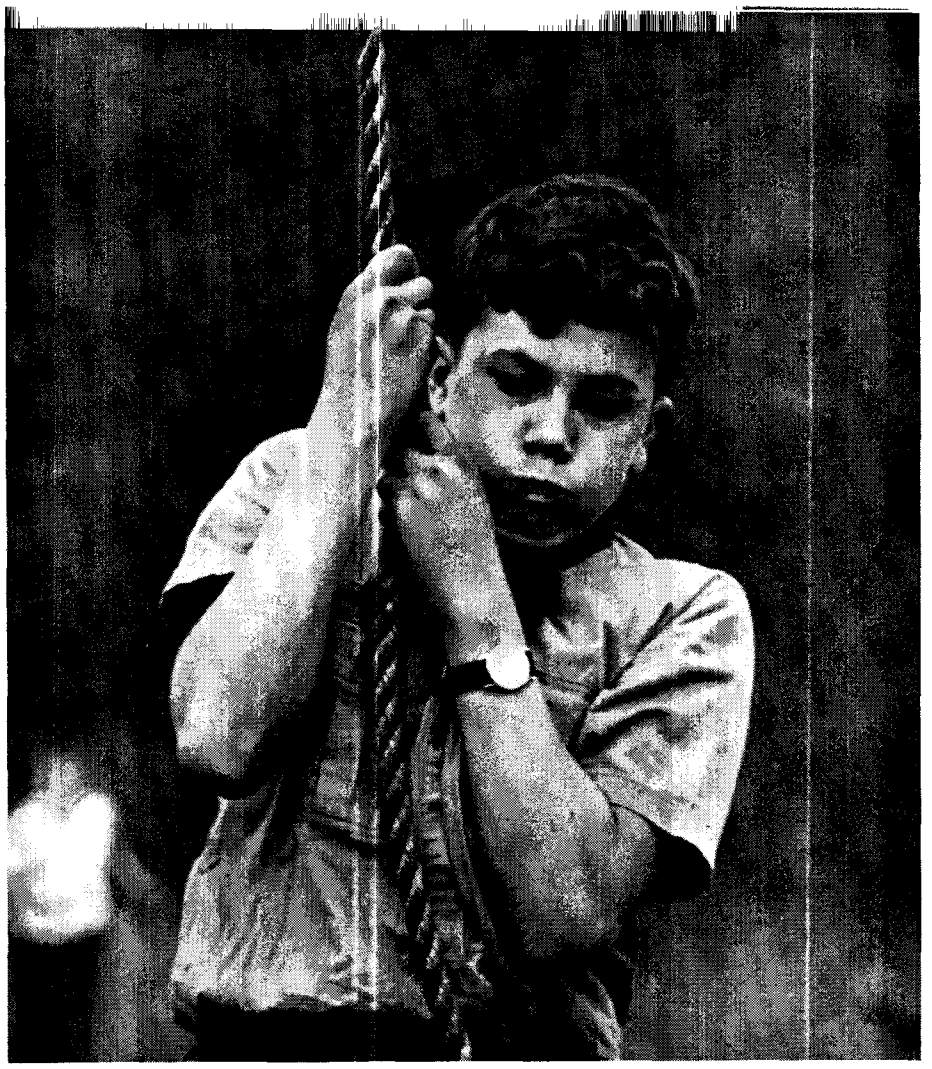


Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

DUAL FILTER *Tareyton*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
B. Franklin



Toughening his muscles on an obstacle course, Boy Scout Raymond West, 12, takes part in a physical-fitness program recently inaugurated in Pittsburgh.

Toughening Our Soft Generation

A new Boy Scout fitness program points a way to halt the alarming decline of physical vitality in our nation's youth. • By R. M. MARSHALL as told to William Gill

If you give a boy a challenge, nine times out of ten he will rise to it. But too many of us in America are coddling our children instead of challenging them. With the most humane intentions we are rearing a new breed that is already being called "the soft generation." And despite warnings from several quarters, our citizenry—with few exceptions, most notably Boy Scout leaders—sits on its hands.

Mr. Eisenhower appointed a special White House committee on youth fitness. President Kennedy has a special consultant advising him on the problem. Abraham A. Ribicoff, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, has hammered away at the subject time and again.

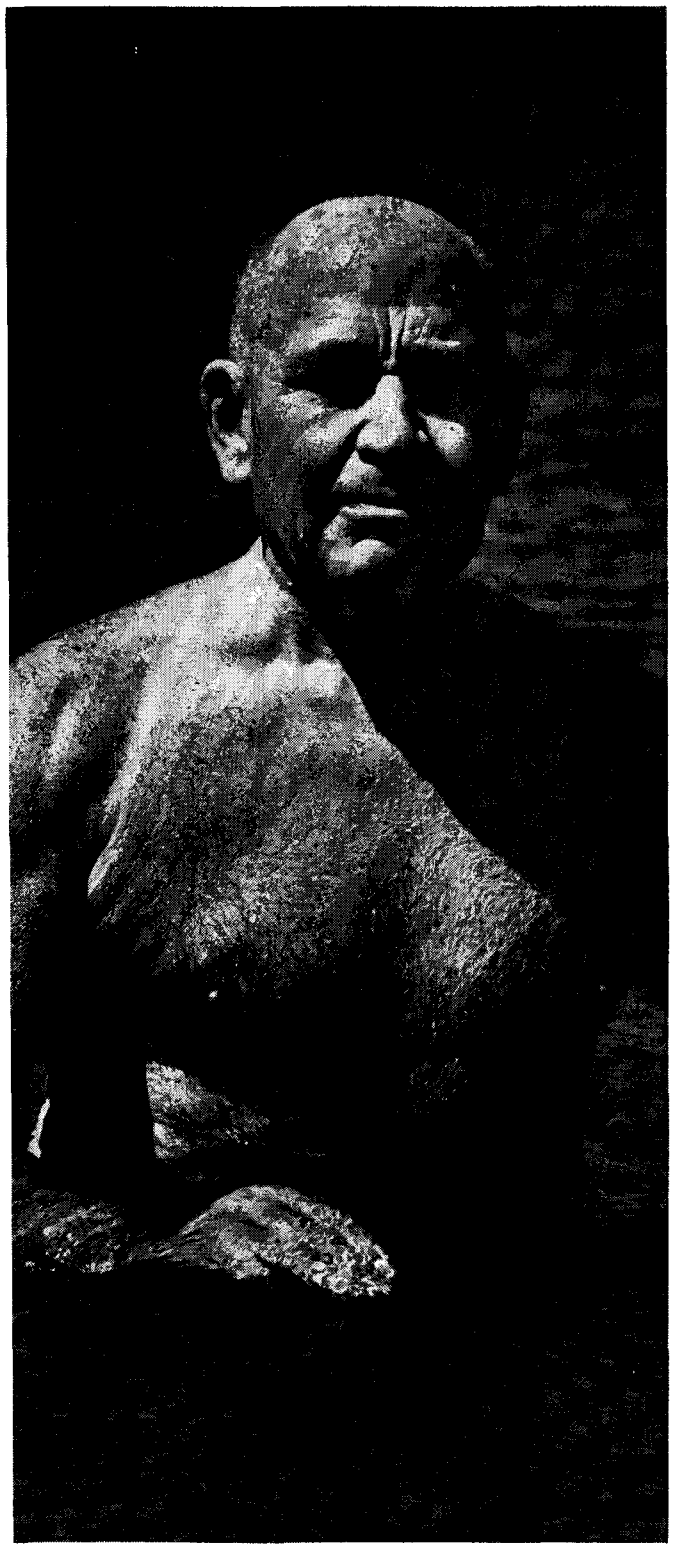
What are these men so exercised about? Consider just a few of the many telling pieces of evidence that underline their alarm:

- Of the 6,390,000 young men called up for the draft since 1948, no fewer than 2,720,000—more than 40 percent—were turned down for service, most of them because of physical deficiences.
- During the last decade Dr. Hans Kraus and Dr. Sonja Weber of the Posture Clinic at New York's Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center administered a set of six tests for muscular strength and coordination to 7134 children in Austria, Italy, Switzerland and the United States. An incredible 57.9 percent of the American children failed one or more of these simple tests. Only 8.7 percent of the European boys and girls flunked.
- At Yale, entering freshmen are required to take a fitness examination. In 1951 nearly half of them failed. That was bad enough. But a decade later, when the Class of '64 arrived at New Haven, only 38 percent managed to pass.
- On total team scores the United States has been trounced by the Soviet Union in the past two international Summer Olympics. For more than half a century the U.S. had dominated the Olympics. Yet the Soviets beat us the second time they competed and beat us even worse the next time around.

The handwriting is right there on the wall for all to see. Physically, Americans are going downhill—in a hot rod. How can we halt this joyride to oblivion? The United States is not about to turn itself into a goose-stepping Sparta to whip its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The greater size of today's young Americans all too often means only that the bigger they come the harder they fall—and the flabbier they get.



Author Marshall, 71, here emerging from an early April swim in a Pennsylvania lake, practices a stern physical regimen. A former college athlete, he walks four miles every day, swims from March to November and is still active in business. He is president of the Allegheny Boy Scout Council in Pittsburgh.

youth into top condition. Indeed, regimentation, so abhorrent to us, is not necessary. Given a real chance—and the proper encouragement—our young people can prove perfectly capable of whipping themselves into shape. Boy Scouts in the Pittsburgh area have already done so.

Up until last summer not one boy had ever been known to swim the mile at either of the two camps operated by the Pittsburgh area's Allegheny Boy Scout Council. We decided the time had come to challenge them. Before the summer was over, no fewer than 647 boys had won their emblems for the mile swim during their week at camp. At least one of them could not swim a stroke the day he arrived.

Fitness More Than Showy Muscles

For this and a variety of similar projects instituted by the Allegheny Council since it elected me president in January, 1961, some of my friends have accused us of attempting to convert our Boy Scouts into a pint-sized Marine Corps. That certainly is not our aim. I happen to believe, however, that the Marines' philosophy of building character and strong bodies and teaching every man to look after his buddy is a solid concept. Astronaut John Glenn is the latest proof of the success of that philosophy.

Physical fitness is not a matter of developing showy muscles. There is too much emphasis on that aspect already. In part, such emphasis may explain why so many students consider physical exercise beneath them. They claim they are more interested in developing their minds than their bodies.

But most psychiatrists agree that there is a profound relationship between a sound body and a sound mind. The two may not always go together. Nevertheless, the mind cannot perform at its peak capacity unless the body cooperates. A sense of physical well-being helps give a person the spirit and the will to wade into a crisis, whether it be personal or national. It enables an individual to tackle serious problems with determination, and even a sense of humor, rather than back away and hide behind some quick and convenient rationalization.

Experience, often bitter and painful experience, has taught most adults the necessity of caring for their health. But for some inexplicable reason we refuse to give our children the benefit of the lessons we have learned. Science has done its part. It has provided wonder drugs, balanced diets and a broad range of vitamins which have helped bring up a generation of young Americans much taller and heavier than their fathers and grandfathers. Unfortunately their greater size usually only bears out the old adage that the bigger they come the harder they fall—and the flabbier they get.

Our young people are not to blame. The gadget age in which we live makes it all too easy for them to go soft. Too often Johnny has nothing better to do than tinker with the jalopy dad has so considerately bought him. If he keeps the car in good shape, he can slide behind the wheel right at the front door and escape walking half a block to the school-bus stop. When he thinks of sports at all, chances are he thinks only in terms of taking his date to a basketball or football game.

Now, I enjoy watching a good, hard-fought football game as much as anyone else. But hundreds of thousands of people assemble each Saturday afternoon in autumn to sit in the stands and watch while less than 3 percent of all the male students enrolled in our colleges battle it out on the playing fields. Such activity would be fine if it inspired more young men in the crowd to get out and play a game of touch after the goal posts are torn down. But, by and large, the big game has exactly the opposite effect.

The spotlight which is forever trained on the "big" varsity sports, particularly football, is in large part responsible for the failure of more students to take an active part in college and high-school athletic programs. Their inability to make the team in competition with highly gifted athletes accounts for many students' deciding to sit on the sidelines entirely. The other, less publicized sports, in which they *could* compete, seem to hold little attraction for them. Tennis and wrestling have no status on most campuses.

America sorely needs a national physical-fitness program geared to the average boy and girl, a program that will challenge our youngsters to grow up as active participants in sports rather than as inert spectators. In recent months Secretary Ribicoff has come up with such a program. It is designed to give every youngster in America the opportunity to develop his total physical potential. The plan was drafted by President Kennedy's special consultant on youth fitness, Charles B. (Bud) Wilkinson, athletic director at the University of Oklahoma and the man who coached the Sooners to forty-seven straight victories on the gridiron.

Soft America to Strong America

The Ribicoff-Wilkinson plan has an ambitious but vital goal. It aims, in Mr. Ribicoff's words, to "convert the talk of the soft America into the reality of a strong America." It is attempting that conversion by urging every elementary and secondary school in the nation to provide the necessary facilities and curriculum that will enable our youngsters to build strong, healthy bodies. But it will be many years before the plan is fully realized. It will take a long time to persuade every school board in the United States that it must get started on body-building.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meanwhile, the Boy Scouts of America is forging ahead with a new fitness program that will affect nearly 4,000,000 youngsters. Secretary Ribicoff has said that Scouting is the best vehicle we have for giving boys the training and outdoor exercise they so urgently need. Like President Kennedy, he was once a Scout himself. And at the last National Council meeting of the Boy Scouts he challenged Scouting to lead the way in toughening America's youth. Our National Council president, Ellsworth H. Augustus of Cleveland, promptly accepted that challenge.

Within a month Bud Wilkinson met with officials from the national Scout headquarters in New Brunswick, New Jersey. They went over the plan worked out by Dr. William C. Menninger, the renowned psychiatrist who heads the Boy Scouts' health and safety committee. Wilkinson gave the plan his blessing. This spring every one of the 1,397,000 adult Scout leaders, virtually all of them volunteers, received copies of a handbook showing them how to translate the plan into action. By next September the program will be under way in every Scout council in America. Under the plan drawn up by Doctor Menninger and his associates, each Cub, Boy Scout and Explorer will be required to adhere faithfully to a personal-fitness regimen.

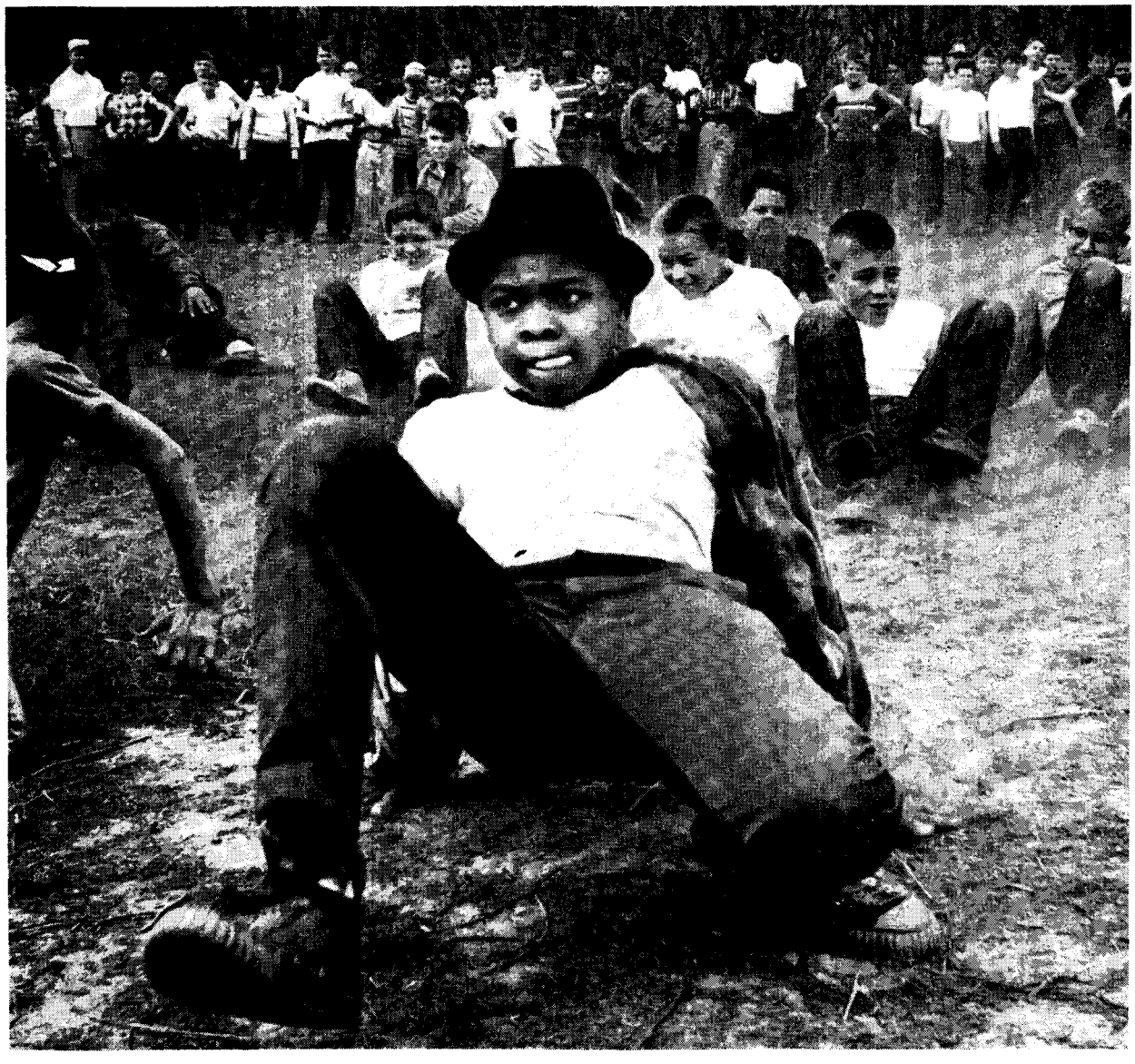
Climbing Seven Steep Miles

Such a program will be a big step forward. By pure coincidence it comes at a time when the Scout Council in Pittsburgh is pushing a somewhat different type of toughening-up project. We will, of course, incorporate Doctor Menninger's recommendations into our overall program. In the meantime we have been concentrating more and more on rugged outdoor activities.

Every weekend, no matter what the weather, a large number of the 27,000 Scouts in our council area are out camping. Obstacle courses—called fitness yards—have been built at nearly all our nine camps. Many of our boys hike into the campsites carrying heavy packs, sometimes climbing six or seven miles over steep, pathless hills before pitching their tents. They are put to work cutting down diseased trees, sawing heavy logs for fence posts, building bridges, hacking trails through dense underbrush, and working on a dozen-and-one other conservation projects.

If you think we are overdoing it by putting youngsters through such rigorous training, you ought to observe the boys in action. One Saturday last winter the temperature was flirting with zero, and the snow was coming down in drifts. The boys of Troop 228 in suburban Bethel Park were on an overnight hike at one of our camps, and I dropped by to see them. When they had finished lunch, the scoutmaster sent them off on a mile warm-up run over the wooded hills. As they

Giving their all in a piggyback fight, four Scouts work up their appetites during a weekend camporee at Camp Baker, Beaver Falls, Pa. Twenty-five troops camped overnight.



Racing crab-style, a hustling group of boys respond to the challenge of competition. Such races are a part of the "Muscle Maneuvers" program of the Allegheny Scouts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America sorely needs a national fitness program geared to the average boy and girl, one that will challenge all youngsters to participate in sports.

On his first camp-out, Harry Canavesi is eased into his pack by Scout leader Arthur Ramponi.

A young Tarzan strengthens hands and arms as he negotiates Camp Baker's obstacle course.

neared the end of the run, the whole troop started sprinting for the obstacle course, racing to get up near the head of the line. They tackled the course with gusto, clambering up and over the fourteen-foot wall, down and under a muddy belly crawl, swinging across an ice-clogged ditch by a rope. The boys behaved as though they were having the greatest fun in the world.

Most troops in the Allegheny Council now carry out a year-round program of calisthenics, gymnastics and weight-lifting. Scoutmasters talk up the four main points of personal fitness—physical exercise, nutrition, sleep and relaxation, healthy mental attitudes. Stories of champion athletes and the feats of the Indian scouts are spun around campfires and at troop meetings. Long hikes are made over the historic trails that abound in the Pittsburgh area—the trails blazed by George Washington when he first went west to warn the French from the forks of the Ohio, and later by Braddock's army before it met defeat in what is now a Pittsburgh suburb. The boys get a deeper sense of our nation's history while better preparing themselves to uphold their heritage.

Taxing Expeditions in Canadian Wilds

Some troops go on longer, more taxing expeditions. One, from Beaver Falls, wades into the Canadian wilds each summer. For as long as two weeks at a time they are cut off from civilization. With no guide but their compasses and maps, they work their way into and back out of a trackless wilderness around North Bay. When they portage from lake to lake, they split up into teams of three. One boy carries a ninety-pound food pack. Another lugs all his team's personal gear. And the third boy totes the canoe.

At the council's two summer camps, Tionesta and Semi-conon, parts of the obstacle courses are scattered about the grounds, spotted at strategic points so a boy can scale a wall or swing on a rope on his way to the mess hall or the swimming area. The kids seldom pass one of these things without taking a crack at it.

"Muscle maneuvers" were also introduced during the past year. These are competitive events in which Scout patrols vie with one another in such time-tested body-building contests as the tug-o'-war, logger's race, rope climb, bar hurdle and canoe tilt. Troops are encouraged to stage these events as frequently as possible, both at camp and on their home grounds.

In the brief time since the Allegheny Council started its outdoor fitness campaign there has been a marked change in the attitude of the boys toward Scouting. Where once it was considered somewhat sissified to wear a Scout uniform, boys now take a noticeable pride in it.

It is difficult to understand what gave rise to the prevalent popular image of the Boy Scouts as a sissy outfit. Yet this myth persists in many communities. I subscribed to it myself before I got into Scouting four years ago. We must erase that false image if Scouting is to attract and hold boys, particularly in their most formative years—the mid-teens.

Boys like to show off. In my opinion, this tendency is natural and healthy. As you watch them grow up, you will find that 90 percent of their competitive instincts emanate from some form of physical challenge. If a youngster fails to make a reasonable showing in competition with other boys, he may suffer a frustration in his developing years that will scar him for life. Instead of excelling in sports and other healthy pursuits, he may wind up trying to excel in activities which are anything but healthy—morally or physically.

Yet scouting is having an increasingly difficult time holding onto boys during their critical adolescent years. This spring the National Council reported that there were 1,869,000 Cub Scouts, aged eight to ten. They comprised just under one third of all boys in their age group nationally. There were 1,658,000 Boy Scouts in the eleven-to-thirteen age range, or a little more than 26 percent of that group total. But there were only 286,000 Explorers—barely 11 percent of all fourteen-to-sixteen-year-old American boys. (Boys can stay in the Explorers beyond the age of sixteen, but relatively few do so.)

Many boys refuse to stay in Scouting because they were coddled as Cubs. At that early age the glamour of the uniform has already worn off. To keep it alive, boys must get more really rugged activity that will give them stronger challenges as they move up through the ranks of Scouting to more mature responsibilities.

Challenges Vital to Youth

From my own personal experience I am aware of how important a challenge can be to a boy. My older brother and cousins were all big strapping fellows. One of my cousins, Ed Marshall, was a six-foot-four guard at Yale. But I was the runt of the clan. It was understandable, perhaps, that I should feel terribly inadequate growing up.

Despite my size, I went out for football at Penn Charter School in Philadelphia. One afternoon Ed Marshall was down from New Haven and came over to watch us scrimmage. A runner came tearing around my end and, in tackling him, I got kicked in the head. Probably to elicit some sympathy from the coach, I lay down and didn't get up.

The next thing I knew, my cousin was bending over me. He asked if I was still breathing. I owned that I was—just barely. Ed hauled off and kicked me in the ribs. Then he told me to get up and play ball or else quit the team entirely. I was so ashamed and angry that I never took another

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time out for an injury through high school, four years of college football at the University of Pennsylvania, and one year on an Army Tank Corps team in World War I. There was undoubtedly a lot of luck involved. I never weighed more than 150 pounds at halfback. But the self-imposed Spartan training my cousin's kick started me on certainly had a lot to do with my survival.

Some Boys Need a Swift Kick

Obviously I am not advocating that football coaches or Scoutmasters start kicking their young charges. There are probably a few boys who, as I did, need a good swift kick to get them moving. But most youngsters, no doubt having better sense, will respond to the right kind of leadership without taking a boot in the pants. Inspiration from observing trained athletes in action *could* be one way of interesting boys in active sports. Unfortunately such observation has had an opposite effect. America has become largely a nation of spectators. Somehow we must reverse that condition. One way to do so is to place more emphasis on sports that are now virtually ignored in our schools and colleges. In most schools, football absorbs the greatest part of the money budgeted for athletics. And a good deal of what's left goes to basketball and baseball. Newspapers devote unconscionable amounts of space to those three sports while the local school's wrestling team, if there is one, is lucky to get a paragraph under the major-league box scores.

Because of such lopsided emphasis—and the handsome financial rewards paid the boys who turn professional—baseball and football siphon off most of our top athletes. Yet neither of those sports is in competition at the international Olympic Games. The United States has come in second in the past two summer Olympics largely because the Soviet Union fielded its very best athletes while most of ours didn't even compete.

America should have a national olympiad, held annually in a different state. It would serve a dual purpose. First, it would encourage more young men and women to go out for the sports now so sadly neglected in our schools and colleges. In doing so, the olympiad would give the national youth-fitness program a much needed shot in the arm. Secondly, by stimulating interest in such underprivileged sports as wrestling, fencing and skating, the olympiad would get the United States back into the international Olympic competition.

Talk of the soft America has been greatly amplified by our defeats in the past two Olympics. The national olympiad would go a long way toward achieving Secretary Ribicoff's goal of changing this talk into "the reality of a strong America." THE END

Scout Ernie Price of Big Beaver Borough, Pa., jumps through tire run. The author noted a big change in attitude toward scouting in his area: it is no longer considered sissified to wear uniform.

Photographs by Robert Huntzinger

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The lizard in the loge had his image to consider.

The Prehistoric Producer

By RAY BRADBURY

He opened a door on darkness. A voice cried, "Shut it!" It was like a blow in the face. He jumped through. The door banged. He cursed himself quietly. The voice, with dreadful patience, intoned, "Terwilliger?"

"Yes," said Terwilliger. A faint ghost of screen haunted the dark theater wall to his right. To his left a cigarette wove fiery arcs in the air as someone's lips talked swiftly around it.

"You're five minutes late!"

Don't make it sound like five years, thought Terwilliger.

"Shove your film in the projection-room door. Let's *move*."

Terwilliger squinted. He made out five vast loge seats that exhaled, breathed heavily as amplitudes of executive life shifted, leaning toward the middle loge where, almost lost in darkness a little boy sat smoking.

No, thought Terwilliger, *it's not a boy. That's him. Joe Clarence. Clarence the Great.*

For now the mouth snapped like a puppet's blowing smoke. "Well?"

Terwilliger stumbled back to hand the film to the projectionist, who made a lewd gesture toward the loges, winked at Terwilliger and slammed the booth door.

"Lord!" sighed the voice. A buzzer buzzed. "Roll it, projection!"

Terwilliger probed the nearest loge, struck flesh, pulled back and stood biting his lips.

Music leaped from the screen. His film appeared in a storm of drums:

TYRANNOSAURUS REX:
THE TYRANT LIZARD

Photographed in stop-motion animation with miniatures created by John Terwilliger. A study in life-forms on Earth 100,000,000 years before Christ.

Faint ironic applause came softly patting from the baby hands in the middle loge.

Terwilliger shut his eyes. New music jerked him alert. The last titles faded into a world of primeval sun, mist, poisonous rain and lush wilderness. Morning fogs were strewn along eternal seacoasts where immense flying dreams and dreams of nightmare scythed the wind. Huge triangles of bone and rancid skin, of diamond eye and crusted tooth, pterodactyls, the kites of destruction, plunged, struck prey and skimmed away, meat and screams in their scissor mouths.

Terwilliger gazed, fascinated.

In the jungle foliage now, shiverings, creepings, insect jitterings, antennae twitchings, slime locked in oily, fatted slime, armor skinned to armor, in sun glade and shadow moved the reptilian inhabitants of Terwilliger's mad remembrance of vengeance given flesh and panic taking wing.

Brontosaur—the thunder lizard—stegosaur, triceratops. How easily the clumsy tonnages of name fell from one's lips. The great brutes swung like ugly machineries of war and dissolution through moss ravines, crushing a thousand flowers at one footfall, snouting the mist, ripping the sky in half with one shriek.

My beauties, thought Terwilliger, *my little lovelies. All liquid latex, rubber sponge, ball-socketed and steel-jointed; all night-dreamt, clay-molded, warped and welded, riveted and slapped to life by hand. No bigger than my fist, half of them; the rest no larger than this head they sprang from.*

"Good Lord," said a soft admiring voice in the dark.

Step by step, frame by frame of film, stop-motion by stop-motion, he, Terwilliger, had run his beasts through their postures, moved each a fraction of an inch, photographed them, moved them another hair, photographed them, for hours and days and months. Now these rare images, this scant 800 feet of film, rushed through the projector.

And lo! he thought. *I'll never get used to it. Look! They come alive!*

Rubber, steel, clay, reptilian latex sheath, glass eye, porcelain fang, all ambles, trundles, struts in terrible prides through continents as yet unmanned, by seas as yet unsalted, in years as yet unnumbered. They *do* breathe. They *do* smite air with thunders. Oh, uncanny!

I feel, thought Terwilliger, *that there stands my garden, and these my animal creations which I love on this sixth day; and tomorrow, the seventh, I must rest.*

"Lord," said the soft voice again.

Terwilliger almost answered, "Yes?"

"This is beautiful footage, Mr. Clarence," the voice went on.

"Maybe," said the small man.

"Incredible animation."

"I've seen better," said Clarence the Great.

Terwilliger stiffened. He turned from the screen where his friends lumbered into oblivion from butcheries wrought on architectural scales. For the first time he examined his possible employers.

"Beautiful stuff."

This praise came from an old man who sat to himself far across the theater, his head lifted forward in amazement toward that ancient life.

"It's jerky. Look there!" The strange boy in the middle loge half rose, pointing with the cigarette in his mouth. "Hey, was *that* a bad shot. You *see?*"

"Yes," said the old man, tired suddenly, fading back in his chair. "I see."

Terwilliger crammed his hotness down upon a suffocation of swiftly moving blood.

"Jerky," said Joe Clarence.

White light, quick numerals, darkness; the music cut, the monsters vanished.

"Glad that's over." Joe Clarence exhaled. "Almost lunchtime. Throw on the next reel, Walter! . . . That's all, Terwilliger." Silence. "Terwilliger?" Silence. "Is that dumb bunny still here?"

"Here." Terwilliger ground his fists on his hips.

"Oh," said Joe Clarence, "it's not bad. But don't get ideas about money. A dozen guys came here yesterday to show stuff as good or better than yours, tests for our new film *Prehistoric Monster*. Leave your bid in an envelope with my secretary. Same door out as you came in. . . . Walter, what the hell you waiting for? Roll the next one!"

In darkness Terwilliger barked his shins on a chair, groped for and found the doorknob, gripped it tight, tight.

Behind him the screen exploded; an avalanche fell in great flourings of stone, whole cities of granite, immense edifices of marble piled, broke and flooded down. In this thunder he heard voices from the week ahead: "We'll pay you one thousand dollars, Terwilliger."

"But I need a thousand for my equipment alone!"

"Look, we're giving you a break. Take it or leave it!"

With the thunder dying, he knew he would take it. He knew he would hate it.

Only when the avalanche had drained off to silence behind him and his own blood had raced to the inevitable decision (Continued on Page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

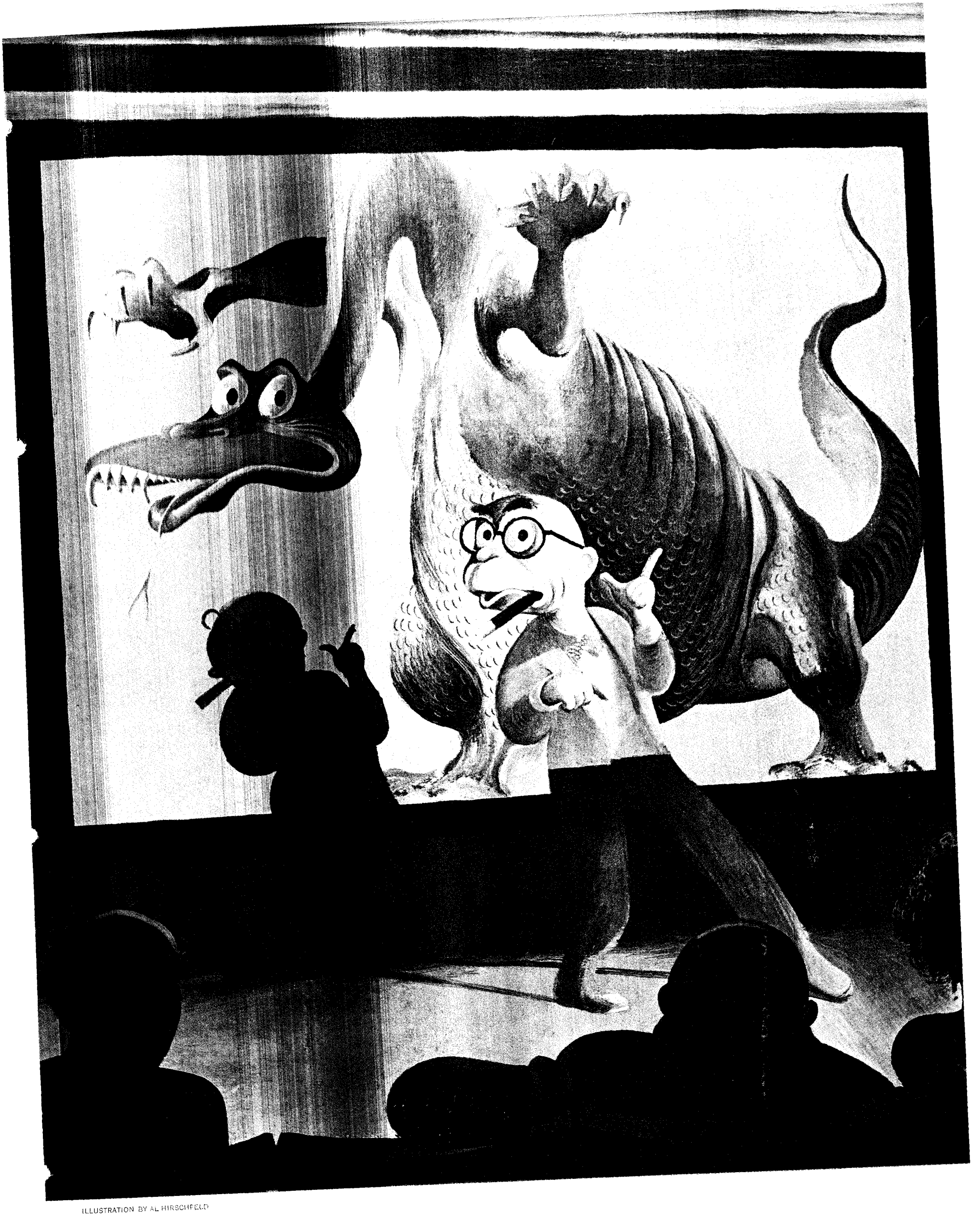


ILLUSTRATION BY AL HIRSCHFELD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

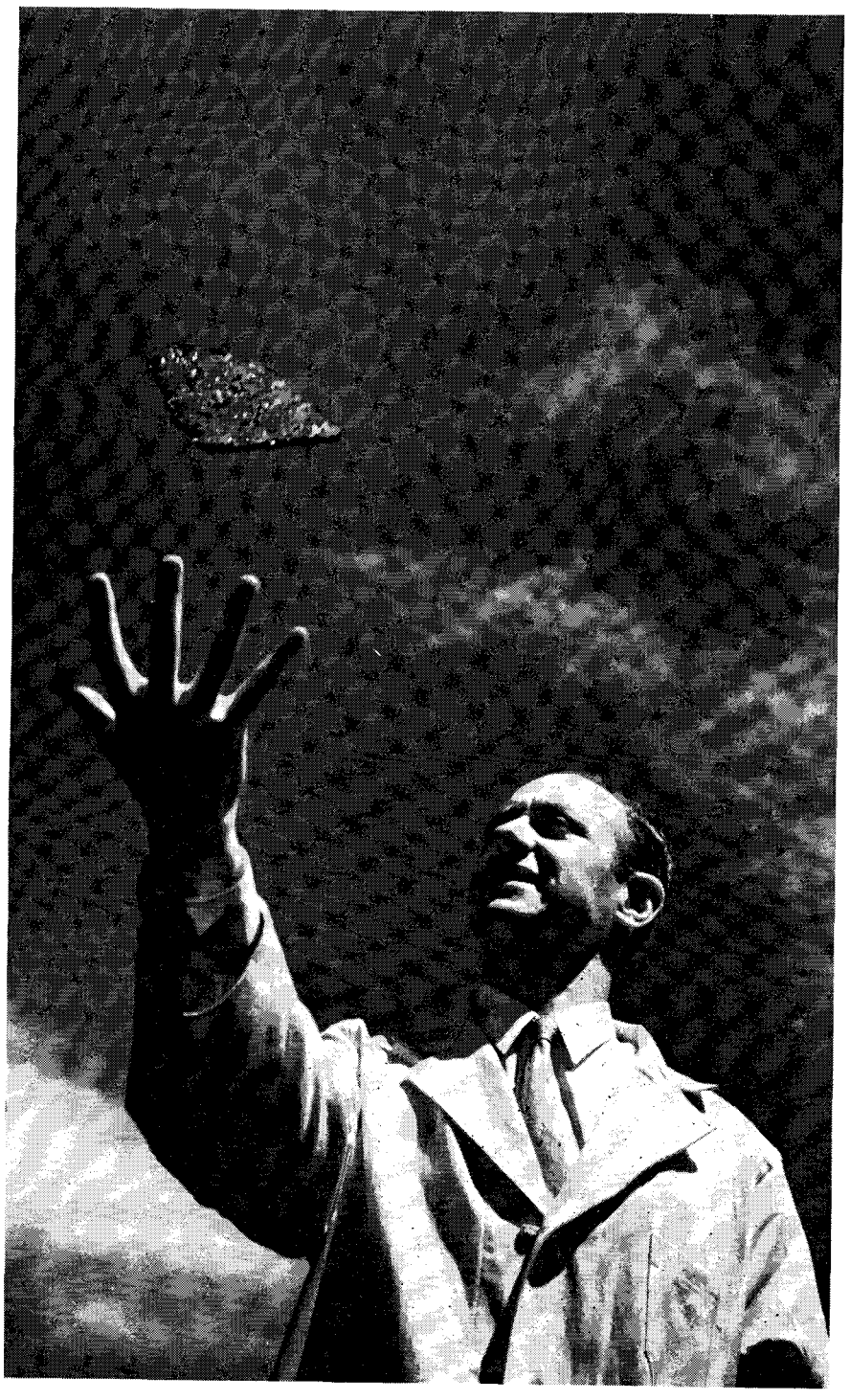
Insurance Underwriter: Weighing risks to her company, Joan Waldron, 27, stands in judgment over $18,000,000 worth of life insurance annually. An assistant territorial underwriter, overseeing the Southern states for Mutual of New York, Joan investigates the physical, financial and moral fitness of applicants for insurance policies. On her say-so an application is approved or rejected and the premium rate for special risks fixed. "Most people think insurance companies will do anything to sell a policy," says Joan. "Actually we are pretty careful about the people we do business with. We don't want to insure a man's wife for $100,000 if he's going to shoot her six months later." Joan got an early start in the insurance business, worked part time for one insurance firm when she was in high school, another while a student at Notre Dame College of Staten Island. Upon graduation in 1957, she landed a job with MONY, gained promotion to her present position last January. "Women are rare at this level of underwriting," says her boss approvingly. "Joan's ability makes her rarer still." Unmarried, Joan lives with her mother on Long Island, crams her free time with skiing, tennis and sewing. Though proud of the progress she has made in the business world, she shudders at being called a career girl. "Much as I love my job," Joan says, "I don't think a career can ever be everything to a woman." PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COOKE.

Conference Maker: Host to as many as 100 guests at a time, Dr. Murdock Head, 38, houses professional groups looking for a peaceful place to talk. Such organizations as the National Council of Churches, the American Biological Society and the Brookings Institution have held conferences at Airlie, Head's 1200-acre Virginia farm. "This is an island of communications," Head says. "There are no distractions. The participants stay together and really accomplish something." Behind him in the photo are foreign diplomats, at Airlie for a Johns Hopkins University seminar on world problems. Dr. Head's background is as varied as those of his guests. Born in Trinity, Texas, he served in the Army Air Corps in World War II, afterward decided on a career in facial surgery. He won a degree in dentistry and an M.D., then went to George Washington University for surgical training. While at George Washington, Head bought his farm near Warrenton, Va., 45 miles from Washington. Recalled to active duty in the Air Force, he studied law in his spare time and in 1958, after his release, won an LL.B. from George Washington. He then resumed his surgical studies. (He now has a private practice, conducts a weekly seminar at George Washington on the legal aspects of medicine.) Weekends, while he was a law student, Dr. Head and his wife Jane fixed up their farm. "By then," he says, "my interests in science and in public affairs had meshed, and I began to think of the farm as a place where men from various disciplines could spend a few days together and exchange ideas in informal surroundings." The first conference was held in 1960. The farm has fifty buildings—well-equipped meeting spaces and air-conditioned guest rooms—a $2,000,000 set-up financed by Head and private benefactors. In addition to his work at Airlie, Head moderates a monthly television program in Washington called *Your Decision*, on which distinguished guests thresh out vital questions. Dr. Head speaks of himself facetiously as "an unguided missile" but, more earnestly, views himself as a Renaissance man who, being restless, "inspires restlessness in others." PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD CLARK.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNT.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Serene Actress: "She has a quality of stillness," says a Hollywood director of actress Christine Kaufmann, 17. "She is so reposed before a camera that she doesn't need to talk—she can tell everything visually." Reviewing *Town Without Pity*, Christine's first American film, *Variety* noted "her rare combination of sensual beauty and sensitivity" and called her "an actress to watch." The film brought Christine attention from American moviemakers, one of whom offered her the title role in the movie version of *Lolita*. She turned it down. "My mother thought it would be wrong," she says—"the young girl and the older man." Christine's mother travels with her; her father is a major in the West German Air Force. Born in Austria, Christine spent her early years with her family in a displaced-persons camp in Germany. At five she began training with the Munich Ballet Theater and at seven was picked for the part of a bareback rider in a film about the circus. More movie work followed and in 1955, as a 10-year-old, she won the best-actress award at the Warsaw Film Festival. *Taras Bulba*, in which she plays opposite Tony Curtis, will be her twenty-eighth motion picture. Blue-eyed and blond, Christine speaks five languages. "For a girl of 17," says J. Lee-Thompson, director of *Taras Bulba*, "she has considerable range. And she'll get better and better." Says Christine, exhibiting the teen-age taste for dramatic pronouncement: "I'll give up acting when I'm 22 or 23. I'll have enough money then to travel around and study archaeology." For Hollywood, seeing Christine in an archaeologist's pith helmet will be believing. PHOTOGRAPH BY INGE MORATH.

Celestial Chemist: Within the grasp of Dr. Edward Anders, 36, is the stuff that worlds are made of. From meteorite fragments like the one he's juggling at left will come answers, he believes, to such age-old mysteries as the origin of life and the earth. "Meteorites," he says, "are the most ancient relics of the solar system. They are the raw material of which the earth, its mountains and its living creatures are the final products." Associate professor of chemistry at the University of Chicago, Anders is a first-magnitude authority on meteorites. His report on his meteorite research at the university's Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies won him the 1960 Newcomb Cleveland Prize, top award of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. His findings helped mold the theory that nearly 5,000,000,000 years ago a radioactive dust cloud, the substance of which the solar system was later to be constituted, separated from the rest of the Milky Way. In that cloud asteroids slowly formed, and 100,000,000 years later some of the asteroids combined to form planets, including the earth. Since then, asteroids have been colliding with one another, producing a billion tons of cosmic rubble a year and, from the rubble, meteorites. Latvian-born, Anders came to the U.S. in 1949, earned a Ph.D. in chemistry at Columbia in 1954. Later that year he joined the University of Illinois faculty, met and later married a Canadian dietitian (they now have a son, 4, and a daughter, 2) and in 1955, switched to U. of Chicago. Last year Anders sparked an experiment which produced diamonds artificially by dynamiting graphite in a water barrel. Most of his research now is in measuring radioactivity in meteorites to determine their age. To him, his research is as limitless as the cosmos he seeks to analyze. "Half the things I do each year I never dreamed of doing the year before. I could easily spend my life studying meteorites." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Succeed in Show Business by Being Rediscovered

By GEORGE SCULLIN

In a scene from How to Succeed in Business Without ReallyTrying, *Vallee, as an amorous executive, is awed by the technique of the scheming Finch (Robert Morse). A man-hunting secretary (Bonnie Scott) cooperates.*

After one opening night this season the seven top Broadway drama critics, often described by anguished producers, playwrights and actors as "the bitter old men," astonished themselves with a harmonious chorus of praise for the musical comedy, *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, and its engaging young star, Robert Morse. Such rare accord was surprising enough, but more astonishing was their concerted acclaim for the show's second bright new star of high comedy. Their discovery—Rudy Vallee, the old Vagabond Lover himself.

To many the Vallee name was out of the past, as dated as the 78-rpm record. To a younger generation the name was unknown or vaguely linked to some of the worst old movies ever seen on postmidnight television. Where had Vallee been, and when had he learned how to act?

The answers are that he has never been away and that he has been learning his trade the hard way, but quietly. His modest quietness is not new. Even when Rudy was the most publicized and most controversial entertainer in show business, he was one of the least-known personally.

The wonder is that he survived his first national publicity at all. "Men hate him! Women love him!" Those fighting words a third of a century ago were emblazoned in ads and movie trailers across the country. They announced the coming of Rudy Vallee in the title role of *The Vagabond Lover*, Hollywood's first major attempt at producing an all-talking, all-musical comedy. Exposed for the first time to crooning at its best or worst, legions of unprepared females proceeded to swoon in windrows. Instinctively the males recoiled in revulsion, and the war was on.

As female fans by the millions grew misty-eyed over his radio, stage and movie crooning of *My Time Is Your Time*, his male critics found occasion to haul him through the headlines. For his conspicuously thrifty habits he was labeled the cheapest tightwad ever to nurse his first million dollars. After his third divorce, a special malice was added to his "vagabond lover" title. And after a few unfortunate movies—which made money—he was panned as the most vapid actor ever to conceal nontalent behind a golden saxophone. Yet for more than a decade Rudy was second only to Amos 'n' Andy in radio popularity.

Then in the late '40's, starting with the decline of name bands and the gradual extinction of big-time radio by live television, a sort of silence descended over the name of Vallee. It was a silence coincident with his fourth and solidly successful marriage, now in its thirteenth year, to Eleanor Norris, who at the time of the nuptials was less than half his age.

Reports emerging from that silence had Rudy on his way out to pasture. But the reports were wrong. Moreover, this is no faded idol of ancient radioland. As eight packed houses a week are discovering, it is a Rudy as trim and curly-haired as ever. When he ogles his ogle-worthy secretary, it is with a lecherous competence the younger members of the cast can only envy. When he belts out Frank Loesser's *Grand Old Ivy*, it is with a show-stopping gusto matched only by his memorable *Maine Stein Song* of bygone years. And while his hoofing with the chorus will never jeopardize the reputation of a contemporary named Fred Astaire, it has all the limber-kneed dexterity of a younger Maurice Chevalier.

Ogling, singing and dancing, however, would not see Rudy through. *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* is strictly not that kind of musical comedy. It demands acting ability of its stars.

As based by Abe Burrows, Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert on Shepherd Mead's satirical book of the same title, this is a modern Horatio Alger tale of *Struggling Upward*, or Through the Executive Suite With Knife and Fang. The plot is concerned with big business as it flourishes today in a world of glass skyscrapers, organization men, beautiful secretaries and coffee breaks. Its emphasis is on such advancement as can be earned with applied flattery, concealed chicanery, grand larceny and a wholesome absence of anything as hypocritical as honesty.

Rudy plays J. B. Biggley, president of World Wide Wickets Company. When the pressure of business or secretarial overtures becomes too great, J.B. finds relaxation in knitting snoods for his golf clubs. One day Biggley collides with a young window washer named J. Pierrepont Finch, an ardent believer in success without effort. Finch is played by thirty-year-old Robert Morse, the most voracious scene eater to chew up a set since Bob Hope.

Knifing and Name-Dropping

Small, cherubic and possessed of an innocent smile that could chill a Dracula, Morse—or Finch—blandly turns the chance collision into opportunity. "I was just speaking to Mr. Biggley," he informs the personnel director. "I just bumped into him." With that strategic name-dropping, he begins climbing a pyramid of knifed executives to become chairman of the board.

In meeting Morse's threat to steal the show as well as the wickets, Rudy comes superbly to the fore. Never overacting, he responds to flattery, sex and advertising campaigns with a certain presidential dignity that has real executives in the audience shifting uneasily, wondering if their own backs are as vulnerable as his. And it is his deft fielding of Morse's wildest spoofs that gives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Old-timer Rudy Vallee returns to stardom in a Broadway hit.

point and purpose to that young man's nefarious antics.

That the demonstration of this talent for high comedy would come as a surprise to both friends and critics comes as no surprise to Rudy. As a realistic appraiser of his own publicity, he has no illusions about his standing with the reviewers. "There was something about my movie acting," he says, "that failed to inspire confidence."

Rudy was the victim of his pictures as often as he was the star. For the most part he was typed as Rudy Vallee, the saccharine swooner-crooner dreamboat and Maine's gift to women. By 1942 his acting reputation was such that when he was cast in an offbeat comedy role opposite Claudette Colbert in *The Palm Beach Story*, Miss Colbert's reaction to her costar was one of acute dismay. "Oh, no!" she gasped. Yet the movie was a great success, and so was Rudy.

Burrows Wrote it for Rudy

During this same time Rudy was reaching a new peak of radio popularity with his *Sealtest Hour*, thanks in large part to a young script writer named Abe Burrows—the same Abe Burrows who is the writer-director of *How to Succeed.*

"Rudy's costar on that program was John Barrymore, a hard man to top," Abe recalled recently. "But Rudy could do it. I must have worked on some ninety scripts for that show, and I never heard him louse up a line. So when I started writing lines for J. B. Biggley, I found I was writing for Rudy Vallee. I didn't think of casting him in the part. He was already there."

Despite this flattering inclusion in the cast by the author of such hits as *Guys and Dolls*, *Can-Can* and *Silk Stockings,* Rudy was dubious when first approached. He felt he would be more the butt of the show than costar, and he had had enough of that. Back to the typewriter went Burrows, and the script with which he emerged some three months later called for acting talent that would challenge Morse every treacherous foot of the way. Rudy's second reaction was that of a Columbus discovering land at last. "It's a hit!" he exclaimed to coproducer Cy Feuer. No matter that Morse had the juicier part and first billing. This is what Rudy had been building up to for twelve years.

Rudy's confidence in the musical comedy was not supported by the backers' confidence in him. Just to open the show on Broadway would cost a cool $300,000, and operating expenses would come to $50,000 a week. Could Rudy really bring off the beefed-up part of J. B. Biggley? More bluntly, just who was this guy? No one really knew.

The yellowing records of Island Pond, Vermont, show that Rudy was born up in that

Decked out for golf, Vallee plays J. B. Biggley, an incompetent corporation president whose hobby is knitting snoods for his gold golf clubs. He is ousted by a conniving window washer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There was something about my movie acting," Vallee says, "that failed to inspire confidence."

Backstage horseplay with actress Virginia Martin. Vallee prepared for his comeback in night clubs, on TV and in summer stock.

Vallee and Miss Martin on stage. In olden days he projected his thin voice via megaphone; on Broadway he uses a concealed mike.

RUDY VALLEE

strongly French-Canadian region as Hubert Prior Vallee on July 28, 1901, the first son of Charles Alphonse (French) and Katherine Lynch (Irish) Vallee. A few years later the family, including a sister Kathleen and a brother William, moved to Westbrook, Maine, where the senior Vallee opened a drugstore. There Hubert earned that first nickel, said to be more securely guarded than Jack Benny's vault, and worked his way up from broom-pusher to soda squirt. He liked none of it and, despite some strong parental disapproval, took up the profession of hand-cranking the movie projector in the Star Theater.

When World War I broke out, Rudy ran away to join the Navy, only to be returned a few weeks later when his asserted age of eighteen failed to jibe with the fifteen years revealed by his birth certificate. After that, Rudy went through the indifferent motions of finishing high school while devoting his real attention to becoming a movie usher, projectionist, and substitute clarinetist with the Star's orchestra. Rudy was nineteen when he left home for good to become head usher for the Deluxe Strand Theater in nearby Portland.

Another member of the staff was an electrician who was trying to get rid of a mail-order saxophone because the instrument made his teeth ache. Rudy tried playing it the only way he knew how—like a clarinet—and it was love at first sound. He took over the instrument for continuance of the five-dollar-a-month payments, and went into a rhapsodic delirium. Whatever tonal effects old Antoine Sax had in mind when he invented the thing in 1846 were completely lost on the left-handed clarinetist. Playing by ear and improvising as he went, he produced sounds that would create a demand for saxophones and enrich horn-makers from Elkhart, Indiana, to Paris, France. Among his early discoveries was the vibrato, or what he later was to call his "singing saxophone" effect. It was a killer-diller.

Also during this period he discovered the phonograph records of Rudy Wiedoeft, the saxophone's first virtuoso. He played them by the hour and fired off eight fan letters to his hero before getting an invitation to meet the great man.

Rudy had entered the University of Maine in 1921, but he wanted to quit and concentrate on being a musician—and he hoped his idol would encourage him. Wiedoeft listened to the kid play, conceded that he might have the stuff, then added, "Look, kid, a horn you can play any time. An education you get only once. Stay in college."

Rudy stayed, transferring to Yale in the fall of 1922, in time to meet the jazz age head on. With a local band and his singing saxophone Rudy became the syncopated symbol of the "collegiates," hitting the flapper and raccoon-coated set with all the impact of bathtub gin. Four or five nights a week he and his band would take to the road, playing for college dances and high-society flings between New York and Boston.

One night he was playing at the Bridgeport Armory for an affair that featured the personal appearance of Rudolph Valentino. In addition to selling himself, the Great Lover was pitching a mud pack called Mineralava, a beauty aid for young and old. When Vallee saw the women fight for mud, and not swoon until they had it, he was suddenly taken by a peculiar aptness in nomenclature—Rudy Vallee and Rudy Valentino. Rudy had been a nickname pinned on him back in Maine because of his addiction to Rudy Wiedoeft records, but now he saw it as a definite professional asset. Rudy Vallee he has been ever since.

Another event of lasting significance in his life was a season at the Savoy of London between his junior and senior years. The boy from Island Pond sat in with some of the best bands of London and Paris, and by the time he returned, he had acquired a Continental suavity that was almost painful.

Painful or otherwise, it worked like magic on an American public yearning for something called "sophistication." By 1928, "Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees" had become the darlings of high society and the major attraction at New York's Heigh-Ho Club, considered by its management and patrons to be the most sophisticated joint in town.

"Heigh-Ho, Everybody"

The adulation was enough to turn many a young man's head, but Rudy saw room for more. At best he was being heard by only a few hundred a week, while out there in that vast new area called radioland were millions. He wanted a radio outlet. In February, 1928, when the Heigh-Ho management agreed to air a few programs, Rudy gratefully plugged the club with his first words on the air—"Heigh-ho, everybody"—creating a catch phrase yet to run its course.

Within minutes after the broadcast, the switchboard of WABC was swamped. Within days the mail was ceiling-high with fan letters. Sponsors descended upon him waving money, and few were turned away. Soon he was on the air up to twenty-five times a week. When one sponsor's offer of a free picture of the crooner was met by some 50,000 requests, Rudy knew he had something big.

So did vaudeville, already sorely hurt by radio's free entertainment. If that many fans wanted to look at his picture, he just might be the Pied Piper who could lure them into the theater to see him in person. He was. Booked into Keith's 81st Street Theater, he drew fans to that uptown spot in traffic-jamming hordes. A tour through the sticks was no less triumphant. After that, Hollywood needed no great imagination to see that if a live Rudy could fill one theater, a screened Rudy could fill them all. The result was *The Vagabond Lover*.

Between the primitive sound track, the hastily improvised plot, and a silent-screen crew that knew virtually nothing about sound, the musical was left with only one merit: It was timely. "When I saw the premiere," says Rudy, "I thought I was ruined for life." To an uncritical audience, however, Rudy and the novelty of sound were attractions enough. Instead of being ruined, Rudy was signed up by Standard Brands for a series of broadcasts. The series grew with the networks, and as a weekly variety hour it was to stay on top for a decade. During its course Rudy helped launch an incredible number of stars—Kate Smith, Joe Penner, Burns and Allen, Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Alice Faye, Edgar Bergen, Red Skelton, Bob Burns.

At the same time, with a careless disregard for sleep, he branched out in all directions. He opened at a club called the Villa Vallee (now the Copacabana). His bookings at the Paramount Theaters of New York and Brooklyn totaled eighteen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

months at $4000 a week. He starred in two productions of George White's *Scandals*. He poured out an endless flow of records. His cross-country tours of one-night stands brought him as much as $20,000 a week. As an indefatigable benefit performer, he averaged more than 100 charity appearances a year.

Sam Narvo, a long-time associate then in charge of getting Rudy through a day beginning with a ten A.M. rehearsal and ending with a four A.M. crooning of *Good Night, Sweetheart* at some ballroom, recalls those times with dismay. "We were lucky if we got time for a cup of coffee. And the fans! You know the mob scenes in *Ben Hur*? Every time we leave the Paramount or the Villa Vallee, or anywhere the fans know he is, we play the mob scene in *Ben Hur*."

In 1932, *Variety* could report that he had made his first million. Made it he had, but one business manager had wiped him out in a stock-market debacle, and his own admitted failure to read the fine print of his Villa Vallee contract had seriously dented him again—he was getting a smaller percentage of the take than he had thought.

Convinced at last that he was no businessman, Rudy has put his money into a couple of conservative annuities and two beautiful homes, in Hollywood and Palm Springs. "I'm not poor by any means," he can say now, "but my legendary millions are just that—legendary."

His personal life suffered harsher damage. Though his hold on feminine heartstrings never loosened during the '30's, his own three marriages quickly foundered. His first marriage—to Leonia Cauchors, daughter of the inventor of the tea bag—failed to reach the honeymoon stage. After a one-week courtship and a brief civil ceremony, the bride spent her wedding day following her groom through a series of professional appearances lasting until dawn. At that point she sadly conceded that such a life was not for her, and the marriage was quietly annulled.

His second marriage—to Fay Webb, daughter of the Santa Monica police chief—concluded in a stormy divorce suit during which alimony demands reached $90,000 a year. Yet when she died a year after the divorce, he was so stricken that he canceled his radio program for the first of two times in his life. (The second followed the death of his mother.) His third marriage—to actress Jane Greer—met with a conflict of careers, and was ended without acrimony.

Vallee Vs. Charity Rackets

Rudy's response was to work harder. And he grew slightly bitter. When he discovered that more often than not the charities to which he donated his services benefited only the promoters, he led a crusade to end the victimizing of performers. His campaign practically wiped out charity racketeering, but not until the racketeers had branded him a tightwad.

Rudy has contributed to this calumny. He has an abiding aversion to ostentatious tipping, expensive suits and ties, and cigars costing more than a nickel. On the other hand, for ten years Rudy maintained a luxury resort in Maine for the free benefit of his band members, his business associates and as many of their wives and girl friends as happened to turn up.

Abruptly, in 1943, at the peak of his earning power, the draft-exempt Rudy enlisted in the Coast Guard. His assignment: band leader. The forty-seven-piece band moved on the double, touring the country to lead off bond rallies and recruiting drives, and appearing at more than 500 military bases and hospitals. Yet for Rudy, with only one full-time job to handle, it was his first opportunity to get in some concentrated thinking. He decided he would like to live a little and see some sunshine.

That decision was considerably strengthened immediately after the war when, at Lake Tahoe, he met Eleanor Norris, of Berkeley, California, "the most beautiful girl in my life." No matter that she was an eighteen-year-old student who had never heard of him, and was intent upon going to college. She would hear of him, and he could wait. Four years later, upon her graduation, they were married.

By then he had finished his last big radio contract. He wanted no more frantic one-night stands. And as for television—"I got some good offers, but I didn't like the way I looked on the screen. And those first television shows weren't too hot, either. I figured both television and I could stand some improvement."

Rudy Learns to Act

He decided to make a prolonged honeymoon out of learning how to act—playing the nightclub circuit in such places as Las Vegas, Miami, Nassau, Bermuda and Panama. In 1954 he went to Paris to appear with Jane Russell in the undistinguished film *Gentlemen Marry Brunettes*, and in 1957 he played himself in a turkey called *The Helen Morgan Story*.

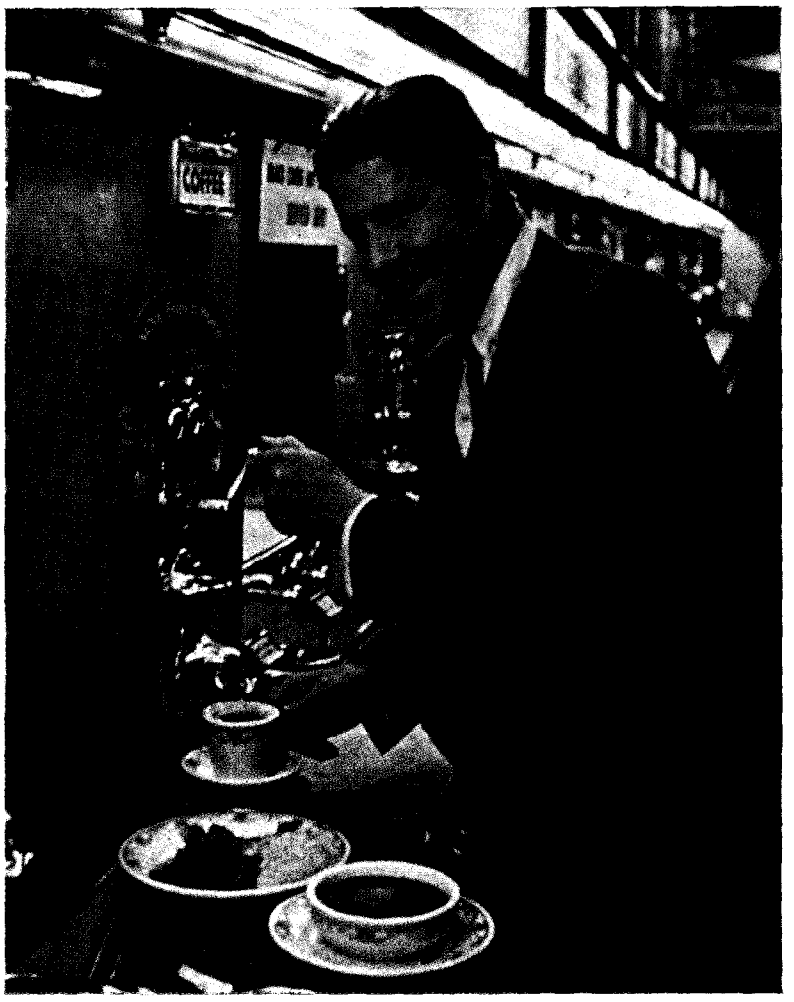
But Rudy had found himself as an actor. Playing the role of crotchety Father Moynihan in a straw-hat production of Jean Kerr's comedy, *Jenny Kissed Me*, Rudy followed the circuit from coast to coast for nineteen weeks and was received by rave notices. *Variety* noted that "Vallee, via his sly sense of humor and top-notch timing, humanizes his role, meanwhile appearing to be thoroughly enjoying himself." The same enthusiasm greeted him when he appeared in NBC's televised version of the play.

Thus by the time *How to Succeed* came along, Rudy was fit, trim and ready in all departments—except one. During early rehearsals he was everything the producers could dream of but for the disastrous fact that he couldn't be heard. Told that his voice wasn't strong enough for musical comedy, Rudy was stunned.

Burrows explains it this way: "When you have a twenty-six-piece orchestra in the pit, the music comes up like an invisible wall between the stage and the audience. An actor can't just talk or sing through it. He has to blast. And Rudy, working with a microphone all his life, didn't realize what blasting through eight shows a week would do to his throat. Neither did we."

By the time the story reached the newspapers that Rudy was being dropped from the cast, some constructive thinking had replaced preliminary panic. So maybe Rudy's voice had always reached the public through a microphone. Was that bad? And having answered that with a logical negative, the rest, in this electronic age, was easy. Radio technicians had just come up with a tiny microphone-transmitter that can be concealed in a vest pocket, carrying just far enough to reach a theater sound system.

So now a tiny radio gives the boost to Rudy's voice that his voice once gave to radio, and he comes through that wall of music free and clear. From the thunder of applause that greets his every performance, it's apparent his public approves the arrangement. THE END



Vallee has an abiding aversion to ostentatious tipping and hat-check concessions. Here he selects a preperformance meal at the Automat.

With his fourth wife, Eleanor Norris, twenty-seven years his junior, Vallee exudes the gusto that sparked his return to stardom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATTORNEY FOR THE ACCUSED

The last of three articles by Edward Bennett Williams, counsel in many of the most notorious legal battles of our time. These articles are adapted for The Post *from Williams's book,* One Man's Freedom, *published last week.*

The Cases of Goldfine and Costello

By EDWARD BENNETT WILLIAMS

Lawyer Williams makes a plea against wiretapping and tells how his clients were menaced by electronic listening devices.

From ONE MAN'S FREEDOM, by Edward Bennett Williams. © 1962 by Edward Bennett Williams.

Eavesdropping and wiretapping are threats to our personal privacy that few of us really understand, because a conspiracy of silence shields such acts. Occasionally, however, an incident demonstrates to the public that even the most confidential conversation can be overheard by a hidden microphone. That was startlingly revealed in 1959 in the case of Bernard Goldfine, whom I represented in contempt proceedings.

Goldfine was the victim of one of the oldest tricks of the private investigator. He had come to Washington in 1958 to testify before a House Subcommittee investigating improper pressure on Federal regulatory agencies. Some testimony which the subcommittee heard indicated that Goldfine had used his contacts with high-ranking officials, such as Sherman Adams, to obtain special favors for his business enterprises.

By the time Goldfine arrived to testify, the hearing had taken on all the atmosphere of a Hollywood production. The newspapers were full of charges and countercharges made by subcommittee members and staff or by Goldfine's lawyers and public-relations men. Halfway through the hearings, however, a midnight event at the Sheraton-Carlton Hotel in downtown Washington temporarily took the spotlight away from the show on Capitol Hill. Roger Robb, then counsel for Goldfine, came to the hotel to talk to his client. Later Robb and Jack Lotto, a New York public-relations man who was trying to offset some of Goldfine's bad publicity, planned a press statement based on letters from governors acknowledging Goldfine's gifts of vicuña coats. Lotto summoned the reporters. Robb later told this story in court:

"While we were waiting, I was sort of walking up and down the room, and I noticed there was a door leading from the Goldfine suite into the adjoining room. There was an aperture . . . between the bottom of that door and the sill, and I noticed that there was light coming from under that door. Being curious, I thought I would see if I could look under there and see if anybody was next door who might be listening to what we were saying. I leaned down and finally got flat on my belly on the floor and looked under the door.

"When I did so, I saw within two or three inches of the door on the other side the toes of a man's shoes. They were pointing toward the door, and my first thought was that somebody had put his shoes down. Then they moved, and I knew there was a man in the shoes. He was obviously standing facing the door and in close proximity to it, in a position that one would occupy if he were eavesdropping."

Call in Private Detective

Robb asked Phil Brennan, a Goldfine press agent, to take a look. Brennan got down, peered, jumped up and said, "I saw a man's hand on the floor. He is apparently on the floor." Robb then called in Lloyd Furr, a private detective. Furr arrived shortly with electronic equipment. He soon reported that there was a microphone next door. Robb later told the court:

"About this time the newspaper people had come in, and I called them aside and told them what we had just discovered. We looked at the door, and Mr. Furr looked under the door. Then he turned to me and said, 'I can see the microphone under there. Do you want me to get it?' I said, 'Sure.'

"So he took a coat hanger out of the closet and bent a hook in the end of it and inserted the hook under the door. With a very quick movement he snaked out the microphone and about eight or ten feet of wire."

The microphone, it turned out, had been installed by Baron Shacklette, chief investigator for the House Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, and Jack Anderson, a Washington newsman. They wanted to listen in while Goldfine conferred with his staff, and they had spent several days in rooms adjoining those of the Goldfine party.

Robb vigorously protested this invasion of Goldfine's privacy. Shacklette promptly resigned from the subcommittee staff, and the subcommittee members denied that they had authorized him to eavesdrop. But there were no regrets expressed over what Shacklette had done. The regrets were for the fact that he had been caught doing it.

Goldfine Indicted for Contempt

As the hearings proceeded, Goldfine refused to answer some questions asked him by the subcommittee. For this he was indicted for contempt of Congress. He asked me to defend him. When the case went to court, a long hearing was held to ascertain what the eavesdroppers had overheard. We brought out that Goldfine had conferred with his lawyers in the very rooms in question and that there had been an invasion of the confidential and private communications between lawyer and client. Shacklette denied he could hear Goldfine talking to his lawyers. He claimed he had heard only conversations of a purely personal nature between Goldfine and his wife and other members of his family.

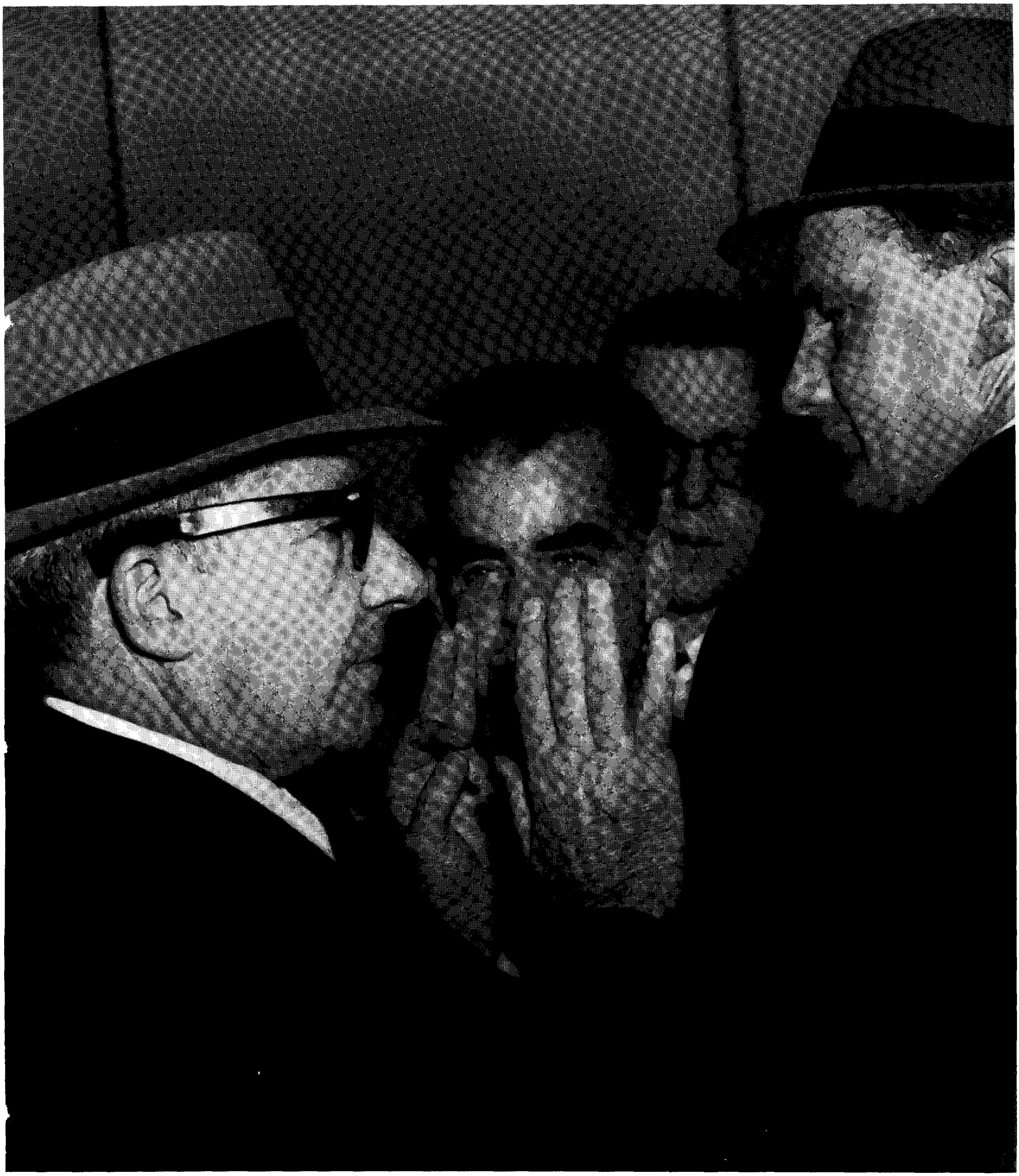
On the strength of this testimony from an admitted eavesdropper the Government contended that there had been no invasion of the lawyer-client relationship. The force of this argument, of course, was that it was all right for Shacklette to eavesdrop as long as he didn't hear the things he was trying to hear.

The Government also argued that Goldfine's rights were not violated, because there had been no physical trespass into his room when the microphone was installed. The microphone had been placed on the floor next to Goldfine's door and was attached to an amplifier and recorder which sat several feet away in another room.

Judge James W. Morris, who presided over the hearing, felt that the law obliged him to uphold the Government's position. But he said, "It is certainly understandable that the defendant should complain of and be indignant at the intrusion on his conversations . . . and it may well be such should be considered in mitigation of any punishment which would be visited upon him if convicted of the charges in the indictment." Later the judge permitted Goldfine to enter a plea of *nolo contendere* to the contempt charge, despite the prosecutor's objection, and he gave him a suspended sentence.

My experience in the Goldfine case and soon afterward in another case involving

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Frank Costello (left) talks earnestly to lawyer Williams. New York police had tapped Costello's phone lines, tuning in on private conversations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Williams on the Fifth Amendment: Why Dave Beck "didn't know" his own son.

The right to silence is one of mankind's highest and most precious rights. The principle of immunity against self-incrimination is stated in the Jewish Talmud, in Canon 1743 of the Canon Law of the Roman Catholic Church and in our common law going back to the earliest days. In present time it finds expression in the Fifth Amendment, the most maligned and misunderstood part of our Constitution.

The Fifth Amendment today has become almost indissolubly linked with the image of a guilty man parroting words he does not understand in order to avoid punishment he surely deserves: "I refuse to answer that question on the ground that the answer might tend to incriminate me."

Actually, as Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, a former Attorney General who is no sentimentalist on the criminal law, has stated: ". . . A witness may have a reasonable fear of prosecution and yet be innocent of any wrongdoing. The privilege serves to protect the innocent who otherwise might be ensnared by ambiguous circumstances."

One cause of current hostility to the privilege of the Fifth Amendment stems from its repeated invocation when the questions apparently are harmless. Many people felt that this practice reached its nadir when one of my clients, Dave Beck Sr., long head of the Teamsters Union, declined to tell the McClellan rackets investigation committee whether he knew his own son. Actually Beck had good reason for this. But the exchange went:

The chairman (Sen. John McClellan): I see a name here we have been trying to locate—a Mr. Dave Beck Jr. Would you know him?

Mr. Beck: I must decline to answer the question.

Senator Mundt: I would like to know on what grounds Mr. Dave Beck Sr. declines to answer whether he knows who Dave Beck Jr. is. I would like to have a full recital of the grounds for refusing to answer; that is, from Mr. Beck.

Mr. Williams: I will be glad to help you on that.

Senator Mundt: By Mr. Beck, please.

Mr. Beck: I decline to answer on the advice of my counsel.

Senator Mundt: That is scarcely adequate for the purposes of our hearing. You may tell us on what grounds your counsel advised you.

Mr. Williams: I will be glad to give you the advice.

Senator Mundt: From Mr. Beck; I am sorry. You may tell him and he may tell us.

Mr. Beck: The only answer that I have is that I decline to answer on the advice of my counsel.

Senator Mundt: Mr. Chairman, I suggest that you instruct the witness to answer, if that is the only ground he has. I am perfectly confident Mr. Dave Beck Sr. would never take the Fifth Amendment with regard to Dave Beck Jr., and so I wondered what ground it would be.

The chairman: I will ask the witness these questions and then order him to answer.

Do you know Dave Beck Jr.? (The witness conferred with counsel.)

Mr. Beck: I decline to answer the question.

The Chairman: You are ordered and directed to answer the question.

Mr. Beck: I decline to answer this question on the grounds it might open up avenues of questions that would tend to incriminate me.

The chairman: With the permission of the committee and approval of the committee, the chair orders and directs you to answer the question. You understand that order is being given?

(The witness conferred with his counsel.)

Mr. Beck: My answer is the same, Mr. Chairman.

The chairman: Do you honestly and truthfully believe that if you answered the question as to whether you know Dave Beck Jr., a truthful answer might tend to incriminate you?

(The witness conferred with his counsel.)

Mr. Beck: It might, yes, sir.

Beck's claim of privilege was clearly correct. Beck was then under Federal indictment charging income-tax evasion. This was the first time that a congressional investigating committee ever had called a witness to testify on a matter for which he was under Federal indictment.

The primary thrust of the committee's investigation turned on his financial transactions—the very subject of his coming income-tax trial. It was, in effect, an attempt to make him disclose all his defense evidence at a time when it could not help him, before a tribunal which could not acquit him and in an atmosphere filled with hostility. I felt and still feel that his committee appearance should have been deferred until after his trial.

But, you may ask, how could an admission that he knew his own son tend to incriminate him under the income-tax laws? For a member of the United States Senate to ask Beck if he knew his own son, a son whom he had reared from infancy and who lived with him at the time, either was a fatuous question asked for no legislative purpose and designed only as a means to taunt the witness, or it was asked as the opening question in a line of inquiry regarding financial transactions between father and son.

The courts have held time and again that once a witness begins to testify about a given subject, he may not then invoke the privilege against self-incrimination in response to a question on the same subject. Once the interrogator gets the witness to open the door a crack, he has full right of ingress. The only safe and prudent course for the witness in a danger area is to keep the door closed tight. The committee was anxious to probe into and reveal Beck's financial dealings with his son. Thus the prosecutor in the tax case would have the benefit of the defense testimony before trial, while Beck would remain in the dark as to what evidence would be offered against him. It was a one-way street down which I would not let Beck go.

"The only safe and prudent course for the witness in a danger area is to keep the door closed tight."

eavesdropping leads me to conclude that electronic eavesdropping must be regarded as a breach of the Fourth Amendment and controlled accordingly. The rapid development of electronic listening devices has greatly multiplied clandestine invasions of our constitutional rights to privacy in our homes, offices and conversations. A mechanism which can both eavesdrop directly and wiretap telephone talk is now in existence and can be manufactured at a cost below twenty-five dollars.

As Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has stated, "The intimacies of private life can be made public without a key being turned or a window being raised. And those who listen may be private detectives and blackmailers, as well as law-enforcement officials."

Phone Conversations Overheard

The extremes to which some law-enforcement officers will go in employing devices that enable them to snatch evidence out of the air were impressed on me a few months after the Goldfine incident when Julius Silverman of Washington, D.C., asked me to represent him in what appeared to be a routine gambling case. I had not handled a gambling case in ten years and was not interested in this one until Silverman showed me an affidavit of a local policeman and two Internal Revenue officers which indicated they had eavesdropped on him before raiding his house. The three said they had overheard conversations inside Silverman's house implying that he and two other men were conducting a gambling operation. I quickly realized that what they overheard were telephonic conversations. There were many direct quotes from one end of the conversation, none from the other.

I immediately suspected that the Federal agents had illegally used wiretaps, but it puzzled me that they would be so inept in concealing the source of their information. I went to Silverman's house. A checkup revealed that the common party walls between it and its neighbors were twelve inches thick; nothing could be heard through them with the unaided ear. I was then sure that the prosecution had obtained its initial evidence by some form of electronic invasion of privacy.

Under the law, evidence which is illegally obtained cannot be used in a criminal trial. We moved in court to suppress all of the evidence which the police had seized when they raided Silverman's house. Such a motion is granted if the search warrant under which the evidence was seized was illegally issued. A search warrant based on wiretapped evidence is by my lights clearly illegal. We said that the Government's basis for the search warrant in this case came from either wiretapping or electronic eavesdropping. At this, the prosecutor conceded that the police overheard conversations inside Silverman's house by means of a spike microphone.

A spike microphone resembles a long nail with an attachment. This one was almost a foot long and about a quarter inch in diameter. It had an amplifier and earphones attached to one end. When the point of the spike was placed against a sounding board, the instrument could amplify sound waves through a wall. Almost any flat surface can serve as a sounding board. When a person talks, sound waves from his voice cause almost everything they touch to vibrate—a pane of glass, a plasterboard wall, even a door. If the spike microphone is in contact with any of these vibrating surfaces, it converts the vibrations to electric energy, which is amplified and reconverted back into sound energy—the sound of the spoken words.

We bought a spike microphone and tested it in Silverman's house. Under the molding in an upstairs bedroom of the house next door we found a small hole in the party wall. The spike fitted this hole perfectly. We discovered that, while the wall was twelve inches wide at that point, it was not solid. Inside was a heat duct which supplied hot air to Silverman's house. The duct made a perfect sounding board. The police, by shoving their spike mike against it, could hear everything said in every room in the house. They had converted the heating duct into a giant transmitter of sound, and the heating registers of each room had become microphones.

Supreme Court Reverses Case

Eventually all of these facts emerged at trial. But the prosecutor insisted there was nothing wrong or illegal in what the Federal officers had done. He conceded that, if a wire had been tapped and conversations overheard, the agents would have been acting illegally. He also conceded that, if agents had entered Silverman's house to install the microphone, the law would have been broken. But, he argued, because the marvels of modern science make it possible for police officers to eavesdrop on conversations without tapping a wire or entering a room, the search warrant was valid. No law prohibited such eavesdropping and no constitutional rights were violated.

We lost the motion to suppress the evidence, and we lost the case at the trial level. Silverman and his codefendants were sentenced to prison terms. When we took the case to the Supreme Court, however, that court unanimously reversed the conviction. The court clearly indicated that it would not tolerate the kind of electronic eavesdropping employed in this case. But it based its decision on the fact that the spike had actually penetrated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roll back the centuries in the City in the Sky

Your car can sit idly staring at a garage wall. Or it can transport you and your children to a place where your eyes can pierce the mists of the centuries. It might happen anyplace... just a tankful of gasoline from wherever you live.

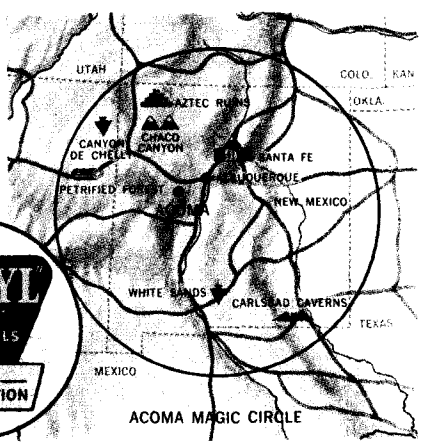
If you live in the Southwest, discover Acoma, "City in the Sky."

Coronado's army discovered it in 1540. A sandstone and adobe pueblo nestling just beneath the soft, blue canopy of the sky, a sheer 375 feet above the windswept desert. Except for the mission, built in 1629, hardly a stone has changed in the past four hundred years. You can see the streets, the burial grounds, the homes built by the bare hands of emigrants from "The Enchanted Mesa," uncounted centuries ago.

Standing here where a people reached for the sky, your children might learn the lesson that challenges are made to be taken, that the impossible exists to be conquered.

But this you can discover *wherever* you live. The conquering spirit of America can be found in skyscrapers fingering the clouds from an island still called by the Indian name, "Manhattan." North, East, South and West, you can box the compass with presents like this for a growing child.

Ethyl calls this your "Magic Circle." Take the trip next weekend. Your service station dealer will be glad to help.



ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, New York

Ethyl Corporation of Canada Limited, Toronto

These Magic Circle advertisements are published to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl makes additives used by oil companies to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK LIFE PRESENTS *the 52nd in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

SHOULD YOUR CHILD BE

COPYRIGHT 1962, NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

by Gordon Burt Affleck

Purchasing Agent for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

As told to Jhan Robbins

MANY YEARS AGO as a boy in Salt Lake City, I watched my father, who was a grocer, buy unbleached flour, olive oil, beans, barley, sure-flame matches, leather shoe laces and other assorted items needed to stock the small-scale supermarket of his day.

I was fascinated as I watched him smell, taste, pinch or poke and then ask dozens of shrewd questions of the booted and beaver-hatted salesman who came in to see him. My father smiled and said to me, "I guess the biggest challenge in selling is smart buying!"

Half a century later—after 22 years as a purchasing agent—I agree with him. Certainly it is true that intelligent, farsighted purchasing can make all the difference between profit and loss for a business. It can also mean success or failure for an organization that performs a non-profit community service. Hospitals, museums, schools and government agencies are nearly always operating under close budgets and they have learned it's a good idea to employ a purchasing agent.

Today, wherever money is spent in sizable amounts you will nearly always find one of the nation's 35,000 trained purchasing agents in charge.

It is a rapidly expanding career, at present largely restricted to men, although there are in it a growing number of women. As a job, it has been called "depression proof." Certainly the feeling that any clerk can process a purchasing order has vanished, and it is during periods when money is tight that the services of the purchasing agent are most vitally needed.

Great Responsibilities

The amount of money handled annually by purchasing agents is impressive. Studies show that fifty cents out of every dollar of sales receipts are used to buy goods and services needed to keep our manufacturers and business firms in operation. Federal, state and local governments channel billions of dollars each year through their purchasing departments.

Not everyone has the mental or temperamental qualifications to shoulder such responsibility.

A purchasing agent needs intelligence plus that bump of insatiable curiosity that makes his education a life-long process with constantly expanding horizons. He must be quick and perceptive, for he will often need to understand complicated problems in a hurry. He must be efficient and methodical, able to analyze past errors without weeping over them. He must be able to fling his imagination into the next year or the next decade and make an educated guess about the future.

It's important that a purchasing agent be emotionally sound and scrupulously ethical. Few other business executives will have so many temptations placed so alluringly in their paths. He will know, however, that the cheapest purchase is not always in the best interest of his company. He needs self-confidence and inner toughness to make unpopular or questionable decisions—and be prepared to defend them!

A Challenging Profession

If I seem to have called up an imposing list of character requirements, it's because I know that there are thousands of youngsters who can fill this bill and that many of them do not realize what an exciting profession mine can be.

For any person at the managerial level, there can be many opportunities beyond one's own specific duties to contribute to the organization's good. This challenge is most certainly open to the purchasing agent. He is in an excellent position to observe, compare, contemplate, and suggest.

This kind of interest in his job by an alert purchasing agent has often resulted in increased profits for his company and salary increases for himself. Let me give you a couple of examples.

A few years ago a man who went to work in the purchasing department of one of our major cereal processors was proofreading the label on a new shipment of containers. He read the cooking directions on the gaily colored package and said, "This isn't the way my grandmother cooks it—her cereal is so delicious the neighborhood kids come in and eat it for dessert!" At his request, grandma came in and demonstrated.

"How Can I Provide the Money to Send My Child to College?"

As the costs of a college education continue to rise, many parents realize they may not be able to afford them unless a plan to provide the money is started well in advance. To help such families, New York Life offers Educational Plans. In addition to insurance on the father's life, these plans provide a systematic means to accumulate funds. Through any one of them, a child can be assured most or even all his educational expenses.

Your New York Life Agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future —for education, for retirement, for all the things life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience as a full-time *Nylic* Agent he has become a well qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you. Call him soon!

Buying each year some 32,000 different items, worth over $200 million, calls for a large and skilled staff at American Cyanamid Co. Harold K. LaRowe (right) is Director of Purchases.

Some of these purchases are for standard business supplies; others are for highly specialized equipment. The purchasing agent must make sound decisions concerning all of them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A PURCHASING AGENT?

The company executives tasted, were promptly convinced and launched a successful new sales campaign based on an improved cooking method.

In another company a purchasing agent was asked to buy some containers for waste material—huge piles of sawdust and excelsior that accumulated from shipments of delicate machine parts. One day, he loaded up his car and took a heap of it home to dump on his tomato patch. It worked. Today, the company does a profitable side business in bagged garden mulch!

Financial Rewards

It is good to be able to report that a career in the purchasing field usually means a comfortable living. The American Management Association states that a college graduate can look forward, in private industry, to a starting salary of about $4800. He may go eventually as high as Vice President in Charge of Purchasing, which in a major enterprise may bring him as much as $50,000 annually.

Federal civil service salaries run from classification GS 4—a procurement clerk starting at $4040, to GS 15—a supervisory procurement officer who can earn as much as $15,810.

There is some argument over the best educational preparation for a career in purchasing. At present there are more than 200 colleges and universities that offer courses in the purchasing field. Personally, however, I feel that the liberal arts, particularly the social sciences, are equally important. The student of purchasing should also get some training in practical physics and mechanics. I studied engineering and law and have often been grateful for both.

College Not Essential

Although about half the heads of purchasing departments have college degrees, a degree is not absolutely essential. Because this is a young and growing field it has not yet been reduced to textbook formulas. I hope it never will. It's still possible to start at the bottom of the heap and work up, providing the candidate has enough inner discipline to educate himself as he goes.

Here's how the purchasing department hierarchy looks in most large organizations:

Purchasing Agent. He's the man in charge. He may do some buying himself, but for the most part he supervises the buying activities of his associates. He aids in traffic department operations or, if there is no traffic manager, he may direct that work himself. He forecasts supply and price trends, scouts sources, signs contracts. He is able to predict the needs of all the company's departments because, through frequent consultations, he knows how they operate. Salary: $10,000 to $25,000. His assistants earn $8,000 to $12,000.

Buyer. He interviews salesmen, visits suppliers' plants and recommends purchase contracts. He is assigned by the purchasing agent to serve the needs of one or more departments. He coordinates purchases with the company's production schedule. If special equipment is needed, he arranges to have it made. He handles adjustments. Salary: $7,000 to $8,500. An assistant will earn $5,500 to $7,000.

Purchasing Clerk. This is the lowest ranking position but it is certainly not a dead-end street. I know a man who started as a purchasing clerk and is now vice president in charge of purchasing for a company that does $10,000,000 worth of annual business. A purchasing clerk types purchase orders, keeps inventory records, juggles catalogues and keeps track of who is selling what. As such he is an invaluable coordinator for the department and has an opportunity to learn much that will lead to advancement.

Young people often ask me, "What personal satisfaction do you get from your work?"

I say this, "It's a job you can take home with you. When the day is over, you feel good—as though you have plowed a field or harvested an orchard. You can think reflectively about what you have done and plan—as well as you can—for the variety of things you are going to do tomorrow."

Yesterday, for example, I bought 100 bolts of muslin, six pianos, iodine, calculators and ballpoint pens. Tomorrow I may buy a couple of prize bulls to help build up a beef herd we have in Canada.

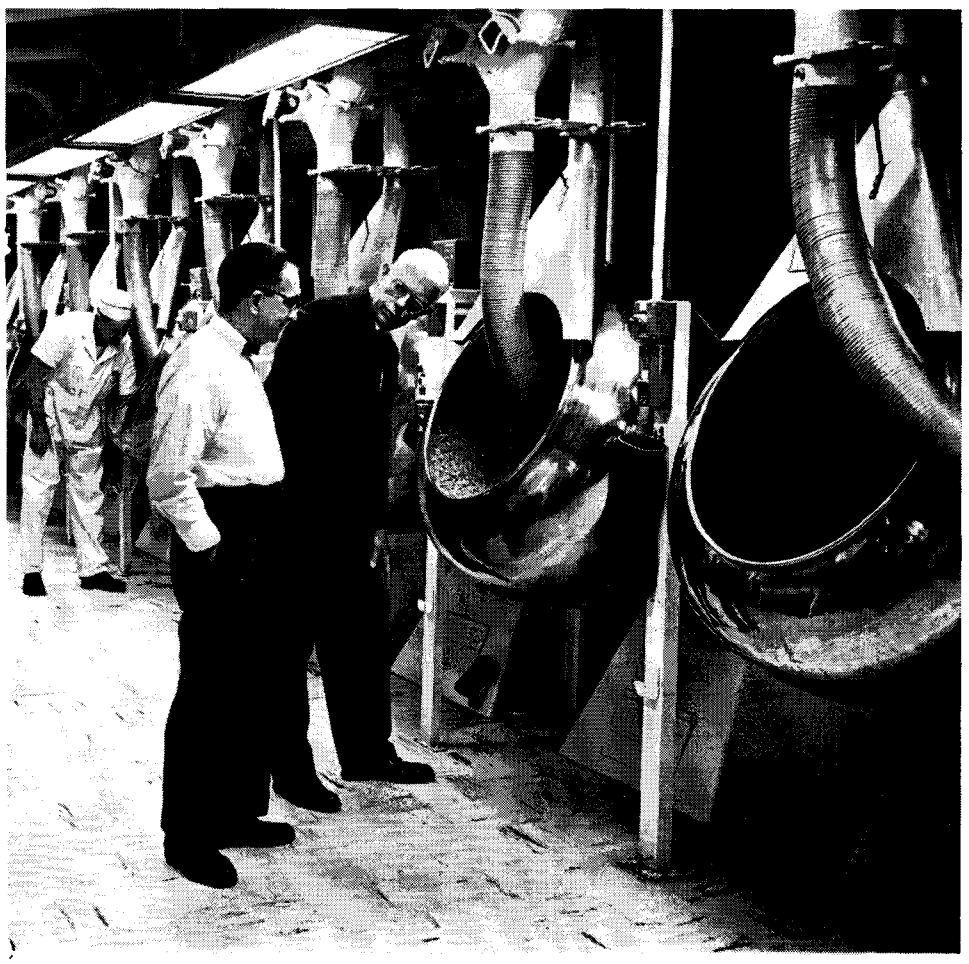
For a purchasing agent, it's all in the week's work.

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on fifty-one other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just mail a postcard to:

NEW YORK LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
Career Information Service, Box 51, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.

nylic
THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW



Education is a life-long process for the purchasing agent. His contacts with other departments, his trips through the company plants, keep him abreast of his organization's changing needs.

Keeping track of a large company's purchases is a demanding job in itself. To lighten and speed this chore, many purchasing departments, like Cyanamid's, employ electronic data processing machines.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The intimacies of private life can be made public without a key being turned or a window being raised."

into Silverman's premises. It had been pressed up against his heating duct. Therefore, the court reasoned, there had been a physical trespass, and this made the eavesdropping unlawful.

The Government's "defenses" in these two cases and the reaction of the Supreme Court in the Silverman case demonstrate that the time has arrived for the law to be clarified. Something is radically wrong when the Federal Government can defend electronic eavesdropping on the citizenry with the argument that everything overheard was purely personal and that the eavesdropping device was all right because it was located outside of the victim's house.

Constitution Protects Privacy

There have been proposals to adopt a Federal statute authorizing warrants for eavesdropping. Under our Constitution, however, no warrant can authorize so sweeping an invasion of individual privacy. The Fourth Amendment says:

"The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

Thus the nation's founding fathers sought to protect individual privacy—to insure that a man could keep his papers and his thoughts to himself. The Supreme Court in 1886 ruled that the Fourth Amendment safeguards a man not only against the "breaking of his doors and the rummaging of his drawers" by Federal agents, but against invasion of his "indefeasible right of personal security, personal liberty and private property, where that right has never been forfeited by his conviction of some public offense." The Supreme Court declared that the Government has no right to extort or search through a man's private papers in a hunt for evidence to convict him of crime. Its right to search and seize under a warrant is limited to stolen property, contraband or actual instruments of crime.

It is this right of personal security and personal liberty upon which eavesdropping impinges. If the words a man writes to his wife or to his lawyer or to himself are protected by the Constitution from seizure by the police, surely the words he speaks to them or even to himself should be protected.

But as recently as 1928 the Supreme Court was unwilling to extend the protection of the Fourth Amendment to the spoken word. A majority of the court ruled that the protection against unreasonable searches and seizures applied only to physical, tangible objects. A conversation, since it is not physical, cannot be "searched" or "seized," the court said.

Four of the nine justices disagreed and, in a brilliant and often-quoted dissent, Justice Brandeis said that listening in on conversations accomplishes exactly what the Fourth Amendment was designed to prevent—invasion of the citizen's privacy.

Recent advances in electronic eavesdropping devices would be incredible if they were not so authoritatively documented. In a few minutes' time any telephone can be transformed into a microphone which transmits every sound in the room—even when the receiver is on the hook—to the ear of a surreptitious listener in another building. Tiny microphones can be secreted behind a picture or dropped into a vase of flowers. If wires cannot be concealed, a strip of special paint will act as a wire.

Even more sinister are devices which can, without physical contact, pick up from the outside every sound made inside a room. Many of these make the spike microphone of the Silverman case look amateurish. There are devices which can pick up conversations hundreds of feet away. For instance, a parabolic microphone can pick up a conversation through an open window from across the street or from across a park. The possibility of beaming ultrasonic or electromagnetic waves into a room through the window and thereby overhearing everything said in that room has in recent months been made into a reality.

Private eavesdroppers use microphones in an endless variety of situations, from wives checking on their husbands' fidelity to business firms checking on their employees' attitudes and efficiency. Several widely publicized incidents have underscored the frightening potentialities of these practices. One involved a concealed microphone in a prison room assigned to an attorney for conferences with his client. Public indignation ran high when it was discovered that in this same room priests heard the confessions of Catholic prisoners. There was a similar reaction to the revelation that the New York Transit Authority was using hidden microphones to spy on a transit-workers union during a strike.

A Man's House Is His Castle

All of these incidents are outgrowths of the refusal of the Supreme Court in 1928 to protect private conversations from scientific invasion by the police.

Our law has always held that a man's house is his castle. The concept of a man's house as his castle is completely inconsistent with surreptitious police surveillance of every conversation in that house. If the police may not enter physically, they should not enter scientifically. An entry by electronic eavesdropping equipment is the most effective, clandestine and sinister kind of entry.

Electronic eavesdropping must be considered as a search and seizure. It must be brought under the Fourth Amendment. In my view, this would end the practice by Federal officers. No law purporting to authorize the issuance of warrants for eavesdropping would be constitutional, because the Fourth Amendment prohibits any attempt to authorize a hunt for incriminating admissions.

Unlike eavesdropping, wiretapping is a Federal crime. Congress in 1934 made it a criminal act to tap a telephone wire, listen to a conversation and divulge or make use of what is overheard. Despite this fact, wiretapping is rampant in the nation today.

In one reported case a convict released from prison suspected his wife of squandering large sums of his money on a secret lover. He hired a wiretapper to tap his home telephone and to record any conversations his wife had with her suspected lover. The wiretapper was friendly with another wiretapper who had been hired by the lover to tap the same telephone for different reasons. The two wiretappers got together, pooled their efforts and tapped the phone only once. Then they made duplicate copies of the conversations and sold them to both sides.

I received a full exposure to the problems and evils of wiretapping in 1956 when I agreed to represent Frank Costello in his denaturalization case. As we prepared for trial, it became evident that much of the Government's case was built on wiretapped evidence. Costello at the time was serving a prison term on a conviction of income-tax evasion. When I examined the record of that trial, I concluded that some of the evidence used against him in that case had been obtained through wiretaps. As we delved more deeply into the matter, we discovered that there had been a tap on Costello's home telephone at intermittent intervals over many years.

Tapping Costello Telephone

During the period of the taps six policemen sat in eight-hour shifts, working in teams of two. They listened to and transcribed every conversation over Costello's telephone, whether he was a participant or not. Through an order of the Federal Court in New York I obtained the transcripts of those conversations. It was necessary for my associates and me to read literally hundreds of them. Then, for the first time, I think I understood what Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes meant when he characterized wiretapping as "dirty business."

The transcripts included conversations between Costello and his wife, his doctor and his lawyer; conversations between Mrs. Costello and members of her family, her doctor and her friends; conversations between one of the Costellos' maids and her husband, baring the most confidential and intimate family secrets.

Literally scores of persons who were suspected of no crime and who had committed no crime were subjected to this kind of surveillance. What they believed to be private conversations were invaded by the ears of the police. The most intimate details of the lives of these people became a matter of record in the files of the New York City Police Department as a result of this one wiretap.

But the persons victimized by these wiretaps were not just persons who used Costello's telephone. Taps were placed on public telephones in restaurants frequented by him. Everyone who used those pay-station telephones had a hidden third party listening to every word he said. Confidential conversations of businessmen were invaded. Husband-and wife calls were monitored. The tender words of sweethearts were heard by a third ear. In short, hundreds of wholly innocent, law-abiding and unsuspecting citizens were deprived of their right to communicate privately by the efforts of the law-enforcement agencies to listen in on Costello.

When we talk about wiretapping, it is important to remember that we are not talking about a wiretap on a particular telephone to pick up the conversations of a particular man. The Costello taps picked up a hundred conversations of other people for every one to which Costello was a party. There is just no way to circumscribe the number of innocent victims of any tap. It's like an atom bomb. You can't pick your victims. As many people can be killed by the fallout as by the hit.

An Inconsistent Attitude

The Federal Government's attitude toward wiretapping has served only to increase the problem, because it has been riddled with inconsistencies.

On May 18, 1958, J. Edgar Hoover, the director of the FBI, told a television audience that his bureau had ninety wiretaps installed as of that day. On the same day a prosecutor from the same Department of Justice was asking a New York jury to convict James Hoffa of the Teamsters Union for allegedly installing one wiretap. This seemed to me to be a classic illustration of the dangers and evils of lawless law enforcement. One division of the Justice Department was prosecuting a man for breaking a law which another division of the department was itself breaking at that very moment.

I took occasion to say this to a large audience at Georgetown University in Washington at one of its traditional Gaston lectures. A few days later I received a letter from an assistant director of the FBI who took me to task for criticizing his agency for wiretapping. He set out the rationale of the Department of Justice in employing wiretapping this way:

". . . I am unaware of any court decision which has ruled that wiretaps are illegal per se. What the courts have done is to ban evidence secured from wiretaps. . . . In the FBI, telephone taps are utilized only with the written approval of the Attorney General in cases involving internal security or those involving kidnaping."

Even a quick look at the wiretapping statute shows that this legal interpretation is wrong. The statute outlaws not only tapping and divulging but also *tapping and making use of the information* obtained through the wiretap. The last part of Section 605 says it is a crime for the wiretapper to "*use the same or any information therein contained for his own benefit or for the benefit of another not entitled thereto.*"

Perhaps it is easier to catch spies—or even gamblers—by wiretapping than by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any other method. I suppose it would also be easier if the police could use torture, general search warrants, mass arrests and indefinite police detention for purposes of questioning. It would also be easier to convict spies if one could suspend the Fifth and Sixth amendments so the spy would have no privilege against self-incrimination and no right to counsel. The difficulty with all these methods is that, if we used them, we would have lost what we are seeking to preserve. We would be trying to protect democracy with the tools of totalitarianism.

A significant difference between wiretapping and ordinary physical searches is that the victim seldom learns that his telephone wire is tapped. Government agents may listen to a man's conversations for weeks or months or even years, but he may never learn about it. Abuses cannot be corrected either in a court of law or in the court of public opinion. Only when something incriminating is disclosed do the courts enter the picture. It is the innocent person who is left completely without remedy for this violation of his right to privacy.

Revision of Fourth Amendment

The only solution I can see is for Congress to approve for submission to the states a revision of the Fourth Amendment, if the FBI can show that it desperately needs to tap wires in national-security cases. Such a revision would allow the courts to abandon our traditional policy against issuing search warrants to hunt for evidence and would authorize searches of that kind, but only in cases where the national security is at stake.

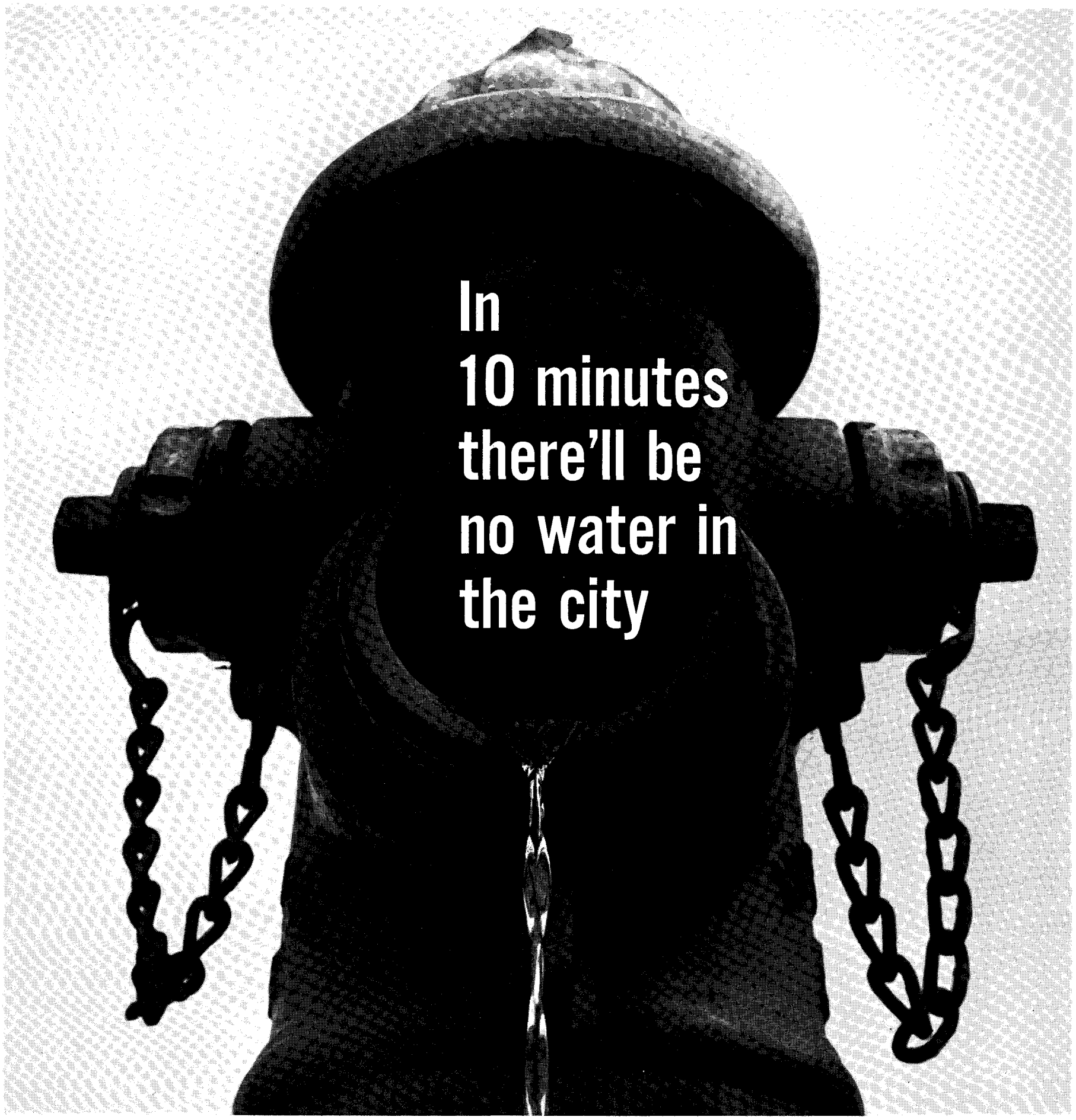
Even the most dedicated civil-libertarian must agree that individual liberties must be subordinated to our security as a nation. If we lose this, we lose the whole foundation of our individual freedom. So if it can be shown that wiretapping is necessary to foil treason, espionage and sabotage, I am confident there would be no difficulty to providing a constitutional base for it by means of an amendment.

This would authorize the invasion of privacy only in the protection of the most vital interests of society. It would also bring wiretapping under judicial supervision. The judiciary is the traditional bulwark between citizen and prosecutor. Law-enforcement officers, like defense attorneys, are sometimes carried away by the justice of their own causes.

Finally, this change in the law would make it possible to end wiretapping by private persons and eliminate tapping by state officers. If the FBI taps wires only when the requirements of the Fourth Amendment are satisfied, the Department of Justice can in good faith prosecute wiretapping by others. For the first time Congress will be able to pass an effective wiretapping law which would make it a crime to intercept any communication regardless of whether it is "divulged." Once we end the sorry spectacle of Federal officers tapping in defiance of Federal law, we can enforce wiretapping laws just as stringently as we enforce other criminal statutes. THE END

Awakened in early morning, industrialist Bernard Goldfine receives whispered information from an aide, Jack Lotto. The Goldfine staff had just discovered a hidden microphone in an adjoining room of a Washington hotel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

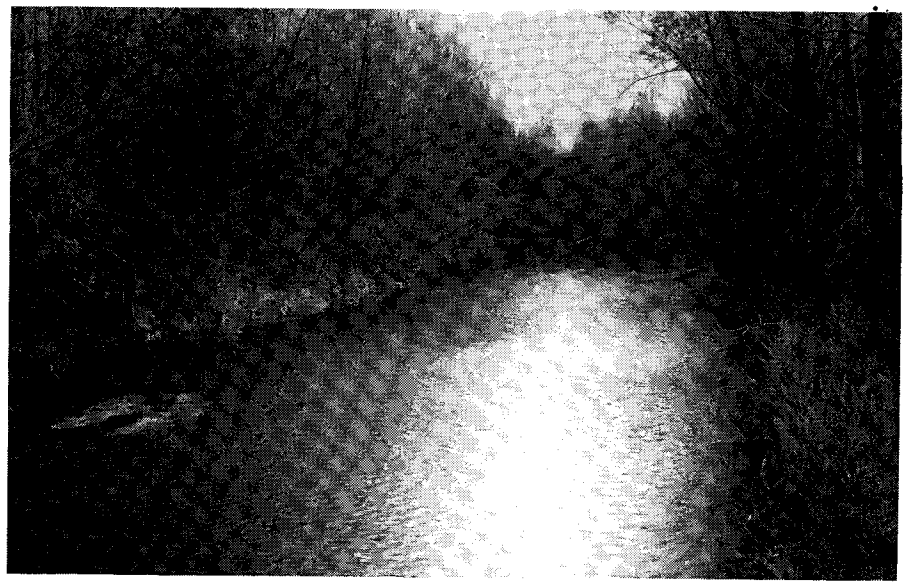


A frightening report for any city. For Springfield, Ohio—then a community of 79,000 people—it meant calamity. It happened on a bone-dry day in July, 1954, when the city's supply literally dried up. But water shortages were nothing new to this industrial community . . . they were a chronic problem. Health authorities frequently had condemned the contaminated water. Fire became a major hazard.

For 50 years no new industries settled in Springfield. Things are different now. There's an abundance of pure water. Business and industry are on a $16 million expansion boom. Springfield is a city on the move. This is its story.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This was Springfield's water supply the day the faucets almost dried up.



This is the city's new 66,000,000-gallons-a-day source, the nearby Mad River.

For many years Springfield, Ohio, struggled with one water crisis after another. The city had the lowest water rates in Ohio, but on occasion housewives had to boil drinking water. The U. S. Public Health Service refused to permit passenger trains stopping in Springfield to pick up water. Severe droughts in 1934, 1944, 1953 and 1954 almost caused catastrophes.

For 50 years no new industry settled in Springfield. The city literally could not grow . . . there simply wasn't enough water. Less than 100 acres of land with water service were available for industrial expansion. Tax revenues slipped badly. Finances of the city grew so desperate that its City Hospital had to pay cash for all supplies and medicine.

Springfield's turning point came in the early '50s. Seeking the man to handle the water problem, city commissioners appointed Robert B. Holt Superintendent of the Water Division. Bob Holt took the problem to the people. A tireless, dedicated official, he talked to big groups and to sewing circles in front rooms. In 1952 a drive sponsored by the Clark County Medical Society put a water works referendum on the ballot. It lost.

The severe drought of 1954 brought the problem to a climax. On a bone-dry day in July, the water supply was so low, Supt. Holt's pumps started to whine badly. The city was within 10 minutes of a complete water shutdown! A providential cloudburst prevented disaster.

The next week a new water improvement committee was formed, sponsored by numerous service organizations including the Jaycees and the Trades & Labor Assembly, backed by local businessmen. Its energetic members held meetings, rang doorbells to inform the voters. And in the next election Springfield voted to abandon the old water works and to tap the abundant supply of water on the nearby Mad River. To pay for the program voters approved a $5,750,000 bond issue. It tripled water rates but they remained among the lowest in the state.

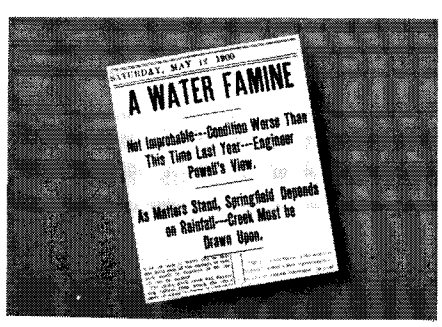
The city that couldn't grow has taken on a new look. Its efficient new water system can send 36,000,000 gallons of water a day to the homes and industries of Springfield. The 23-year-old condemnation order on city water has been lifted by health officials. Fire insurance rates have been reduced 10%.

Inquiries from water-dependent industries have soared. Expansion of the water system has made more than 4000 acres of industrially zoned property available. Business, including 11 new firms, has invested more than $16 million for expansion since the water works opened. New home construction—2500 have been built in the last 10 years—has broadened the city's tax base by $22 million.

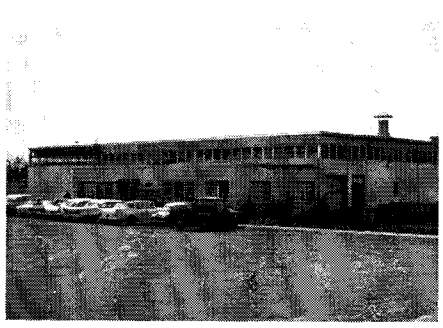
Today a prominent industrial counselor says that Springfield is 10 years ahead of most comparable cities in its drive for industrial growth. During the rebirth period from 1950 to 1960, payrolls for Springfield-area citizens have gone up 41%. Average earnings are up 54%, savings up 83% and population up 17%—all well above Ohio averages for the same period.

Is your community moving ahead like Springfield? Or is it held back by an inadequate water supply? In many areas of our nation, citizens face the dilemma of too much or too little. Floods ravage our cities, ruin our farms. Pollution and siltation complicate the problem. Something has to be done to control and preserve this precious national resource. By 1980 we'll need twice the water we're using today. Will you be a citizen of action in your community?

For information on our national water problem—and what you can do about it as an individual—write Department M, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois.

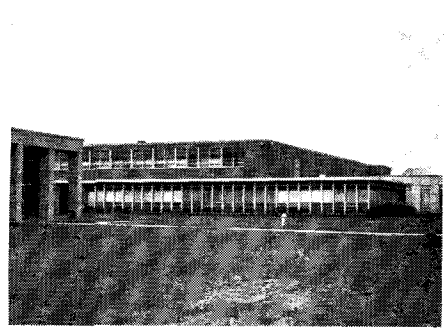

A WATER FAMINE
Not Improbable---Condition Worse Than This Time Last Year---Engineer Powell's View.
As Matters Stand, Springfield Depends on Rainfall---Creek Must be Drawn Upon.

ONE CRISIS AFTER ANOTHER . . . three years after Springfield's Buck Creek Water Works was opened in 1896, there was a water shortage of panic proportions. A near-disaster occurred the next year.



NOW WITH ABUNDANT WATER Springfield can attract new industry. This manufacturing plant, new to the city, is embarked on a 50% expansion program which will double the number of employees.

THIS HANDSOME RESIDENTIAL STREET is typical of the quality of home construction during Springfield's rebirth. Homes like this have added more than $22,000,000 to the city's tax base.



NEW NORTH HIGH SCHOOL, a striking addition to Springfield's rapidly growing school system, is part of the city's $12,000,000 educational expansion program completed in the last decade.

Machines that build for a growing America . . . **CATERPILLAR**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ironclad Alibi

Evil was rubbing off on everyone around him.

Detective Sergeant Elmer Hannegan of the Columbia City police force stood before Judge Harold Atherton and, with the studied patience of a man standing in line for a World Series ticket, waited to be reprimanded.

At the moment, Judge Atherton was addressing some frosty remarks to an attorney by the name of William Becker and a young hoodlum by the name of Al Nelson, who stood in front of and to one side of the bench, smirking like someone who was being given a license to steal. "I need no impassioned plea, counselor," Judge Atherton said, "to remind me of your deep and sincere concern for the legal rights of your client. I am well aware of the law and of the rules of evidence. Case dismissed." Judge Atherton banged his gavel, nodded briefly and unsmilingly to the defendant and his attorney and consulted some papers on his desk.

Al Nelson, a blond young man, wearing a suit which would cost Elmer Hannegan a week's pay, smiled at the detective. "Sorry, Hannegan," he said. "Better luck next time."

Detective Hannegan looked bleakly at the Nelson family's contribution to delinquency and watched moodily as Al Nelson and his attorney left the courtroom.

He automatically reached into his pocket for a cigarette, remembered where he was and took out a stick of gum instead. He unwrapped it, rolled up the paper and returned it to his pocket, put the stick of gum into his mouth and chewed meditatively as he waited. Elmer Hannegan was a tall, gaunt man, carrying forty-seven years and 180 pounds on a six-foot-two-inch frame. He had iron-gray hair, deeply set brown eyes, and the scar of a bullet wound on his right arm, courtesy of a gin-filled punk who twenty years ago had shot a service-station operator and robbed the till of $17.62. Elmer's clothes always looked as if he had put them on while answering the phone.

Judge Atherton put his papers aside and looked at the detective. "Sergeant Hannegan," he said.

"Yes, sir," Elmer said.

"How long have you been on the police force?"

"Twenty-five years."

"In that time it would seem that you should have learned a little something about your profession," the judge remarked.

"It would seem so," Elmer said.

"I wonder why you made no attempt to establish on-the-spot ownership of the evidence in this case."

Elmer had been wondering the same thing. He was willing to concede that he had not been very bright in the head that Friday night and that only a gifted idiot or a rookie could so blithely have fallen into the yawning trap which waited when he stopped Al Nelson's car. But the judge, he was also willing to concede, had not been coping with the Nelsons of this world for twenty-five years. A man was entitled now and then to get slightly heated about such matters as suspected theft and a lot of lip from a punk like Al Nelson.

"I wonder myself, your honor," Elmer said. It was the best he could manage. He hoped the judge would make the chewing as brief as possible. It was hot in the courtroom, Elmer had had only five hours' sleep the night before, and his feet hurt.

"The court calendar is not empty enough to waste time on such cases."

"I know that," Elmer said, hoping that in agreement there might be haste.

"Your zeal was commendable, but your judgment was deplorable."

Elmer contented himself with moving his gum from one side of his mouth to the other.

The judge looked at his watch, then back at Elmer. "In the future," he said, "let us see no more of this sort of thing."

"No, sir," Elmer said. He turned around and left the courtroom, glaring at the grinning spectators as he walked past them.

He was loath to go back to the detective division, since he was not on duty. Elmer worked the first night relief—five in the afternoon to one in the morning—but courtroom appearances were, of course, his own personal gift to the city. He walked up a flight to the press room. There were two desks, two typewriters, a Teletype machine, a beat-up couch, and a coffee table covered with newspapers and magazines. Bill Gallagher of the Willamette *Record* was leaning back in his chair, reading the front page of the paper for which he worked. When he saw Elmer come in, he hurriedly folded the paper, tossed it on the desk and got out of his chair. "You're just in time, Elmer," Bill said. "I'll spring for breakfast."

Elmer peered at the newspaperman. "You gone ape or something? The last time you bought breakfast without I twisted your arm was three years ago when I had an ulcer. It cost you ten cents for a glass of milk."

"Yes, I know; and my conscience has been hurting ever since."

"Your what?" Elmer crossed to the desk and picked up the paper.

"Come on, Elmer," Bill said. "Let's go eat. I'll even go for bacon and eggs."

"What'd you do—rob a bank?" Elmer unfolded the paper.

Bill reached for the paper. "C'mon, Elmer. There's nothing in that rag worth reading."

Elmer pulled the paper away and peered at the front page. In a three-column box was a letter: AN OPEN LETTER TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER. Elmer looked at Bill and grinned.

"Well now—an open letter to the police commissioner. What'd you do, write this and try to get off the hook by buying breakfast? I'll lock you up for attempted bribery."

Bill Gallagher looked pained. "Don't bother reading it. George Lundegren must have had a fight with his wife, or his gall bladder started kicking up, or something. He ——"

"'The Columbia City police department,'" Elmer said, reading from the editorial, "'has long enjoyed a deserved reputation as one of the finest in the country.'" Elmer stopped reading and glanced at Bill. "Gall bladder?"

"There's more," Bill said gloomily.

Elmer started reading again. "'Part of that reputation has been due to the excellent training program and the merit system of promotion, giving young police officers the incentive to work for certain advancement if warranted ——'"

Bill groaned. "Read it some other time. Don't spoil the bacon and eggs."

"'However,'" Elmer continued, "'some police officers, due for retirement, are kept on in spite of the fact that this policy effectively blocks the promotion of deserving young men, and it is suggested that the department start clearing deadwood and give younger men the opportunity for advancement. Specifically, Detective Sergeant Elmer Hannegan is now in his twenty-sixth year on the police force. Men like Hannegan, although once valuable, should now be ——'" Elmer stopped reading aloud, contenting himself with scanning the paper, embarrassment and anger fighting a battle inside him.

"That cotton-pickin' Lundegren has scrambled eggs for brains," Bill said. "A few months ago he was overhauling the school system. Last month he was leaning on the fire department. Every so often he gets his crusader's uniform on and starts swinging."

Elmer finished reading the paper, folded it and dropped it on Bill's desk.

"Someday someone's going to swing on him," Bill said.

"Don't get any ideas. There's a law against it."

"I know. Everything worth doing is either immoral, illegal or fattening. Still ——"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beginning a two-part serial by ***Steve McNeil***

Would 25 years on the police force make Hannegan immune?

"Before I was featured in this here open letter, I seem to remember that you were going to buy breakfast."

"Yeah. Look, Elmer ——"

"C'mon, c'mon. I know you didn't have anything to do with it. If I thought so, I'd make you spring for a steak dinner."

They walked down the stairs and out into the street, crossed it and entered a restaurant frequented almost totally by police-department personnel. At one booth, reading the front page of the Willamette *Record*, was Elmer Hannegan's partner, Johnny Quinn, a black-haired, gray-eyed Irishman, only six months out of uniform. When he saw Elmer and Bill approaching, he quickly folded the paper and put it on the seat beside him. Elmer and Bill slid into seats opposite Johnny.

"You didn't have to hide it, Johnny," Elmer said. "I've read the paper."

Johnny had a few things to say about an editor's ancestors.

"Forget it," Elmer said. "The man is entitled to his opinion."

"Sure he is—so am I. But they don't publish what we think."

The waitress came and took their order, then returned at once with coffee. They sipped it, and then Johnny said, "I wish I didn't know the penalty for hitting an editor."

Bill grinned. "You wouldn't do it anyway, Johnny. The fourth estate has nearly total immunity from violence."

"I wonder why."

"Probably because the violent people, who never write anything more complicated than a laundry list, have a certain grudging respect for anyone who makes his living putting words on paper."

"It isn't hard," Elmer said, grinning. "The words are in the dictionary. Bill merely rearranges 'em."

"You read that somewhere," Bill said.

"Yeah, but keep it quiet. I wouldn't want anyone else on the *Record* to think I know how to read."

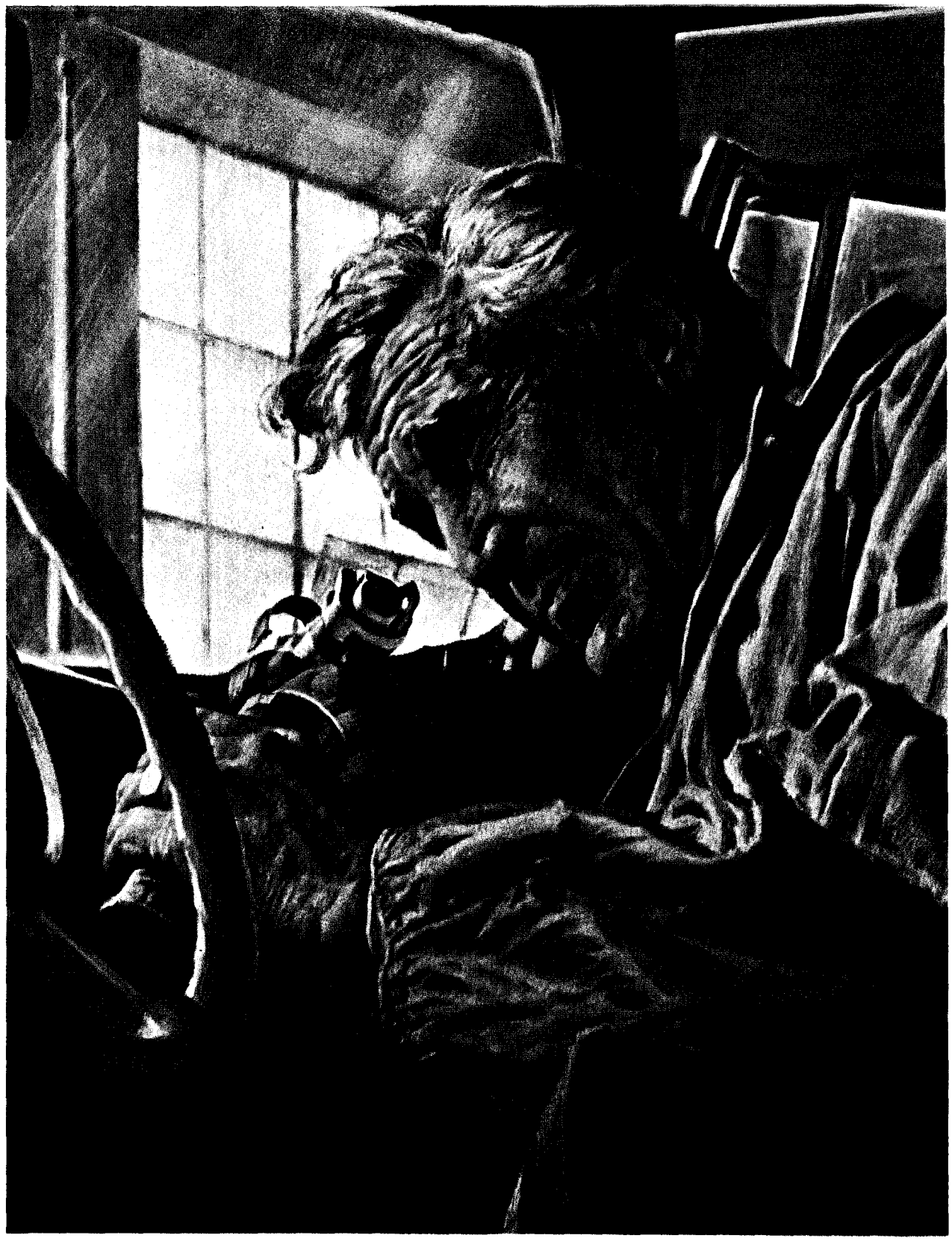
After a while their food came, and they gave it the attention it deserved. Bill looked at the check, reluctantly paid it, and the three of them walked out of the restaurant. They stood together on the sidewalk. "Did you see Captain Thompson?" Johnny asked.

Elmer shook his head.

"He wants to see you."

"I can imagine. Anything else?"

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES BAMA



The bottle of nitro was taped right where the old crook had said it would be.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ironclad Alibi

"Not unless you ever heard of a man by the name of Sam Edwards."

Elmer grinned. "He back in town? Last I heard, he was in Walla Walla."

"What does he look like?" Johnny said.

"Five-nine. One-sixty. Scar on his left cheek. He'd be almost bald by now, I imagine. Safe man. Pretty good thief."

"Safe detail picked up a suspect in that supermarket peel job. They found some burglary tools in the trunk of his car, which was registered to a J. C. Corrigan. All the identification was the same, except for a letter addressed to Sam Edwards, who fits your description on the nose. He got about nine grand."

"It probably is Sam. I remember him because he started out in his business about the same time I started out in mine, and a man remembers his old friends, whether they're thieves or newspapermen. I'll take a look at him later."

"All right. Elmer, I heard about the Al Nelson business."

"It doesn't matter, Johnny. I been chewed on by experts." He lifted his hand, grinned and crossed the street.

Johnny Quinn and Gallagher watched him go. The young detective's brow was as wrinkled as a dried fig. "I don't get it. If he's deadwood, the rest of us must be petrified."

"You know something?" Bill said. "I've been thinking."

"With what?"

"Never mind. I just remembered that I've been on the *Record* just as long as Elmer has been on the police force, which, according to Lundegren's thinking, makes me deadwood too."

"So why don't you punch him in the nose?"

"I think he could whip me. Let's go."

Elmer Hannegan stopped briefly in front of Captain of Detectives Marshall Thompson's door, then opened it and walked in. Captain Thompson lifted his head, looked at Elmer and leaned back in his chair.

"Hi, Elmer. Sit down."

Elmer sat down, lighted a cigarette and waited.

"I hear Judge Atherton threw the Nelson case out of court."

Elmer nodded. "He also chewed on me for cluttering up his court calendar."

"I can imagine. Well, let's have the story."

"We got a tip that Al Nelson was driving around town with a back seat full of loot, spotted him, observed a moving violation and stopped him. I saw several transistor radios in the backseat, had reason to believe that a felony had been committed, so we searched the car. We found two dozen radios, two dozen electric shavers, several watches. The total value was over one thousand dollars."

"Make any effort to establish ownership?"

"I asked Al where he got the stuff, and he said it was none of my business. That did it. We hauled him in and booked him."

"This was Friday night?"

"Uh-huh. Today Nelson's lawyer showed up with receipted invoices for every item in Nelson's car."

Captain Thompson winced. "You really walked into one this time."

"Yeah. The next step will be a suit for false arrest."

"Any reason for this?"

"I've been leaning on Nelson ever since he was a punk kid stealing hubcaps—hoping I could stop him from graduating to bigger things, but I didn't have much luck. He and his pal Eddie Smith have been headed for deep trouble for a long time."

"You must have leaned harder than you knew for him to set this one up."

"A professional takes his licks. Roust him, lean on him, and he moves out of town. A punk like Nelson wants to make a personal war out of it."

"Looks like he won one of the battles anyway."

"That's the way it looks."

"You see the letter in the *Record?*"

"I could hardly miss it."

Captain Thompson leaned forward on the desk. "I hear you were offered a job out at Willamette Electronics."

Elmer nodded, a cold knot tightening in his stomach. "Head of security."

"Money pretty good?"

"A thousand a year more than I'm making now."

"Sounds all right. What'd you tell them?"

"Nothing yet. The job is still open."

"Fine. All right, Elmer. That's all."

Elmer walked out and closed the door, then stood in the hallway, the knot in his insides still tight, the implication in Thompson's words clear and forceful. This morning he had felt like a journeyman detective, working at his trade. Now, just two hours later, he felt older than his forty-seven years, inadequate and about as useful as a burned-out light globe. The captain hadn't said so in that many words, but he had left no doubt in Elmer's mind that he might as well take the Willamette Electronics job. He had reasons, of course, but up until this morning there hadn't been a reason worth mentioning. Now, however, he had been thoroughly chewed by Judge Atherton, he had blown the Al Nelson case and was in line for a suit for false arrest, and he had been editorialized. No matter how much the department pretended a lack of concern for newspaper editorials, he still knew that they were sensitive.

Elmer took a piece of gum out of his pocket, thoughtfully unwrapped it, put it in his mouth, chewed, nodded to a uniformed police officer and then went to the elevator. As he ascended to the jail to see the man who was J. C. Corrigan, and who was most probably Sam Edwards, he reflected that he and Sam had come to the same end of the road—retirement. Sam, because he had tried to beat the odds; Elmer, because the years had caught up with him.

They had put Sam in a cell by himself. The jailer unlocked the door. Sam was on his back on his cot, feigning sleep. Elmer walked in, was locked in, looked down at the man and said, "Hello, Sam."

Sam Edwards opened his eyes, looked at Elmer and dropped the façade of J. C. Corrigan at once. "Well, hello, Hannegan. I didn't know you were still around or I mighta stayed out of town." Sam swung his feet to the floor. "Sit down."

Elmer sat down beside Sam. "I'm still around, Sam. How was Walla Walla?"

"Not bad. I did most of my time working in the library."

"Beats the laundry anyway."

"You said it." Sam shook his head sadly. "Two years I worked in that laundry in Folsom. After I got out, every time I saw a laundry truck I broke out in a cold sweat. But that library was nice. I got a high-school diploma there."

"Nice going."

"Specialized in chemistry." Sam grinned. "I can cook you up the nicest batch of $C_3H_5N_3O_9$ that you ever saw."

"No thanks, Sam. That's the formula for nitroglycerin."

Sam beamed. "That's right. You a chemistry student?"

"No; I'm a detective. Remember? How come you didn't blow that supermarket safe?"

Sam looked pained. "That thing? I could have opened that box with a can opener. I peeled it in twenty minutes."

"According to the report, you didn't have the money, Sam. You always worked alone before."

"You got a cigarette?"

Elmer fished, brought out a cigarette, gave it to Edwards and took care of the ignition. Sam dragged deeply. "How's your son, Hannegan?"

"He's all right. In college now."

"No kiddin'! And the girl?"

"She starts next year if I can swing it."

Sam stared at the floor for perhaps ten seconds, then raised his head. "We've known each other about twenty years,"

Elmer nodded. "Just about."

"They're gonna throw the book at me this time, whether I return that money or not. I got a daughter. You never knew that, did you?"

Elmer shook his head.

"She's nineteen, living in Denver with her mother. She's working in a drive-in. Smart, she is. In high school she was salut—something or other."

"Salutatorian. Second in her class."

"That's it. Should have gone to college. You know?"

"I know."

"How much did I get out of that supermarket box? I never had time to count it."

"Around nine thousand."

"Wild money, Hannegan. Small bills."

"That's right."

Sam spread his hands. "So half for you, half for my daughter."

"Spell it out, Sam."

"Sure, I can get the word out. I know half a dozen guys who'll pick the stuff up for me. Two months later there isn't a dime of it left." Sam paused, then said, "Hear you blew a burglary case and the judge chewed you good."

Elmer did not bother to ask how Sam, in jail, knew these things. He nodded.

"Got written up in the paper. Deadwood, it said."

"That's what it said."

"Lotta thanks you get."

"It's a living."

"Yeah, and how good a living? Peanuts and brisket of boot." Sam hesitated, studying Elmer. "Look, Hannegan, there's a vial of nitro wrapped in foam rubber taped to the underside of the glove compartment of my car. If somebody should get careless ——"

"All right, Sam."

"Pour the stuff on some newspapers and burn 'em."

"I know."

"Taped to the vial of nitro is a key to a locker in the bus depot. You say there's nine grand. It's in a little hit-and-run bag." Sam Edwards reached into his pocket and brought out the stub of a pencil. "You got a piece of paper?"

Hannegan took out his notebook, tore off a page and handed it to Sam, who licked the end of the pencil with his tongue, then wrote. He handed the paper to Elmer. "Here's my daughter's address. You take the key, open the locker, count the money, send half of it to her and keep half for yourself."

Hannegan took the paper, looked at it and said softly, chidingly, "Sam."

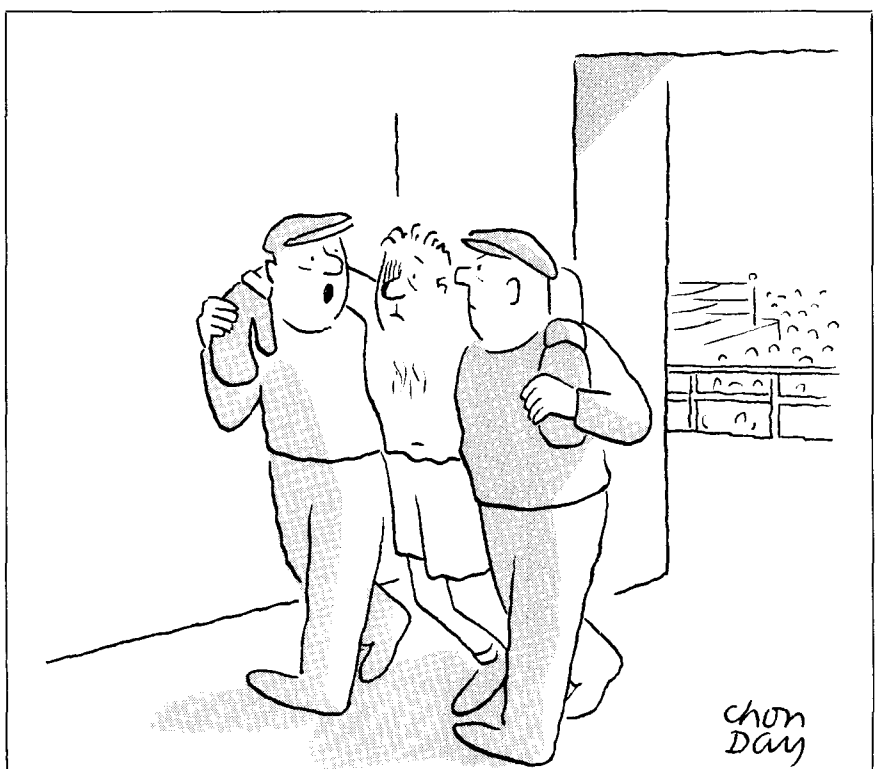
"So who's hurt? The insurance company raises the burglary rate a few bucks; the supermarket raises the price of canned peas. I want my girl to get out of that beanery. You want your girl to go to college first class. We ain't stealing from widows and orphans."

Elmer stood up, reached into his pocket and brought out his pack of cigarettes. He handed it to Sam, then called the jailer, who came and unlocked the door. "So long, Sam. Stay in there and get a draw."

"You, too, sergeant. And think about what I said, will you?"

Elmer nodded. "I'll think about it."

Elmer took the elevator to the garage in the basement. Sam's car, a 1957 hardtop, was parked over in a corner, out of



"Look at it this way, Harry. If he didn't knock hell out of you, somebody else would."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ironclad Alibi

the way. Elmer cleared everyone out of the garage, crossed to Sam's car and carefully opened the right front door. Using his flashlight he peered under the glove compartment. There it was, tucked up out of sight, innocent and as deadly as a live hand grenade. Elmer wet his lips, took a deep breath. *Hannegan*, he told himself, *you're getting too old for this sort of thing*. He hesitated, briefly considered calling Captain Thompson and laying the whole thing in his lap, and then, almost without thinking, reached underneath, held the vial against the glove compartment while he removed the tape. He backed out carefully, opened the foam-rubber padding. There it was—maybe an ounce of the stuff. He noticed absently and with satisfaction that the vial was only half full, leaving room for gas, so that the stuff would not be self-explosive. It was closed with a rubber stopper. Elmer carried the vial out to the big parking lot, thoughtfully picking up some newspapers that he had put by the door. Just before he pulled the stopper, he removed the small key that had been taped to the vial and put it in his pocket. Then he poured the nitro on the newspapers, sighed heavily and struck a match to the papers. He waited until there was nothing left but ashes, then went back inside. A mechanic, peering out from behind a concrete pillar, grinned at him. Elmer nodded and went to the elevator. Behind him he heard an engine start. The police garage was back in business.

He walked up the stairs and went out into the street. The fog had come in from the river, cloaking the streets and buildings with its minute drops. Elmer stood outside the station, his thoughts an odd mixture of resentment toward the system that was forcing him into retirement; of pity for Sam Edwards, who only wanted to get his daughter out of the drive-in; of anger toward Al Nelson, the punk who had set him up as a patsy; and of frustration, because there didn't seem anything he could do about any of it. He got into his car and drove home, not even examining the reasons why he had not gone to Captain Thompson's office, handed him the key and told the story.

The fog, which effectively made Elmer's driving much more difficult, concealing traffic lights and other vehicles, also performed the same service for his home, so that, dimly seen, it was now merely a two-story house in a row of two-story houses. Mercifully obscured were certain defects that would be only too apparent if the sun burned off the fog. The sun and the rain had tirelessly battled the five-year-old paint job and had won a partial victory, which would almost surely be complete, since the lowest estimate Elmer had been able to get from a painting contractor was $385, a monumental sum for a journeyman detective with a wife, two children and a hard, self-imposed code.

Elmer Hannegan always had accepted within that code a single cigar or a drink with thanks and a smile, but he would find an easy and reasonable excuse for turning down a box of cigars or a bottle. The ethics of such matters were never put into words, nor was he a troubled or bitter man because there were others who were less fastidious about gifts from people who expected and got favors in kind from the department. "If he's on the take," Elmer had said, "prove it. Chief Calouri and the press will have his head on a platter."

So the paint weathered and the furniture inside the house got a bit more battered with the years, and Elmer fought a continuing and valiant battle against the erosions of time and weather and the fair wear and tear of his family.

So what am I doing with that locker key in my pocket? He didn't answer his own question. He pulled into his garage, got wearily out of his car and entered the house through the kitchen door. It was one o'clock in the afternoon, and he had to be at work at five, but he knew that he would not be able to sleep.

Ellen was in the kitchen, a paintbrush in her hand, wearing paint-spattered pedal pushers, and an old shirt of Elmer's, also festooned with the paint that was now partially covering one kitchen cabinet.

"Oh, no!" Elmer said. He took the paintbrush out of her hand, put it down on a piece of newspaper on the drainboard and kissed his wife. "You said you were going to wait until I could get to it."

She smiled at him, and his heart twisted. He could never look into her brown eyes without wanting for her the world on a string.

"I don't mind, Elmer. It's kind of fun."

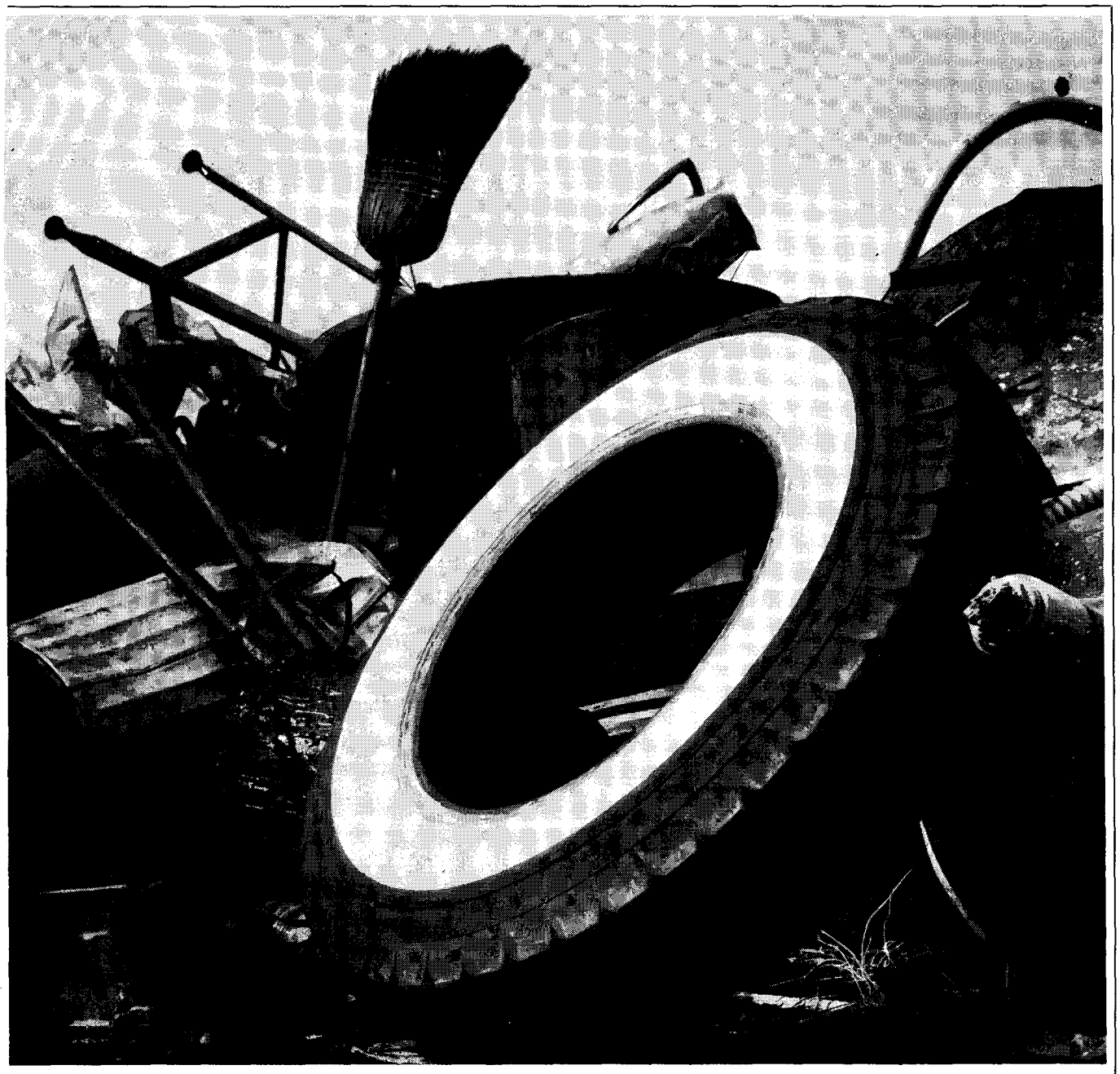
He held her off, looked at her, shook his head and grinned. "The world's worst painter and the world's best wife."

"Blarney."

He stood back, held his hand over his heart. "God's truth."

"You'll never get to Heaven, Elmer Hannegan," she said.

"So who needs it?"



JUNKED

...but still beautiful

This tire is worn out after thousands of miles of tough use—yet notice the attractiveness of the whitewall. Ordinary whitewalls can crack and lose their beauty long before the tread is gone. But this whitewall has stayed smooth and crack-free for the full life of the tire, thanks to Du Pont HYPALON® synthetic rubber.

HYPALON defies ozone, weather and sunlight—elements that sap the life from ordinary rubber. That's why whitewalls of HYPALON are a cinch to clean, do not scuff easily, and stay white. If you're disenchanted with ordinary whitewalls, write us for names of manufacturers of whitewall tires made with Du Pont HYPALON. E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Elastomer Chemicals Dept. SP-6-23, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

HYPALON®—ANOTHER RELIABLE DU PONT ELASTOMER

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You want some coffee or a beer?"

"A beer."

She went to the refrigerator, got a bottle of beer, opened it and poured. He took it and held it out to her. "Just a sip." She sipped it, not really wanting it, but it was a thing to do between them. He tipped the glass up and swallowed, sighed and put the glass down. "The first swallow is always the best."

"I saw the morning paper, Elmer. What's wrong with those people?"

"Nothing. Every so often they start crusading. Maybe they think it sells papers."

"Swinging at you? That sells papers?"

"They must think so."

"It sounded as if you're an old man. Elmer, it's a good time to get out. You can take that job with Willamette Electronics and tell them all to go climb a tree."

"You want the *Record* to think they ran me off the job?"

"I don't care what they think."

"You care if they think I'm an old man."

"Oh, don't be so logical."

"That's my business—being logical."

"A thousand a year would go a long way toward Mary's college, Elmer. That's being logical."

"I know," he said. But a man did not stay on the police force for twenty-five years because of logic. A man stayed because it was something you felt about the job, and you did not stop to count the money. Still, a thousand a year was $83.33 a month—before taxes.

"Anyway," she said, "it isn't fair. There's no way you can defend yourself against a thing like that—newspapers, I mean."

"There's one way. Just go ahead and get the job done." He finished the beer, then took off his suit coat.

"What are you going to do?"

"Me? Change clothes and get at that painting." He grinned at her. "We don't have enough paint to do both your clothes and the kitchen."

She made a face at him as Elmer went upstairs to change.

Two hours later he carefully stroked out the brush marks and then stepped back to peer critically at his handiwork.

His son Robert, an eighteen-year-old carbon copy of his father walked into the kitchen. "Hi, dad," he said.

"Hello, Bob. How do you like it?"

"Real cool. What color is it?"

"Canary yellow."

The boy grinned. "I didn't think you were the canary-yellow type." He rummaged in the refrigerator and poured himself a glass of milk.

"How's school going?" Elmer said.

"No strain." Bob sipped his milk. "They sure come up with some weird ones in that course in logic. Today he had us trying to prove, by pure logic, that we were alive."

"How'd you make out?"

"We struck out. Then the other day we got into a beef about whether a man's thoughts and actions would be colored by evil if he's constantly exposed. What do you think?"

"You mean whether it rubs off on him?"

"Uh-huh."

"Depends on the kind of skin he has. It could rub off or bounce off."

Robert frowned. "Isn't that oversimplification?"

"I don't think so. You have three choices. You either join 'em, whip 'em or stick your head in the sand and hope they'll go away."

"But even if a man had the inner strength to resist evil influences, there'd still be an effect. He would still ——"

The phone rang, blatant and demanding, cutting off the boy's words. Elmer frowned at the instrument, sensing trouble somewhere.

"Want me to get it?" the boy said.

Elmer shook his head, crossed to the kitchen extension and picked up the phone. "Hannegan," he said.

"Hope you weren't sleeping, Elmer." It was the voice of Paul Woodson—a bullnecked detective on the day shift.

"No. I was painting the kitchen."

"You got a union card?"

"The best. Do-it-yourself union," he said. "What's up?"

"You remember Eddie Smith?"

"Sure. Al Nelson's running mate."

"That's the guy. Harbor patrol just fished him out of the river."

"Dead?"

"Uh-huh. For two or three days."

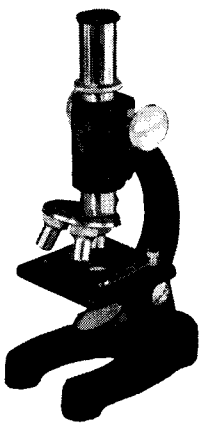
"Well, now," Elmer said softly. "I'll be right down." He hung up the phone, looked at it reflectively for a few moments, then put the paintbrush across the can of paint. He looked at his son. "You want to take over this paint job?"

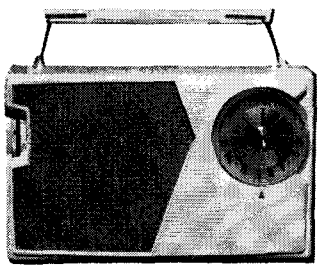
The boy nodded. "What happened?"

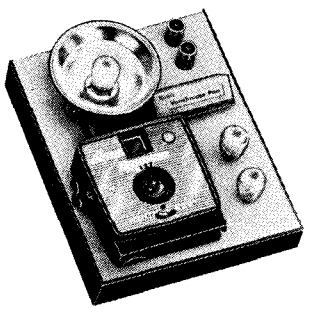
"What we were talking about," Elmer said. "It rubbed off on a man by the name of Eddie Smith—and maybe a man named Al Nelson." He walked out of the kitchen and went upstairs to change clothes.

TO BE CONCLUDED

BOYS! EARN MONEY AND PRIZES







These are but a few of the hundreds of dandy prizes you can earn selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST right in your own neighborhood. Build a regular route of customers among your friends and neighbors—all in a few hours per week.

Thousands of boys have availed themselves of this opportunity to earn their own spending money plus valuable prizes. It's lots of fun, mighty profitable, and the best possible business experience.

For further details, fill out the coupon below and mail it today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
Dept. 1342, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Penna.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET _____

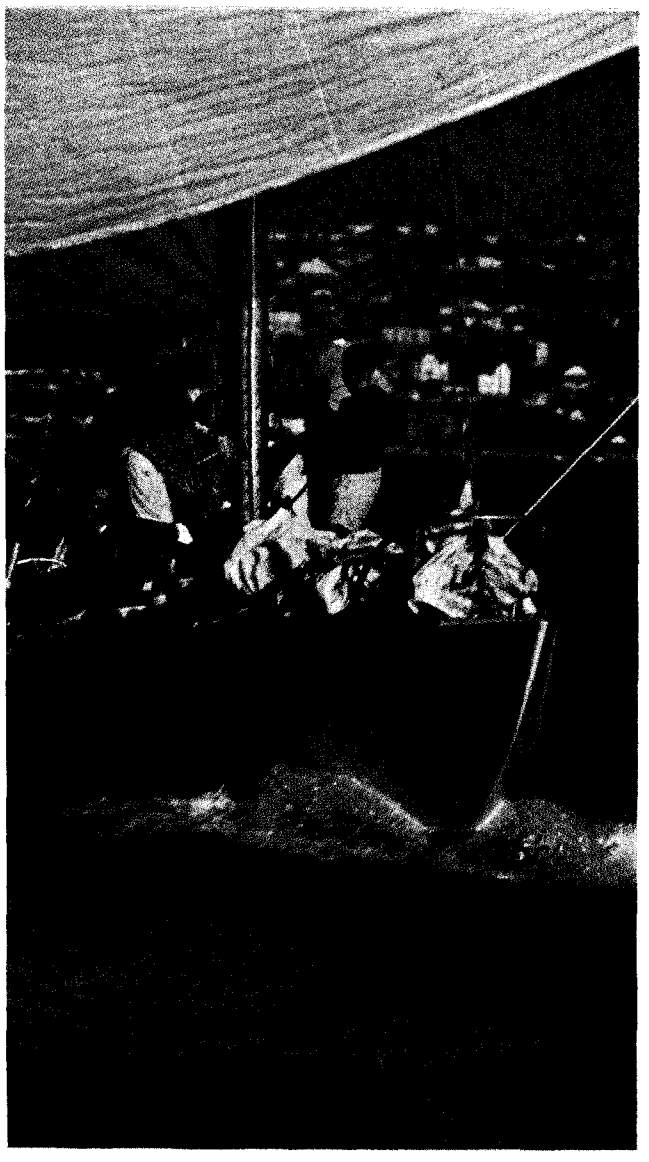
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seagoing Challenge From Down Under

Determined Australians aboard a unique "superboat" make a strong bid to end the century-old U.S. monopoly on the coveted America's Cup.

By W. A. Powers



Australian crew members set the mainsail of the Gretel *before making for open waters off Sydney on a trial run. The racing craft scarcely resembles any other 12-meter sloop previously built.*

This is the year of an America's Cup challenge—the one sailboat race that makes front-page news all over the country. Already American twelve-meter yachts are in competition for the honor of defending the cup in September. The challenger from Australia will arrive in American waters shortly to begin its own final trials.

This is, of course, no ordinary boat race. It is the most majestic spectacle in international sport. At the last America's Cup series in 1958, a father was overheard explaining to his ten-year-old son, "A twelve-meter yacht is a Kentucky Derby Thoroughbred that goes to sea." While this is far from a scientific explanation, it does convey some idea of the speed, sleekness and mettle of these boats. When two America's Cup twelves come boiling down on a mark—spinnakers pulling like airborne horses, spray spuming off to leeward, wakes creaming astern and the whistles of the spectator fleet screaming—the excitement is all that of a close drive to the finish at Churchill Downs.

America's Cup races are all the more stirring because they don't take place very often. This year's challenge will be only the second in the last twenty-five years, only the eighteenth in the 111 years since the schooner *America* first won the cup in a race against all comers around England's Isle of Wight in 1851.

Challenges are infrequent because preparing for an America's Cup race is such a long and costly undertaking. Designing the boat is a testing assignment for any naval architect. The manufacture and cutting of the sails is a special art in itself. Beyond that, crewmen must be trained to get the most out of a twelve-meter under whatever conditions prevail, changing sails—and courses—with split-second precision.

The Lure of the Silver Mug

Giving extra flavor to this year's challenge is the fact that it comes from Down Under in Australia, whose yachtsmen have never before raced a twelve-meter in international competition.

Many of the previous contenders—fifteen from Great Britain and two from Canada—have come close, but so far the United States has never been beaten. For a time after World War II it appeared that there might never be another challenge, because the expense had become prohibitive. Interest was rekindled, though, when the New York Yacht Club, custodian of the America's Cup, put the battered old silver mug on display at the Festival of Britain in 1951. A syndicate of wealthy British sportsmen subsequently negotiated with the Americans to permit the competition to be staged with twelve-meter yachts, rather than with the J-boats used before the war, which were almost twice as big and four times as costly.

The British syndicate subsequently raised close to $1,000,000 and brought the proudly named *Sceptre* to sail in 1958 against the *Columbia*, the New York Yacht Club's choice as defender. *Columbia* defeated the Royal Yacht Squadron's challenger in four disastrously one-sided races.

A Bid From Out of the Blue

The British packed the unfortunate *Sceptre* home with the promise, made on previous occasions by such other Britons as the late Sir Thomas Lipton, that they would be back. While they were still licking their wounds and trying to determine just where their boat had gone wrong, the New York Yacht Club received and accepted a surprise challenge early in 1960 from a syndicate representing the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron.

At the time the challenge seemed a foolhardy move. There wasn't a single twelve-meter in the whole of Australia. No Australian designer had ever built one, and most Australian yachtsmen had never seen or sailed one.

To remedy these last two deficiencies, the head of the Australian syndicate, press lord Sir Frank Packer, took a four-year charter on John N. Matthews's twenty-year-old *Vim* and had her shipped to Sydney. Despite her age, *Vim* had been the nip-and-tuck runner-up to *Columbia* in the 1958 American elimination series, and like *Columbia*, she had been designed by Olin Stephens.

Having *Vim* in their own waters enabled the Australians to accustom their prospective crew members to twelve-meter sailing over an extended period, as well as giving forty-year-old designer Alan Newbury Payne the opportunity of studying one of the finest twelve-meters in the world at first hand, both in and out of the water.

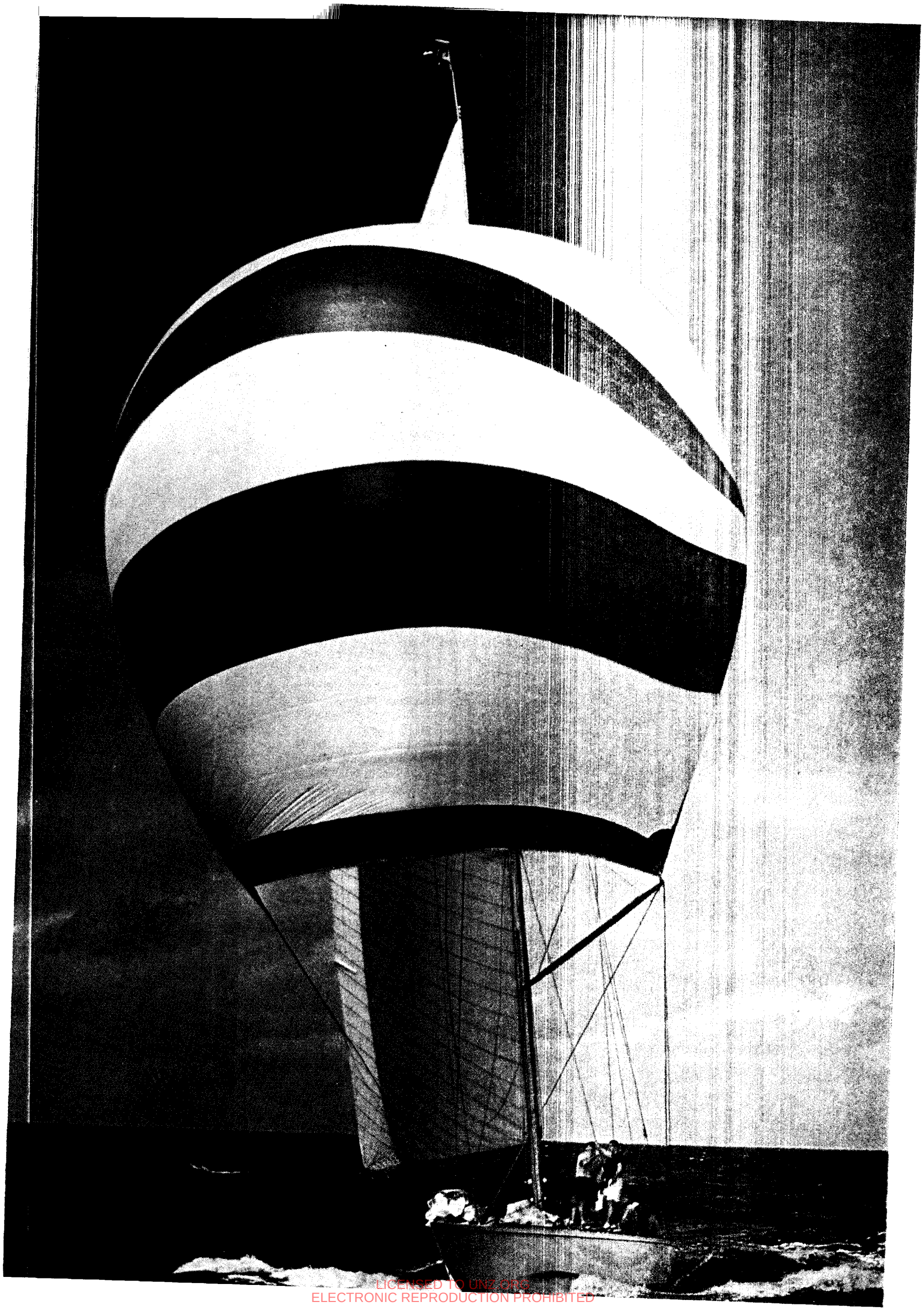
Most of yachting's educated guessers thought Payne would produce a boat that would be almost a duplicate of *Vim*, *Vim* herself being almost a twin of *Columbia*. Instead, the $670,000 hull that Payne launched last February—named *Gretel* in honor of the late Lady Packer—scarcely resembles any other twelve-meter that has ever been built. Her bow has an ungainly "knuckle" to it. Her deck seems humpbacked. Her rudder is more rectangular and set appreciably farther forward than *Columbia*'s.

Purists and aesthetes on this side of the Pacific tended to find fault with *Gretel*'s nonconformist lines, but J. A. L. Shaw, chairman of the Royal Sydney Yacht Club, asserted flatly that if the new boat did not sail like a champion it would be a denial of science.

To produce *Gretel* (pronounced GREAT-ul) for the Australian syndicate, Payne put in sixty

Running before a gusty wind, Gretel *tests a spinnaker. Cloth for her sails was bought in the U.S.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hours of work a week over a period of two years, including five weeks at the Stevens Institute in Hoboken, New Jersey, where he tank-tested six different hull models that incorporated a number of experimental ideas.

He commented later, "They were some extreme things—freaks, really—and I've satisfied myself that nearly all were not good ideas." But some of the innovations were retained.

The Vigor of the Vim

So much of a departure is *Gretel* from accepted American designs that qualified authorities in this country, after studying her profile and her photographs, have variously declared that (a) she is a light-weather boat, and (b) she is a heavy-weather boat. The Australians themselves simply say that she "goes like hell" whatever the weather is—a statement that seemed to be borne out when she defeated *Vim* in three out of her first four trial runs of the season. In subsequent trials *Gretel* continued to make a good showing, although *Vim* did prove faster on certain points of sailing.

Designer Payne is keeping his fingers crossed. In addition to his changes in the almost classic twelve-meter design, he has devised all-new arrangements for handling sails, including a simplified mainsheet control. But he says modestly of his boat, "Whether it's any good, we can't tell for a good, long time," and of his revolutionary sail-trimming innovations, "If anything goes wrong we're in for a chaotic situation."

Enough startling reports of *Gretel*'s performance have come sifting up from behind Sydney Heads to ruffle the complacency of America's East Coast yachting world, which long has felt that it knew everything about twelve-meters that could be known. To most landlubbers the term "twelve-meter" means little or nothing, and even many yachtsmen themselves are at a loss to define the designation precisely.

The size and design of yachts of the International Twelve-Meter Class are governed by a mathematical formula in which the components are a boat's length, depth, width, girth and sail area—all measured in meters. Any or all of these factors may be varied according to the designer's will, providing they come out to a solution of twelve meters. If a designer wants a longer hull, he must sacrifice sail area; if he wants a broader boat, he must cut down on depth of keel. A standard analogy is to imagine a balloon containing exactly twelve cubic meters of air. The balloon can be squeezed into any shape you want, but it will always contain the original volume of air.

Experiments over the years have established that the most effective combination of dimensions that can be produced within the rule's limits is a boat that will run to about seventy feet in length, twelve feet in beam and nine feet in draft. Few twelve-meters racing today depart very much from these dimensions, even though they may differ greatly in such refinements as the shape of their bows, transoms and underwater bodies; the layout of their cockpits, and the disposition of their sail-handling gear.

After *Columbia*'s stirring performance in the trials and cup matches of 1958, almost everyone thought that the ultimate in twelve-meter design had been achieved. Designer Olin Stephens himself felt that in *Columbia* he had gone about as far as he could, and stated that under the existing rules it would be impossible for anyone to come up with a superboat. Some of the Australians are convinced that they have done just this with *Gretel*. The Americans are reserving decision until they see her perform after her arrival in these waters, along with her trial horse *Vim*.

Meanwhile the United States is starting on a grueling series of observation and trial races to choose the American defender. Three old twelve-meters that battled for this distinction in 1958—*Columbia*, *Weatherly* and *Easterner*—will compete with a brand-new fourth contender, which thirty-four-year-old Ted Hood, the "Wizard of Marblehead," has designed for a syndicate composed of E. Ross Anderson, a Boston industrialist, and his longtime friend, investment banker Robert W. Purcell of Watertown, New York. Built in record time for a modern cup boat, behind closed doors at Marblehead, it was launched on May nineteenth and christened *Nefertiti*.

Although *Columbia* quickly eliminated both *Weatherly* and *Easterner* in the 1958 cup trials, things were different when they met in a long series of races last summer. *Columbia*'s crew frequently read the stern lettering on both *Easterner* and *Weatherly*.

Several factors contributed to this upheaval. One was that *Weatherly* and *Easterner* were better tuned and better sailed than they were during the 1958 trials, each boat having been in commission and racing during the summers of 1959 and 1960, while *Columbia* spent the summer of 1959 on exhibition at the Marine Museum in Mystic, Connecticut, and was only occasionally raced in 1960.

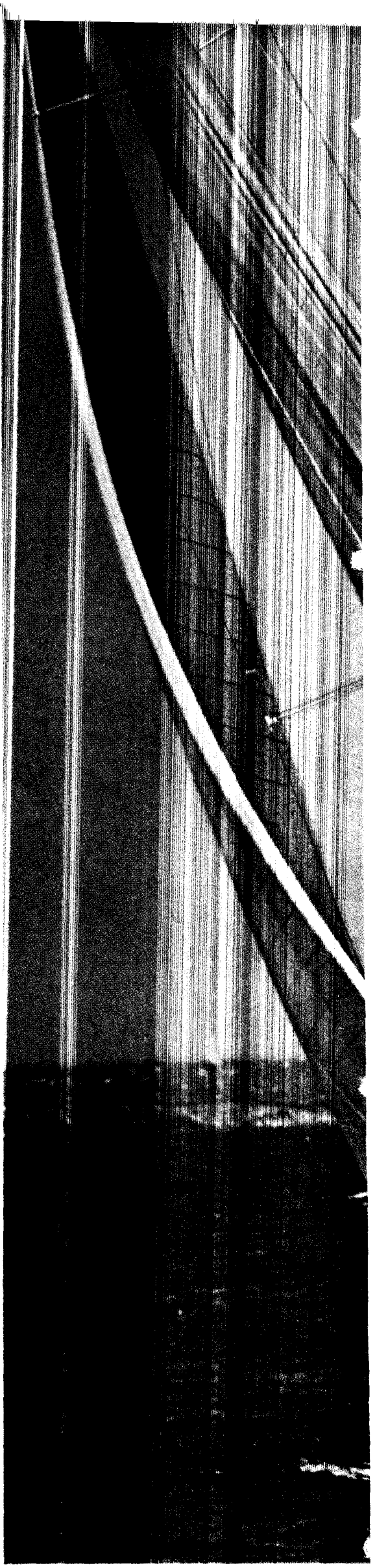
Last spring the syndicate that built and sailed *Columbia* in 1958 sold her to two Wall Street brokers and veteran racing-sailormen, Paul and Cornelius Shields. A new crew was recruited from the cream of Long Island sailors, and the boat was put in charge of twenty-eight-year-old Cornelius (Glit) Shields Jr., who had been one of the youngest members of *Columbia*'s crew throughout the trials and cup races of 1958. There was no doubt that this new crew was a good one, but it lacked the top-heavy talent and experience that filled *Columbia*'s cockpit in 1958—Briggs Cunningham, Olin and Rod Stephens, Harry Sears and, on occasion, Cornelius Shields Sr. Last summer, despite his own extensive sailing ability and his father's constant tutelage, young Glit Shields often found himself playing mouse to the catlike tactics of Bus Mosbacher at the helm of *Easterner* and wily Arthur Knapp aboard *Weatherly*.

Magic Touch at the Helm

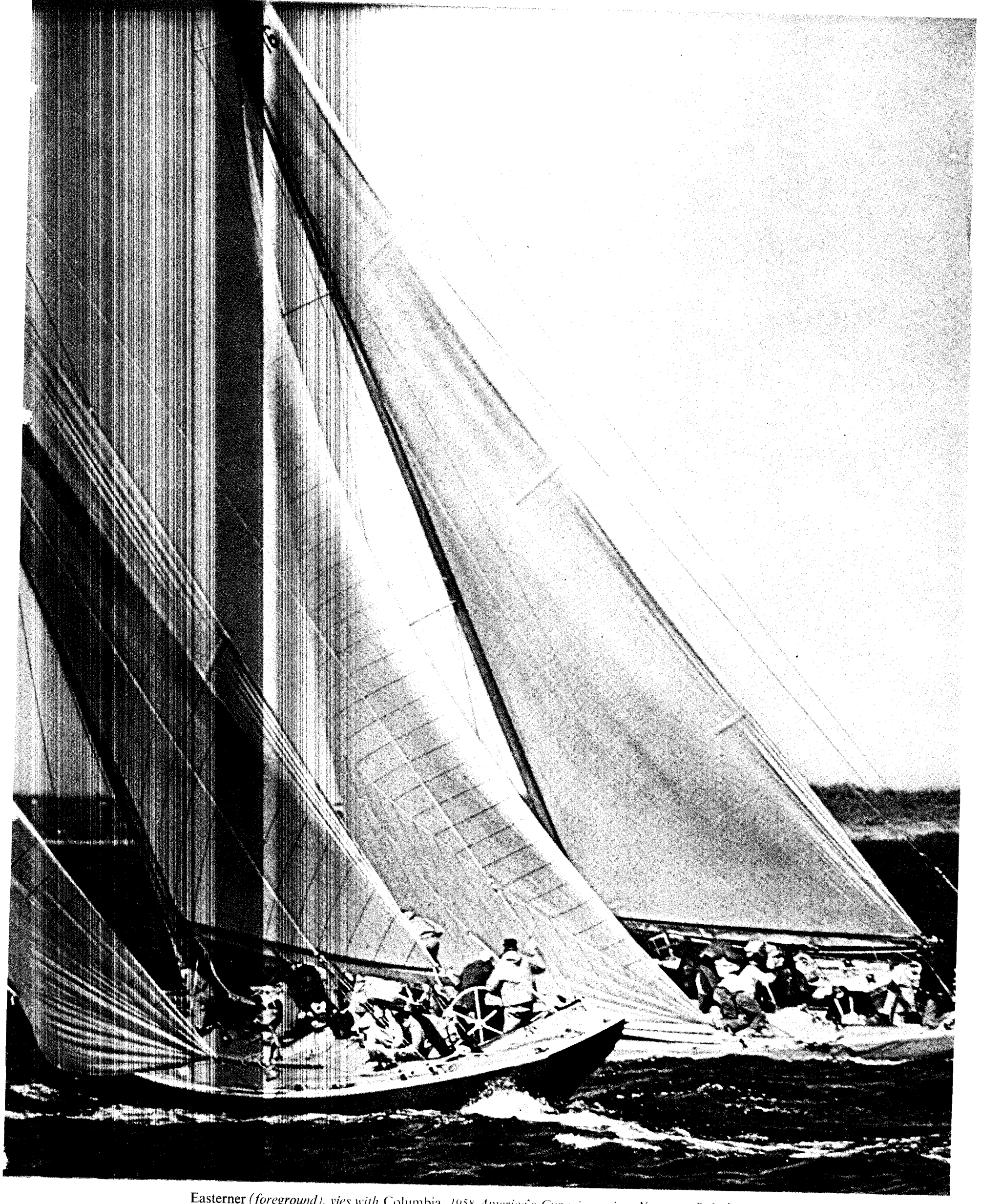
This year Knapp is bowing out of twelve-meter competition, and Henry Mercer has persuaded Bus Mosbacher to take Knapp's place in *Weatherly*'s cockpit. A member of *Vim*'s afterguard in 1958, Mosbacher is the gypsy of the twelve-meter fleet, and also one of its ablest skippers. Anything he is aboard seems to move as never before.

Replacing him on eighty-two-year-old Chandler Hovey's *Easterner* are that boat's designer, C. Raymond Hunt, and 5.5-meter-sloop champion George O'Day. Together Hunt and O'Day are rated the keenest and most dangerous pair of strategists afloat. Under their guidance, and with further new sails added to her locker and more weight to her keel, *Easterner* promises to be an even hotter contestant in this season's trials than when she upset the form sheets last summer.

In their races last year, *Columbia*, *Weatherly* and *Easterner* proved that, under the right circumstances and with proper handling, any one of them can take a race from the others. The completely unknown quantity in the American picture is the boat that Ted Hood built with such secrecy



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



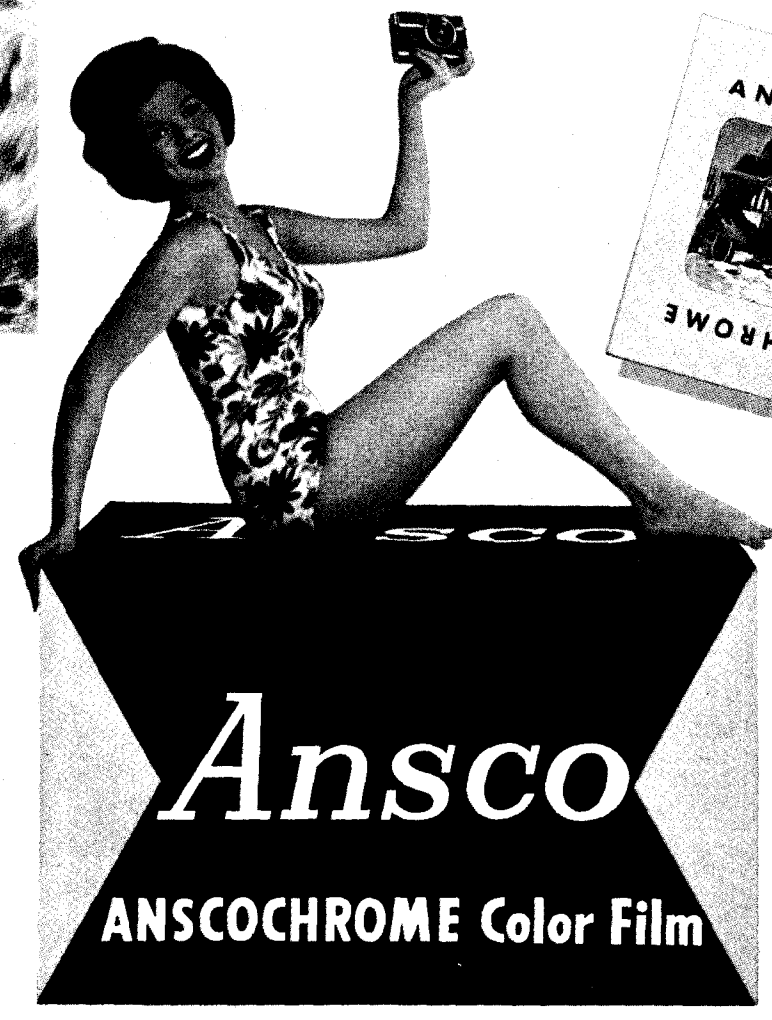
Easterner *(foreground), vies with* Columbia, *1958 America's Cup winner, in a Newport, R.I., breeze. They are competing with two other American yachts for the honor of meeting* Gretel *in September.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW! DISCOVER THE BIG DIFFERENCE in color films

...get the New True-Look of Ansco

Only today's ANSCOCHROME® lets you look your natural best in color . . . because its exclusive dye magic* puts the new living, breathing look into ALL your color slides and pictures. Once you see the NEW TRUE-LOOK of ANSCO, you'll never settle again for the artificial colors of other films!



***The biggest difference between color films is their dye chemistry.**

The better the dyes, the better the color pictures. That is why you get such life-like warmth in flesh tones . . . believable blues in skies . . . living greens in landscapes with Anscochrome.

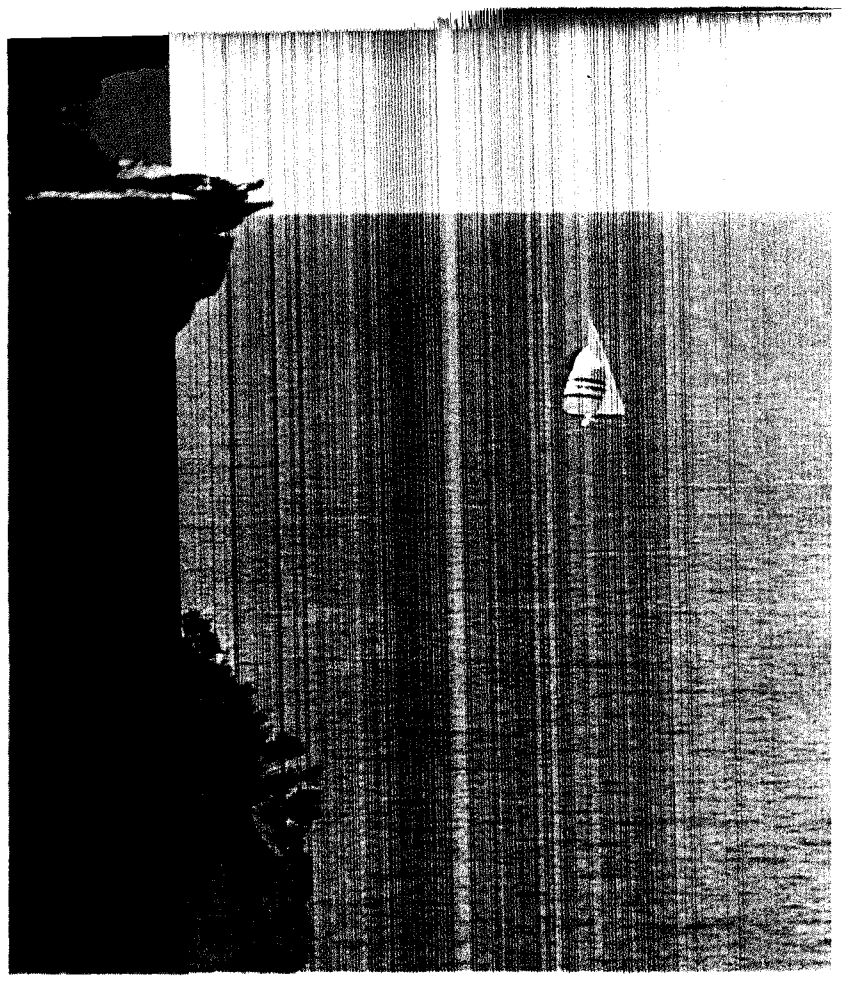
Anscochrome costs more to make, but costs no more to buy.

Ask for Ansco films in the bright red box!

ANSCO, Binghamton, N. Y.
Ansco of Canada Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

ANSCO—America's first manufacturer of photographic materials . . . since 1842.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Australia's first and only 12-meter sloop sails downwind on a practice run off the jutting Sydney Heads. Authorities disagree on whether the Gretel *will perform better in fair weather or in foul.*

in Marblehead. Hood not only has produced and sailed a number of successful racing boats but also is one of this country's foremost sailmakers and authorities on synthetic fabrics. He has cut more than fifty sails for twelve-meter yachts since 1958, and a good number of them will be aboard *Columbia*, *Easterner*, *Weatherly* and even *Gretel* this summer.

When the curtain finally was lifted on the new boat last month, it proved to be the lightest (57,500 pounds displacement), widest (thirteen-foot-three-inch beam) and shortest (sixty-seven feet, eight inches) of all the current twelve-meters. One of Ted Hood's main objects seems to have been to get the most effective drawing power for his allotted sail area.

Important as the design of a boat is, most yachtsmen agree that in twelve-meter racing the sails and the crew are just as vital. This question of crew and sails may prove Australia's undoing. American sailmakers are vastly more experienced than Australia's in making synthetic sails, and the United States also has a tremendous reserve of strong-bodied, alert young crewmen who have racing experience far beyond their years. It is true that Australia has been training crew candidates aboard *Vim* for two and a half years now, and that her sailmakers last July ordered 14,000 yards of synthetic sailcloth from the Lamport Sail Fabric Company of New York. But how well the Sydney sail lofts have been able to cut and sew this material, and how well the ultimately chosen crew and helmsman will be able to handle *Gretel* are things that no one will know until September fifteenth.

Every member of the eleven-man crew that a twelve-meter carries must know exactly what to do in any given circumstance or sudden emergency, and be able to do it with split-second timing and no discussion. In practice drills, sails must get changed, tacked, jibed time and time again against a stopwatch, until a spinnaker can be set in under twenty seconds and a boat tacked and sent away driving on her new tack in as little as fifteen seconds.

The real test of twelve-meter sailing comes when the wind pipes up to twenty knots and more, when the rails are down in a rough chop of sea and when every sheet and backstay is bow-string taut under several tons of tension. The smallest mistake at times like this in releasing a sheet or taking up on a backstay can mean not only the loss of a race but also the loss of a mast or a sail.

A Sail for Every Occasion

No matter how good or well-trained any crew is, however, it cannot be any better than its helmsman. It is he who must make all strategic decisons and order course and sail changes, along with steering the boat. Many a twelve-meter race has been lost, for example, simply by choosing the wrong sail. Selecting the right one for the right conditions is all-important. The vastness and complexity of this task can be judged from the fact that in 1958 *Columbia*'s America's Cup sail book listed five mainsails, eighteen headsails and fourteen spinnakers, all of varying weights and cuts, and each one designed for specific wind and sea conditions.

The helmsmen for the American boats represent some of the finest and most experienced racing talent in the world. The choice of *Gretel*'s helmsman has been narrowed to Jock Storrock of Melbourne, one of Australia's foremost Olympic yachtsmen, and Archie Robertson of Sydney, a racing veteran of more than twenty years.

If both the challenger and the defending boat prove to be of about equal speed, weather may be the decisive factor in the match. In the main, Australian yachtsmen are far more accustomed to heavy weather than they are to calms and light airs. The British, when they designed *Sceptre* for the 1958 series, made the mistake of assuming that fresh winds would be the rule off Newport in late September. In at least two of the races the winds were light.

It is unlikely that Australia will repeat England's error of not having the proper equipment for such weather, but it is doubtful if her sailors can match America's ability to ghost a boat through light and almost undiscernibly variable airs. Most of the crews of America's twelve-meters have been brought up on Long Island Sound, which undergoes notoriously calm spells in July and August, and all are masters at making a boat move when there is no apparent wind.

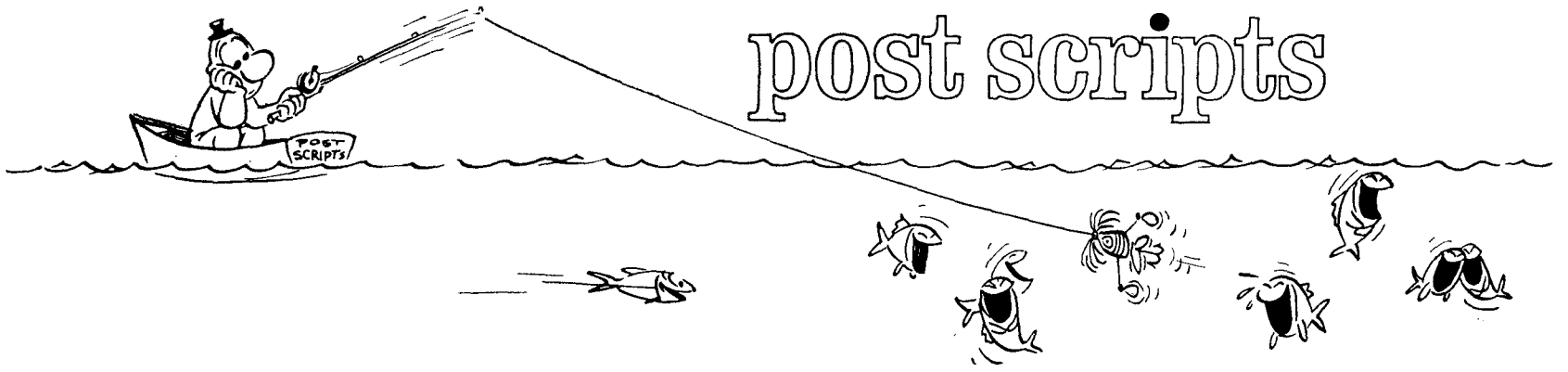
If the wind really does pipe up during the matches off Newport, Rhode Island, beginning September fifteenth, the visitors will be far more in their element. Australians are hard-driving sailors, and in the go-for-broke challenge they are making for the cup, they don't mind risking the destruction of a sail or a mast. Already the Australian syndicate has inquired of the New York Yacht Club how hard it has to be blowing before a race is canceled. In answer, the club indicated that races will be sailed in any weather that will permit the committee boat to hold her position at the starting line. It takes a lot of wind to make it impossible for a committee boat to hold station, and twelve-meters can take care of themselves in weather far beyond that.

The Australians are fully aware of the struggle they face in trying to beat the Americans at their own game of twelve-meter yacht racing. If they succeed, it won't be the first time that men from Down Under have taken a cherished sports trophy away from Americans. On too many occasions to count, their tennis players have done it with the Davis Cup, and Australians have distinguished themselves in international competition in a number of other sports.

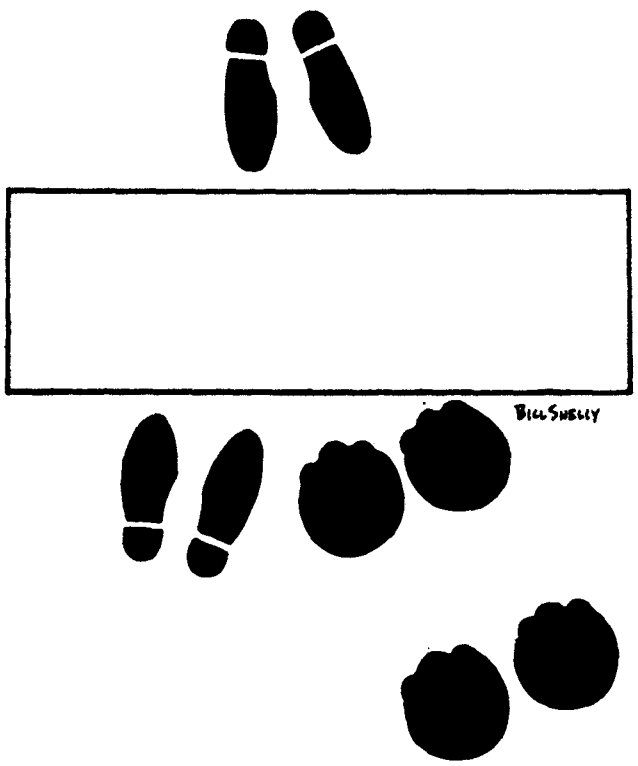
Sir Frank Packer was making no extravagant claims when he came to New York for an America's Cup dinner last month, but not long ago he said, "The New York Yacht Club has had the America's Cup for so long that when they give it up to us, it's going to leave an awful bare spot on the sideboard." It is rumored that the Australians are bringing a box with them of the proper size and shape to carry "the ould mug" safely home.

Over the years, however, the America's Cup has proved itself to be one of the most immovable objects in the sporting world. The New York Yacht Club is much too tidy an organization to want any gaps to appear on the sideboard. The Americans don't mind Sir Frank's bringing an empty box along with him, but they intend to send him home with it the same way. THE END

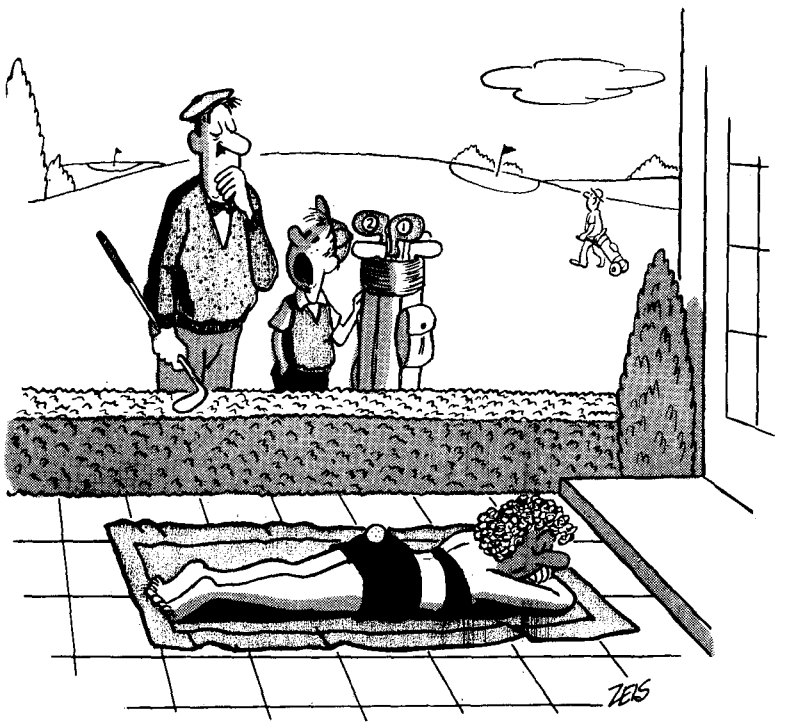
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



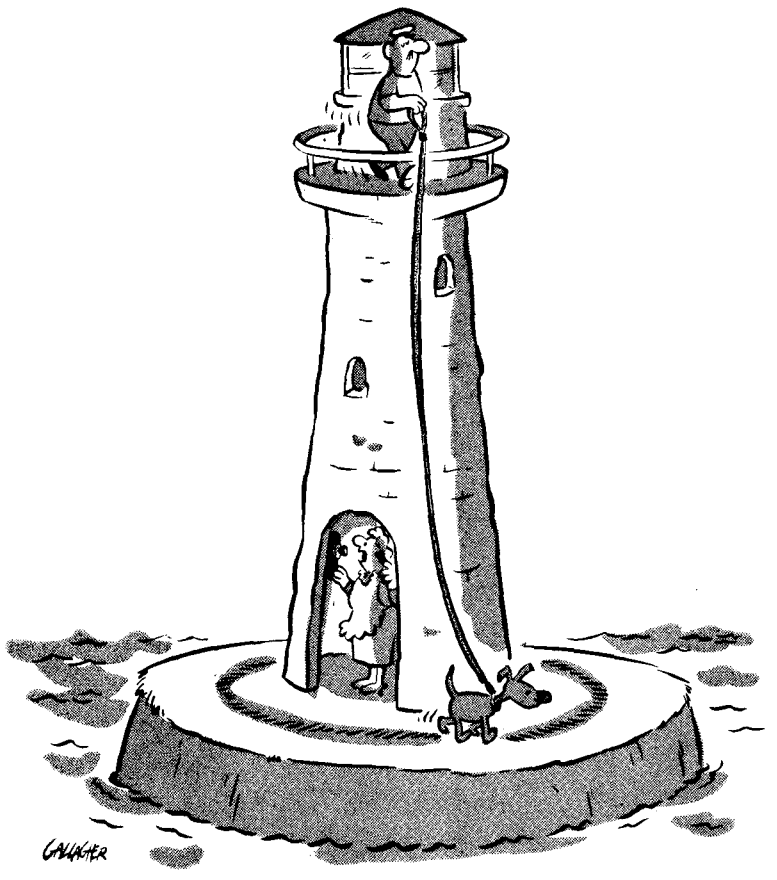
post scripts



"Bartender—two Martinis. One with an olive and the other with a peanut."



"If I were you, I'd settle for a penalty stroke."



"Well, right now he's walking the dog."

I Win Again

Recently a New York motorist, convinced he wasn't guilty of speeding, fought the charge, was acquitted and avoided a $10 fine. All the trial cost him was $250. Good for him! I too am a man of convictions and spirit. Recently a bus driver rudely asked me to hurry when I boarded the bus, and in well-merited indignation I walked out without paying my fare and took a taxi instead. Fifteen minutes and $1.65 later I was at my destination. That taught *him* a lesson.

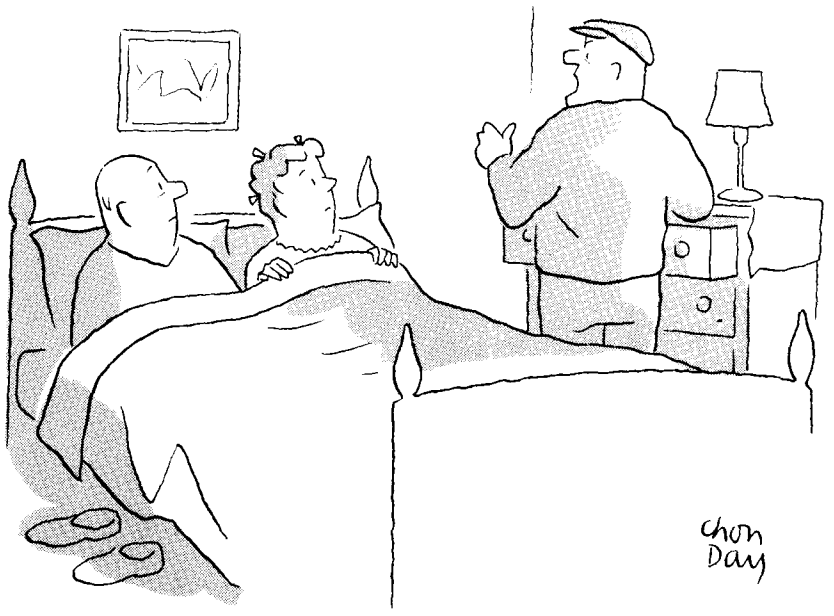
I don't let tradespeople push me around either. A few winters ago I took an overcoat to have some tears rewoven, and when I went to get it they quoted me the absolutely outrageous price of $7.50. Did I pay it? Don't be foolish. The proprietor's still holding the coat. It took me quite a lot of shopping before I found just what I wanted, but the $85 job I finally picked up was a bargain that you wouldn't find in twenty years.

And then there was the time I stood in line to buy a pair of movie tickets and was told there'd be a ten-minute wait. Fifteen minutes later the line had hardly moved, and in a rage I stalked around the corner to a legitimate theater and saw a Broadway hit instead. Now, $9.90 apiece might seem a little steep for second-balcony seats, but injustice is one thing I won't put up with. Cost is no object where principles are concerned. I've got my pride. I've got my unquenchable spirit. And a second mortgage on my house.

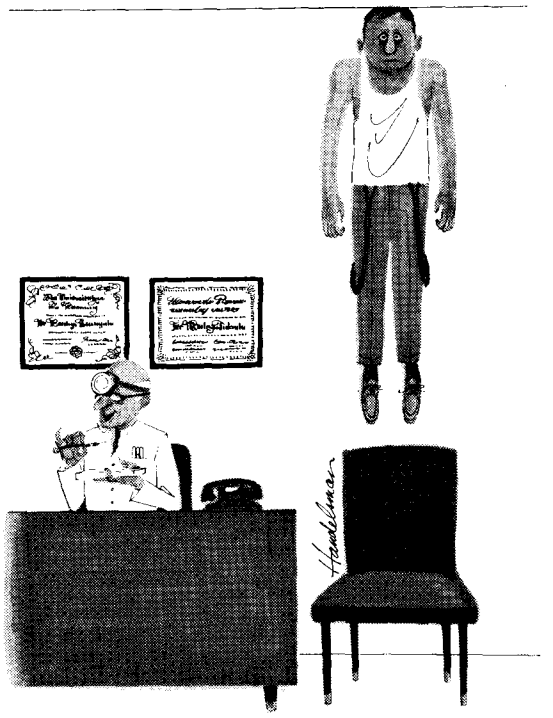
PARKE CUMMINGS

this way please

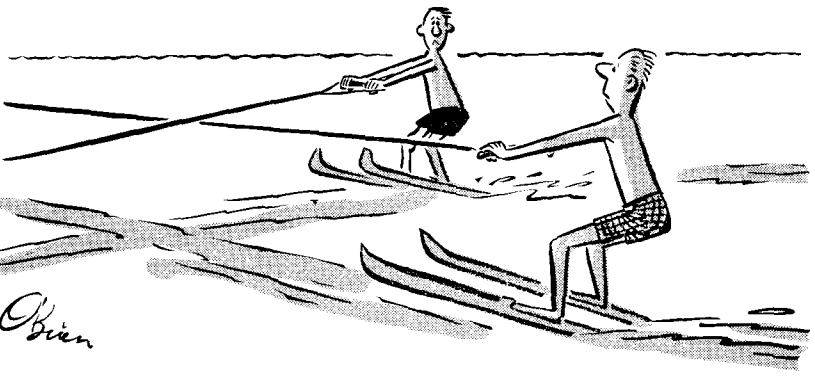
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Do you realize you don't have a damn thing worth stealing?"



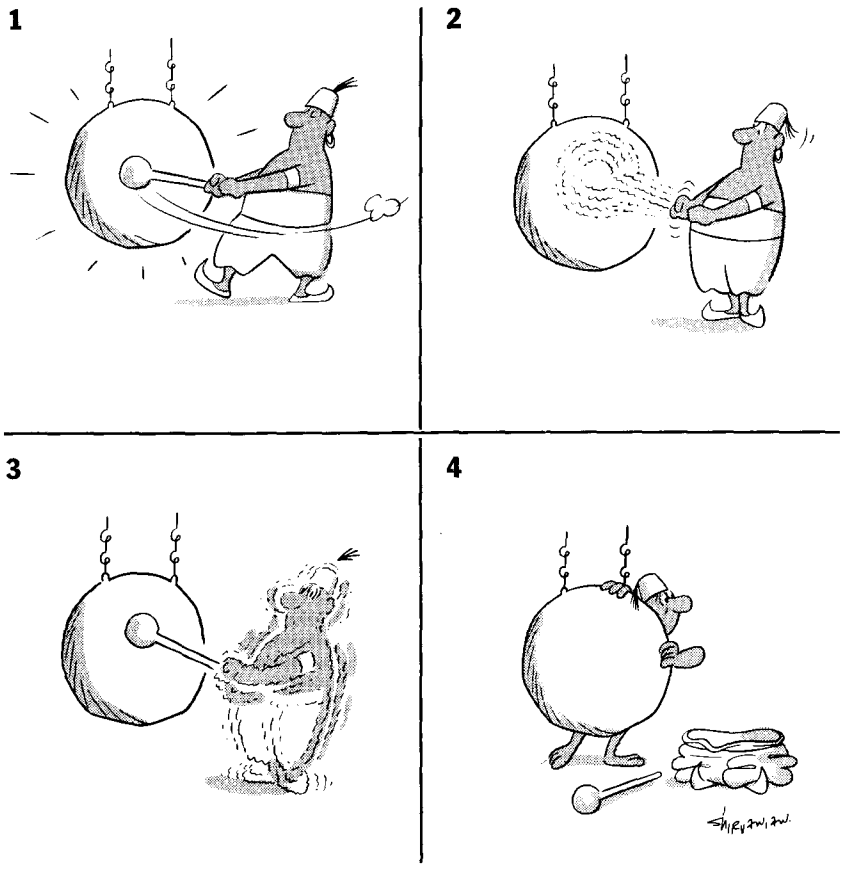
"That injection ought to do the trick—unless you're the one person in ten thousand who gets peculiar side effects."

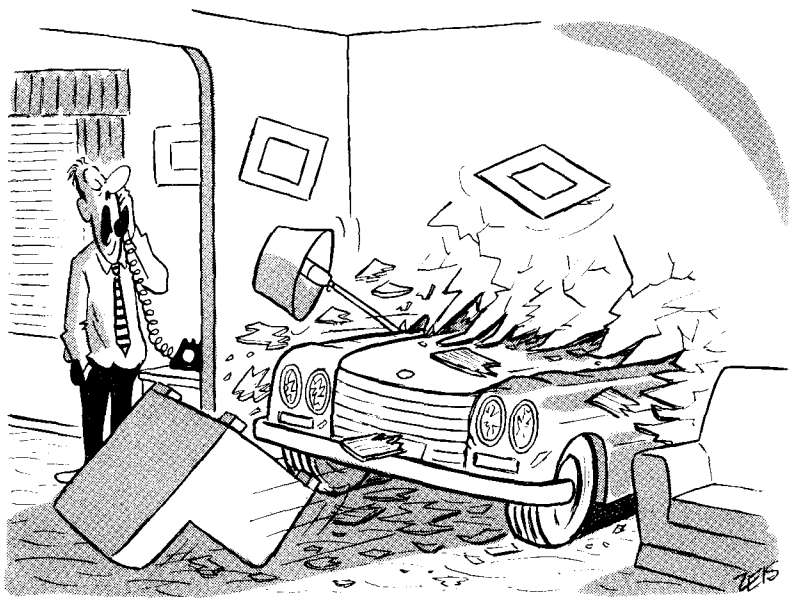


So It's Hamburger Again

I'm a recipe clipper. I pile them in drawers.
They're yellow with age and I hoard them by scores;
But when I decide that I'll try something new,
I can't find the clipping, my file's such a stew.

MARGARET FISHBACK





"Hold on—Ellen's on her way into the house right now."

this way

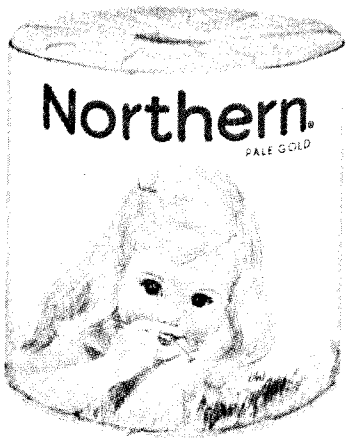
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW POSES! For prints of Northern's 4 little girls (11" x 14") in their new poses, send 25c in coin to Northern, Box 895, Hinsdale, Ill. (Offer limited to U.S.)

"I hope you like my picture
My pose, you see, is new—
I know you'll like my tissue
So softly made—for you."

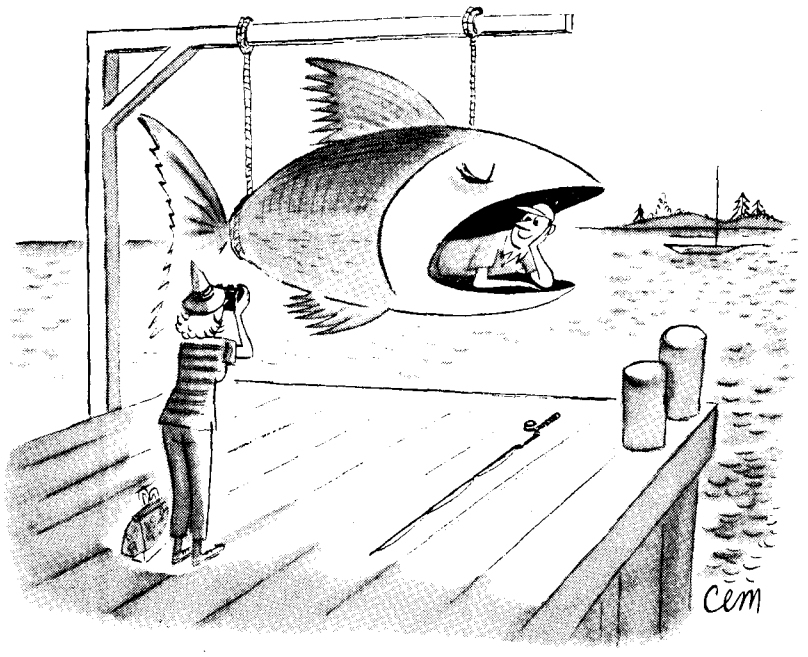
Softness is Northern

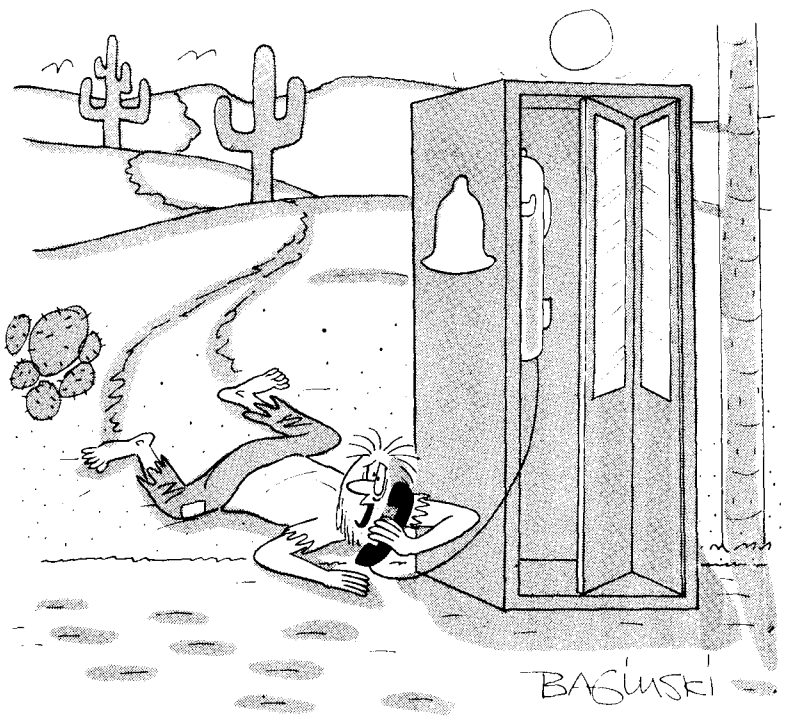
Northern Tissue is made with fluff
Nothing else is soft enough



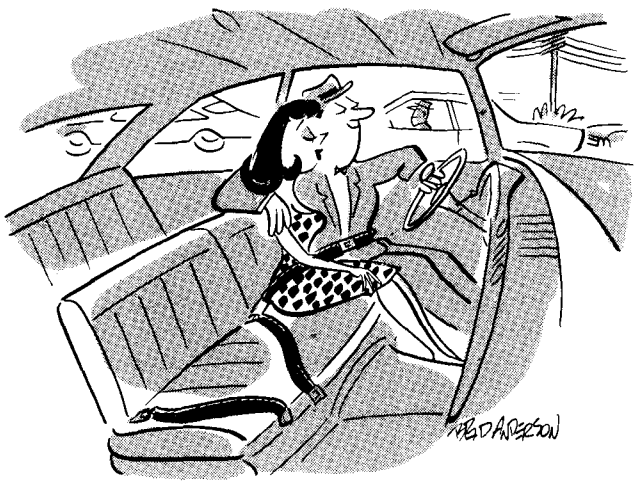
ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF AMERICAN CAN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





"I'm not watching any channel now."



The Paris Dress

The girls are all pleased with her dress.
Its *couture* is the absolute *hautest*.
The neckline is cunning, the price tag
is stunning,
The color is sure to be noticed.

And none of the girls has one like it,
For it's ages ahead of the minute.
So they eye it with pleasure, delighted
past measure
To note she looks terrible in it.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"Of course, during the summer many of my dreams are apt to be reruns."

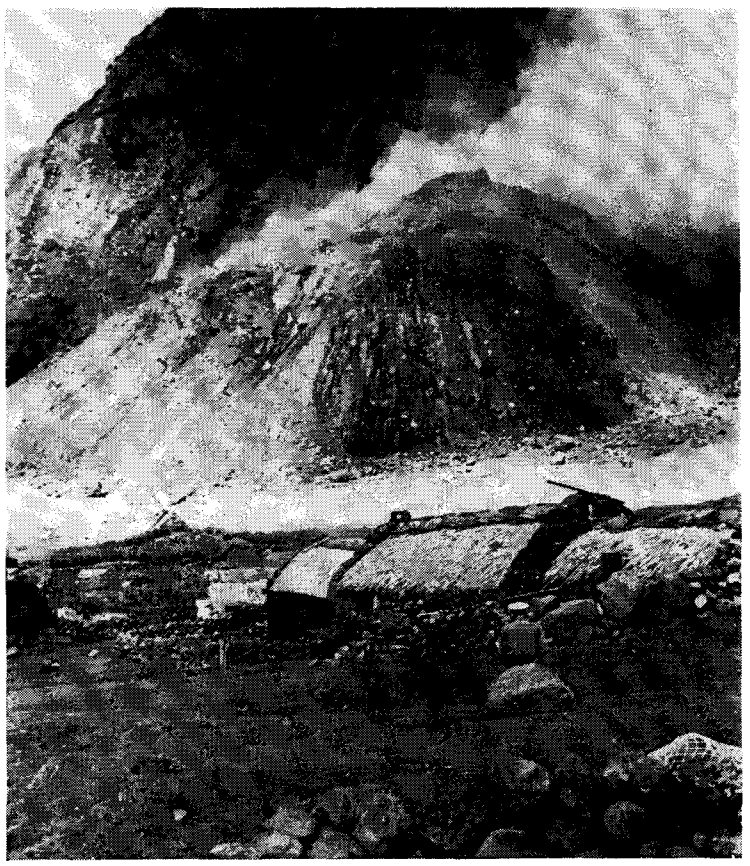
"Gloria, I think it's high time we cut this vacation short and got you back to Larchmont!"

the end

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Lives For Strangers From a Barren Paradise

By CHARLOTTE and DENIS PLIMMER



Sudden eruption of a long-dormant volcano forced 264 inhabitants of Tristan da Cunha Island to flee their homes. After a terrifying night under the live volcano they were rescued by ships.

Resettled in an army camp near London, Tristan islanders gaze at their first television set. Their way of life and speech had changed little since the colony was founded by the British in 1816.

Lydia Green might have stepped straight out of H. G. Wells's time machine. At thirty-one she was standing in front of the first hardware store she had ever seen, in the first town she had ever known, staring at her first electric mixer, her first vacuum cleaner, her first step-on garbage can. And she was commenting on them in speech the experts say has not been current since the Duke of Wellington's soldiers fought at Waterloo in 1815.

"We h'ain't never seen sech things h'on da h'island," she said in tones of wonder.

Lydia and her brother, Philip, forty-two, who stood beside her, were exiles from tiny, British-owned Tristan da Cunha, the loneliest island in the world, midway between Cape Town and Montevideo, in the South Atlantic. They and their 262 fellow inhabitants had been plucked from the pages of history when a volcano, long considered dead, erupted last October, blasting them out of their thatched cottages across 6000 miles of water into twentieth-century England.

We had picked up the Greens at an ex-army camp, Pendell, in Surrey, where the entire colony was temporarily housed, and had driven them into the nearby provincial town of Redhill. As we glanced into rather ordinary haberdasheries, meat markets and shoe stores, Philip's brown, gypsylike face brightened with childlike intensity. In the curious accent of his island home, which sounds to us like a West Indian reading L'IL ABNER aloud, he said, "A man kin get h'anything here he'd stand h'in need h'of!"

He peered at the waitresses in a hamburger joint, then giggled nervously, commenting, "They's wery purty gels, Lydia, h'ain't they?" Lydia gazed serenely at her modern cousins with their bleached hair and nylon stockings. "Seems like their laigs 'ud freeze," she commented primly. Her own legs were encased in lumpy, hand-knit stockings made of white wool she had spun herself, on an old-fashioned wheel, from the fleece of the island sheep. Her dress hung well below her calves.

Dazzled by Supermarket

Timidly they entered their first supermarket, a huge and dazzling American-style affair. Lydia spotted a pile of fruit: "Sometimes da ships brought those to Tristan." She did not know their name. They were pears. Philip liked the idea of potatoes wrapped in plastic. "But do you have to pay for 'em?" he asked. "H'on da h'island we digs all we wants. You kin live without buyin' nothin' h'on Tristan."

The supermarket, we learned, was the antithesis of island life. No one stacked goods on shelves, saved against the morrow. You dug only as many potatoes as the day required, sheared only as much wool as you planned to spin. If you wanted beef, you shot one of the wild cows that roamed free.

There were fat times and lean. When the winter winds made the seas too heavy to fish, you went without. You gorged yourself on apples and vegetables while they lasted. After they were gone you looked forward eagerly to the "molly" season, when the young albatross was plump enough to roast, and to penguin nesting time on the barren islet of Nightingale, eighteen miles away, when you organized picniclike excursions to gather the "pinguin h'iggs" which you "scrammeled" in "sea-budd" fat, the fat of the stormy petrel. You had "big 'eaps"—roast mutton and "smashed" potatoes—for weddings and birthdays and for month-long Christmas celebrations in the balmiest weather of the year.

Seven Surnames on Island

Before the volcano blew, the "h'outside world" had paid as little attention to the Tristaners as they had to it. Now suddenly these shy, proud and primitive people, deep-frozen in time, became the objects of intense scientific scrutiny. Specialists came to prod and peer—to make plaster casts of jaws, tape-record speech, measure skulls. Theorizing that on peaceful Tristan hypertension was probably unknown, they checked blood pressure. Geneticists had a field day: In the entire population there are only seven surnames.

The earliest name, historically, is that handed down by the so-called father of the island, William Glass. He arrived in 1816 as a corporal with a British garrison. When the garrison withdrew, Glass talked two army masons into staying behind with him, to start a colony which would sell fresh food and water to passing vessels.

Glass wasn't the first to capitalize on the island's position, athwart the sea route between Cape Town and Cape Horn. A previous attempt to colonize Tristan da Cunha (named after the Portuguese admiral who discovered it in 1506) had been made by Jonathan Lambert of Salem, Massachusetts, who was, says legend, a pirate on the run from justice. But Lambert's business staggered along feebly, and he finally disappeared.

To join Glass's little nucleus had come others—some to stay only briefly, a half dozen to settle and provide the six other names which today remain on the island's roster. Two were Americans, a whaler known only as Rogers, and a whaling captain, Andrew Hagan. There was a daredevil Englishman, Thomas Swain, one of Nelson's sailors, who defected to the French, fought against his own country, was recaptured, punished, and finally drifted Tristanward. Pieter Willem Groen, later Peter Green, was a Dutch castaway. The last of the founding fathers were two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exiled to England by an angry volcano, a colony of island fisherfolk tries to cope with TV and escalators.

Genoese sailors, Gaetano Lavarello and Andrea Repetto, whose vessel *Italia* was wrecked on the rocky shores in 1892.

As for wives, Glass brought his own, a Cape Creole. Five half-caste women were imported from St. Helena at a rumored price of twenty bushels of potatoes per head. The bloodlines were completed in 1908 when a pair of spirited Anglo-Irish girls, Aggie and Elizabeth Smith, married islanders. Aggie, Mrs. William Rogers, is now a jovial matriarch of seventy-three.

At first the settlement prospered, but steam replaced sail; whaling declined; and the Suez Canal changed sea routes, downgrading Tristan once again to an off-trail dot on a forsaken sea. Repeatedly the British Government offered to transport the islanders to some more salutary part of the empire, but they clung stubbornly to their Lilliputian realm.

With only one or two ships a year now calling, their chief links with civilization were the pastors sent out successively by the Anglican Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But during World War II Admiralty officials, searching their charts for a strategic spot to site a meteorological station, rediscovered the almost forgotten colony and gave it a Churchillian *nom de guerre*, H.M.S. *Atlantic Isle*.

The postwar period wrought three more changes. Currency was introduced, the Colonial Office sent an administrator, and a South African company started canning and freezing the local crawfish, mostly for American consumption.

Despite these innovations the Tristaners remained basically a pre-Victorian people. When they moved bodily into the age of Elizabeth II, there was reciprocal amazement—by the world to realize that so simple a society could have existed in the atomic era, and by the islanders at the complexities of civilization.

No Resistance to Disease

The first result of this unlikely rendezvous was tragedy. Back home in their relatively germ-free air, the islanders had built up little or no resistance to disease. So rare was contagious illness that they named the occasional bout after the ship or person who had imported it. Thus, last year, when Colonial Office Administrator Peter Wheeler, 32, came down with jaundice shortly after he arrived on the island, infected Tristaners announced, "We's got da 'Ministrator's Sick!"

Within days of their reaching Britain, 90 percent were sneezing and wheezing. Amazed doctors saw common colds degenerate swiftly into pneumonia. Within weeks, four Tristaners had died. Slow fear oozed through Pendell Camp as the exiles, feverish and shaking, huddled close to their kerosene stoves. Doggedly they lined up for injections against society's assembled bugs.

But health returned and, with it, optimism. "We's not h'only got sorrow," said Joan Repetto, twenty-three, mother of the first Tristan baby born in England. "We-all has had three babies since we got here, and they's bin four weddin's."

The generosity of the British people would have warmed the cockles of Dickens's heart. On four days' notice, 200 local women (members of the nationwide Women's Voluntary Service) and scads of school kids readied the derelict army camp—scrubbed, hung curtains, humped beds and bureaus and faced the chore of providing three hot meals a day.

High Heels Not Wanted

Clothing came in faster than it could be sorted and sized. High heels were a drug on the market; most Tristan women regard them as slightly immoral and prefer flat-heeled "lace-ups." The moppets were inundated with toy fire engines, trains and jeeps, which thoroughly mystified them.

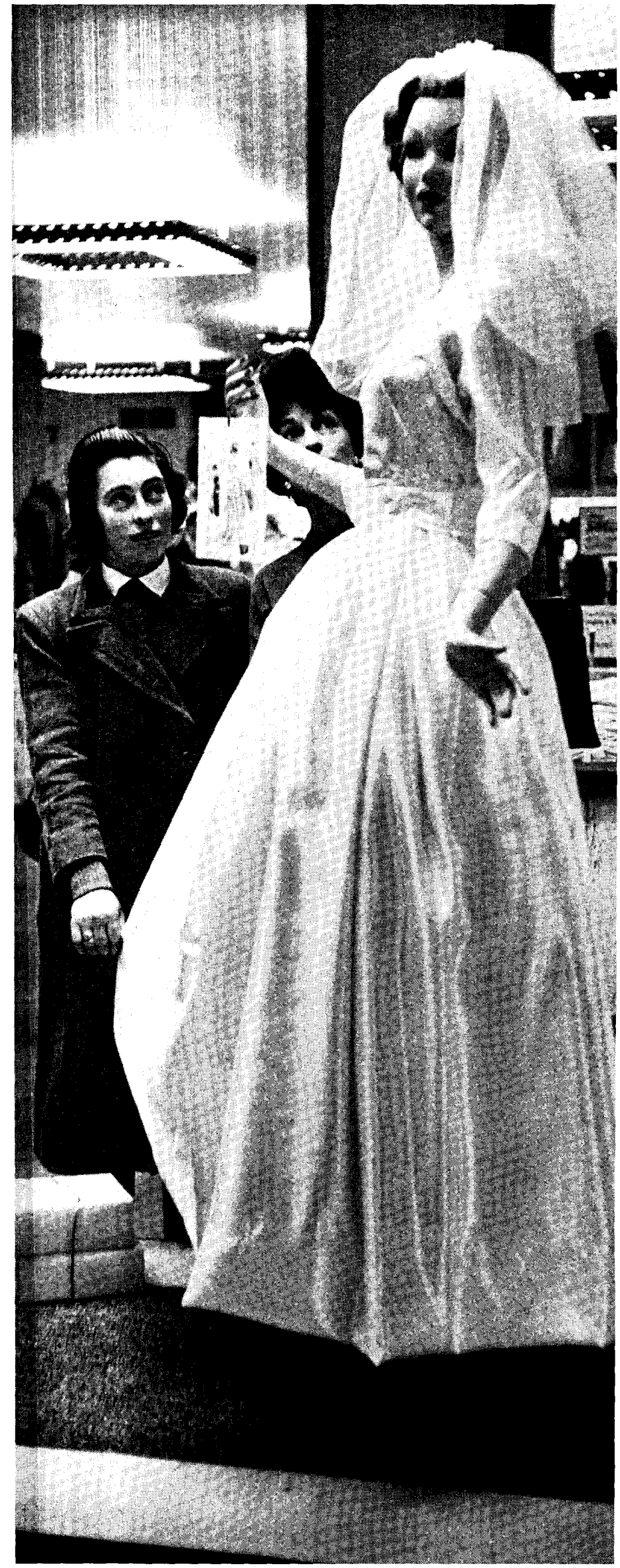
Tristan's Rip van Winkles were endlessly surprised by the commonplaces of today. Here are some instances:

Politics. No islander we queried had ever heard of Jack Kennedy, Nikita Khrushchev or even British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. "Whut's a prime minister?" one asked. We said he was a kind of headman, using the term they used in their Island Council. "But h'ain't h'our Queen da head?" We said she was. "And whut h'about da Dook o' h'Edinburgh whut wisited h'our h'island in 1957—h'ain't he da headman?" Well, in a kind of way. "Den whut da Queen want with h'another man?"

Santa Claus. The concept of the round-bellied gent with the white beard did not hit England until 1840 (a quarter century after Tristan was settled), imported by young Queen Victoria's German spouse, Albert. When the London *Daily Sketch* staged a traditional Christmas party at Pendell, the children saw Santa Claus for the first time. Reaction: They were scared to death.

Installment buying. Tristaners, not used to incurring debts, were now all too eager to pile them up. But they couldn't distinguish between the down payment and the full price. One exile paid 25 percent down on a transistor radio and became indignant when, a month later, he was billed for the second installment: "How many times does a man have to pay for da same thing in h'England?"

An Electricity Board official showed them how to change light bulbs and fuses. Beauticians demonstrated hair-setting, and made up faces that had hitherto known only the sun and the wind. A



In an English department store, island girl Katherine Rogers touches a wedding dress she cannot afford. Instead, she bought two artificial flowers. At the wedding, guests danced the twist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I WAS ALL MIXED UP

ABOUT
SANITARY
PROTECTION

MOTHER SET ME STRAIGHT

Many girls are confused about the different kinds of sanitary protection. The best person to consult is your mother. Here are some of the things she's apt to tell you:

Really, there are only two widely-used kinds of sanitary protection—the pads worn on the outside, and tampons which are worn internally.

Many mothers of teen-agers have been using Tampax for twenty years or more.

Tampax® never irritates, never chafes. You soon get so accustomed to it, you wonder how you ever put up with anything else.

It's invisible in place, unfelt in place, easy to dispose of, easy to travel with. It's made of highly compressed cotton, protected by a satin-smooth container-applicator. It all but does away with differences in days of the month.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax helps keep you neater, cleaner, fresher. You can bathe wearing Tampax, swim wearing Tampax.

Inevitably, most girls will turn to Tampax. You have to make up your own mind when *you're* ready to adopt it.

Tampax is available in your choice of 3 absorbency sizes (Regular, Super and Junior) wherever such products are sold.

Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

"H'it's wonderful, but we never needed these

policeman explained traffic lights and cautioned against getting too chummy with strangers. And there were some private sessions on the ethics of buying and selling after a local grocer complained that one Tristaner had asked for some ham and two pieces of bread, made himself a sandwich, then strolled out with a "Thank you kindly," leaving the shopkeeper to do the longest, slowest double-take of his life.

Among the most bewildering callers of all were teams sent by the government employment office. "The islanders know nothing about paid labor in our sense," said Mr. D. Heald, director of the Redhill Labor Exchange. "Their only employer, the crawfish cannery, paid the same flat wage to all, no matter what the job. They found out here about different rates for different work."

And they didn't like it. Said one islander, "H'it h'ain't fair. They's not payin' me for no job. They's payin' me for one man's time. My time's wuth as much to me as h'anybody h'else's!"

Yearn for Old Life

Men who, before, had fished, hammered together canvas-covered boats, or planted potatoes now found themselves digging ditches, loading machine tools, mowing golf courses. The young women packed poultry, waited on tables, learned quickly to be salesgirls. We saw an eighteen-year-old, Pamela Glass, selling cosmetics whose very existence she hadn't heard of a month before.

Learning about modern life through, among other things, the shattering jangle of the alarm clock, many islanders were looking back with regret to the tranquil days when they believed implicitly that their seagirt home and the life they lived on it were as immutable as the rock of ages.

Tristan da Cunha rises from the mid-Atlantic Ridge, a vast chain of volcanic submarine mountains which virtually link pole to pole and become visible only where the highest summits—such islands as St. Helena, the Azores and Tristan with its satellite islets, Nightingale and Inaccessible—break the ocean's surface. Like a floating Fujiyama, the cone-shaped island soars in circular majesty from its base, roughly eight miles across, to a peak 6760 feet above sea level.

Its slopes are broken on the north and northwest by a pair of linked plateaus. One holds the miniature settlement of Edinburgh, which housed the islanders, administrator, chaplain, doctor, nurse, teacher, agriculturalist, radio and meteorological technicians and cannery officials. On the second, a stony two-mile walk away, are the few acres of potatoes known as "the Patches."

Tristan is no lush, tropical isle. The savage winds of the roaring forties rip northward from Antarctica across the open Atlantic to break relentlessly against its cone. The endlessly pounding surf makes landing even the islanders' light canvas boats a tricky proposition. Large ships must lie offshore.

When the chaplain, the Reverend Charles Jewell, arrived in April, 1961, he found a simple, devout, almost idyllic community. He preached to well-filled pews beneath the corrugated-iron roof of the little church. "Behind everything that happens, good or bad," he told us, "the islanders see the hand of God. And they respect His bidding unquestioningly."

The men farmed and fished. The women gathered in small, gossipy groups to knit their eternal sweaters and stockings. The spinsters, true to the original meaning of the word, spun the wool, and the marrieds carded.

While deep within the island mountain, fires long banked were seething into flame, outside, on the placid surface, Father Jewell was concerned with the diurnal details of death, birth and marriage. Several couples were in the final stages of courtship.

When a girl took a boy's fancy, he would unobtrusively join her family circle of an evening beside the fire. Soon began an exchange of gifts. He'd make her some leather moccasins; she'd knit him some socks. Then for a while he'd work, unpaid, for her father, helping him make a boat or hoe potatoes—the equivalent of bride price. At the same time he'd be building the lava-block house into which he'd one day move his bride.

Although intermarriage was difficult to avoid with only seven families available, the Tristaners recognized the peril of choosing mates who were too closely related. "You cain't have a Swain h'upon a Swain," they say, "or a Repetto h'upon a Repetto. H'it's against God's word."

On August 6, 1961, the islanders felt the first mysterious rumbles which were to crescendo, sixty-five days later, into the eruption that revolutionized their lives.

Grannie Aggie Rogers's son, Rudolph, forty-three, speculated: "Maybe h'it's dem jet planes been flyin' h'overhead." Somebody else ventured, "Da wolcano?" A self-assured youngster replied, "We larned in school da wolcano's daid." Grannie Aggie squinted toward the cone, then shook her head: "Maybe—but h'I think dat wolcano's wery much h'alive."

"Nothing to Worry About"

The rumbles continued during the week, but Colonial Administrator Wheeler reassured the islanders after he received a message from Cape Town Observatory: "Tristan is in an earthquake belt. You must expect such things. There is nothing to worry about."

By the end of August, what the islanders termed "the shakes" were coming every fifteen minutes or so. Grannie Aggie told us, "They broke down my cups 'n' knocked da pitchers off da wall." Tons of rotten rock crashed down, alarmingly near the settlement, leaving jagged scars in the overhanging cliffs. On Sunday, September seventeenth, a giant tremor shook Jewell's altar in the midst of evensong, and next day the Island Council, an elected body of ten men and five women which ordinarily met every two months, held a special session.

The administrator announced that reconnaissance groups were to investigate Nightingale, Inaccessible and the rest of Tristan itself, to see if other places were shaking too. Their dismaying report: The worst-affected area by far lay directly beneath the settlement. In the five-day period of the explorations it had suffered eighty-nine "house-shakers."

As October opened, hairline cracks began to spiderweb the ground and the walls of the houses. Doors jammed. Then a rock fall smashed the water supply to the cannery, endangering thousands of pounds' worth of crawfish in the freezers. By good luck, *Tristania*, one of the company's two refrigerator vessels which called at six-week intervals, was nearby. In the hope of rescuing the shipment her skipper ordered full steam ahead. But it was human lives, not crawfish, that *Tristania* was destined to save.

On October eighth the cracks widened into great crevices just east of the easternmost houses. That evening, by common consent but with no formal discussion, the villagers who lived to the east stolidly doubled up with friends or relatives in the western houses.

A Bubble of Ground

Next day water from ruptured pipes was spurting all over the village. Wheeler rang the fishing gong to summon the islanders. "We're going to move out to the Patches tomorrow," he said. "But if we should have to leave sooner, I'll ring the gong again."

He was halfway through cabling a message to the Royal Navy base at Simonstown, South Africa, to ask for help when he saw the field just outside his window begin to bulge. He wondered, and events proved him right, if the volcano might blow through its side, rather than its crater. "It was a bubble of ground," he told us, "like a boil, rising thirty feet high. There seemed to be enormous pressure beneath it." He signaled the navy that an eruption was about to begin. A frigate, H.M.S. *Leopard*, was dispatched immediately. Then Wheeler sounded the gong.

A chill gray dusk was falling as the quiet exodus took place. Houses were abandoned suddenly. Today, in the empty rooms under those wind-torn thatched roofs, unfinished letters still rustle on dust-coated tables, partly spun wool still dangles from spinning wheels. From the Patches the colony's only contact with the outside world was through Wheeler's portable transmitter. In the first scheduled link-up, *Tristania's* skipper reported that he would anchor as close as possible to the beach below the refugees. The next "sked" was set for five A.M.

Tristania's sister ship, *Frances Repetto*, was now nearing the island, as well. And a third vessel, a Dutch liner, *Tjistadane*, had changed course and was on her way.

The dark brought numbing cold. Women and children huddled in the few storage huts in the fields. Men, lying sleepless in the ditches, cursed the fact that steep escarpments prevented their seeing what was happening in Edinburgh. But *Tristania's* sailors, offshore, kept a close watch on the settlement. Suddenly they saw a ruddy glow, then a tongue of flame. The bubble had burst.

"Thank heavens, we didn't know about the eruption," Peter Wheeler said, "until we got the news at five A.M. If we had, we might have tried to get off the island in the dark. And that would have been catastrophe."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things h'on Tristan. What for we need 'em now?"

After overcoming his initial fright, Victor Rogers takes year-old son on first escalator ride. Islanders had never even heard of "moving stairs."

Now Wheeler sent men back to the settlement to row their longboats around to the narrow strip of rocky beach which lies 100 feet below the Patches. The others inched their way down the precipice.

The first boat got safely through the furious surf to take off the oldest and weakest, but the second swung broadside, almost foundered, and narrowly missed ripping its canvas on the jagged reefs. This landing place was clearly too risky, so Wheeler grimly ordered the boats back again to the abandoned settlement and stoically marched his community back too—straight into the face of the spewing volcano, to a more negotiable beach only yards from the flames. By now a pall of smoke hung over Edinburgh. Lava was snaking toward the houses.

A Long History Ends

But by one P.M. all the inhabitants were safely aboard the two refrigerator ships, and by evening they had been landed on Nightingale.

Wheeler cabled London for instructions. "Use your own judgment," he was told. As the *Tjistadane* came over the horizon, he spoke the words the islanders had dreaded: "I'm afraid you can't go back to your homes. It isn't safe. Someday, perhaps, but not now. You're to be taken to Cape Town and then to England." A history of 145 years had ended.

At dawn, November third, the entire colony jammed the rails of the liner *Stirling Castle* for their first glimpse of Britain. They were amazed to see trees and fields. Said white-bearded Gordon Glass to us, "We thought h'it would be all houses, solid. We thought h'it was all London."

On January 23, 1962, eight buses transported all but two of the islanders (they had found work in London) to a group of houses at Calshot, on the banks of The Solent near Southampton. The houses, built originally for RAF families, were newly furnished—everything from cups to curtains, easy chairs to electric irons. Though the Tristaners still like to think of these as temporary homes, they will probably be permanent. For it is top-level British opinion that it would be undesirable to reestablish the economically precarious colony back on Tristan, even if the volcano should subside.

Although at Calshot the islanders can smell the salt tang of the open sea, life, they say, will never be the same. Never more will they shout "Sail-ho" as they used to when a solitary vessel appeared on the empty horizon. Never more will they dance in Prince Philip Hall to the jerky strains of Blind Willie Rogers's accordion, never again taste roast molly or feast on penguin eggs.

Only one of the islanders we met, a young girl, thought twentieth-century Britain more rewarding than nineteenth-century Tristan. The others say, "We's thankful for what everybody's done, but we jes' wants to go home."

Said Lydia Green in the Redhill supermarket: "H'it's wonderful, but we never needed all these things h'on Tristan. What for we need 'em now?" Gently she added, her eyes gazing far out beyond the chrome-and-glass shelves, "You can has h'it. You can has h'it all!" THE END

WHEN YOUR EYES
ARE EXPOSED TO
DUST
CLEANSE
YOUR EYES WITH
MURINE
Handy
squeeze
bottle
MURINE
For Your
EYES
Also in glass
bottle with dropper
Quickly, safely Murine cleanses, soothes and refreshes your eyes. Washes away the discomforts of dust, smoke, wind, etc. Leaves your eyes with a comfortable, rested feeling. Keep Murine handy at home, at work, in your car. Use it every day to help keep your eyes feeling good.
The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. ® Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Prehistoric Producer

(*Continued from page 18*)

and stalled in his heart, did Terwilliger pull the immensely weighted door wide to step forth into the terrible raw light of day.

Fuse flexible spine to sinuous neck, pivot neck to death's-head skull, hinge jaw from hollow cheek, glue plastic sponge over lubricated skeleton, slip snake-pebbled skin over sponge, meld seams with fire, then rear upright triumphant in a world where insanity wakes but to look on madness—Tyrannosaurus rex!

The creator's hands glided down out of arc-light sun. They placed the granuled monster in false green summer wilds; they waded it in broths of teeming bacterial life. Planted in serene terror, the lizard machine basked. From the blind heavens the creator's voice hummed, vibrating the garden with the old and monotonous tune about the footbone connected to the . . . anklebone, anklebone connected to the . . . legbone. . . ."

A door burst wide open.

Joe Clarence ran in very much like an entire Cub Scout pack. He looked wildly around as if no one were there.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Aren't you set up yet? This costs me money!"

"No," said Terwilliger dryly. "No matter how much time I take, I get paid the same."

Joe Clarence approached in a series of quick starts and stops. "Well, shake a leg. And make it real horrible."

Terwilliger was on his knees beside the miniature jungle set. His eyes were on a straight level with his producer's as he said, "How many feet of blood and gore would you like?"

"Two thousand feet of each!" Clarence laughed in a kind of gasping stutter. "Let's look." He grabbed the lizard.

"Careful!"

"Careful?" Clarence turned the ugly beast in careless and nonloving hands. "It's my monster, ain't it? The contract ——"

"The contract says you use this model for exploitation advertising, but the animal reverts to me after the film's in release."

"No!" Clarence waved the monster. "That's wrong. We just signed the contract four days ago."

"It feels like four years." Terwilliger rubbed his eyes. "I've been up two nights without sleep, finishing this beast, so we can start shooting."

Clarence brushed this aside. "To hell with the contract. What a slimy trick. It's my monster. You and your agent give me heart attacks. Heart attacks about money, heart attacks about equipment, heart attacks about ——"

"This camera you gave me is ancient."

"So if it breaks, fix it; you got hands? The challenge of the shoestring operation is using the old brain instead of cash. Getting back to the point. This monster—it should've been specified in the deal—is my baby."

"I never let anyone own the things I make," said Terwilliger honestly. "I put too much time and affection in them."

"Hell, OK, so we give you fifty bucks extra for the beast and throw in all this camera equipment free when the film's done, right? Then you start your own company. Compete with me, get even with me, right, using my own machines!" Clarence laughed.

"If they don't fall apart first," observed Terwilliger.

"Another thing." Clarence put the creature on the floor and walked around it. "I don't like the way this monster shapes up."

"You don't like *what!*" Terwilliger almost yelled.

"His expression. Needs more fire, more goombah, more mazash!"

"Mazash?"

"The old bimbo! Bug the eyes more. Flex the nostrils. Shine the teeth. Fork the tongue sharper. You can do it! Uh—the monster ain't mine, huh?"

"Mine." Terwilliger arose.

His belt buckle was now on a line with Joe Clarence's eyes. The producer stared at the bright buckle almost hypnotically for a moment. "Damn the damn lawyers!" he said and broke for the door.

"Work!"

The monster hit the door a split second after it slammed shut.

Terwilliger kept his hand poised in the air from his overhand throw. Then his shoulders sagged. He went to pick up his beauty. He twisted off its head, skinned the latex flesh off the skull, placed the skull on a pedestal and painstakingly with clay began to reshape the prehistoric face.

"A little goombah," he muttered. "A touch of mazash."

They ran the first film test on the animated monster a week later. When it was over, Clarence sat in darkness and nodded imperceptibly.

"Better. But more horrific, bloodcurdling. Let's scare the hell out of Aunt Jane. Back to the drawing board!"

"I'm a week behind schedule now," Terwilliger protested. "You keep coming in. Change this, change that, you say, so I change it. One day the tail's all wrong, next day it's the claws."

"You'll find a way to make me happy," said Clarence. "Get in there and fight the old aesthetic fight!"

At the end of the month they ran the second test.

"A near miss! Close!" said Clarence. "The face is just almost right. Try again, Terwilliger!"

Terwilliger went back. He animated the dinosaur's mouth so it said obscene things which only a lip reader might catch, while the rest of the audience thought the beast was only shrieking. Then he got the clay and worked until three A.M. on the awful face.

"That's it!" cried Clarence in the projection room the next week. "Perfect! Now *that's* what I call a monster!"

He leaned toward the old lawyer Mr. Glass, and Maury Poole, his production assistant. "You *like* my creature?" he beamed.

Terwilliger, slumped in the back row, his skeleton as long as the monsters he built, could feel the old lawyer shrug.

"You seen one monster, you seen 'em all."

"Sure, sure, but this one's special!" shouted Clarence happily. "Even *I* got to admit Terwilliger's a genius!"

They all turned back to watch the beast on the screen, in a titanic waltz, throw its huge tail wide in a vicious harvesting that cut grass and clipped flowers. The beast paused now to gaze pensively off into mists.

"That monster," said Mr. Glass at last, squinting. "He sure looks familiar."

"Familiar?" Terwilliger stirred, alert.

"It's got such a look," drawled Mr. Glass in the dark, "I couldn't forget, from someplace."

"Natural-history-museum exhibits?"

"No, no."

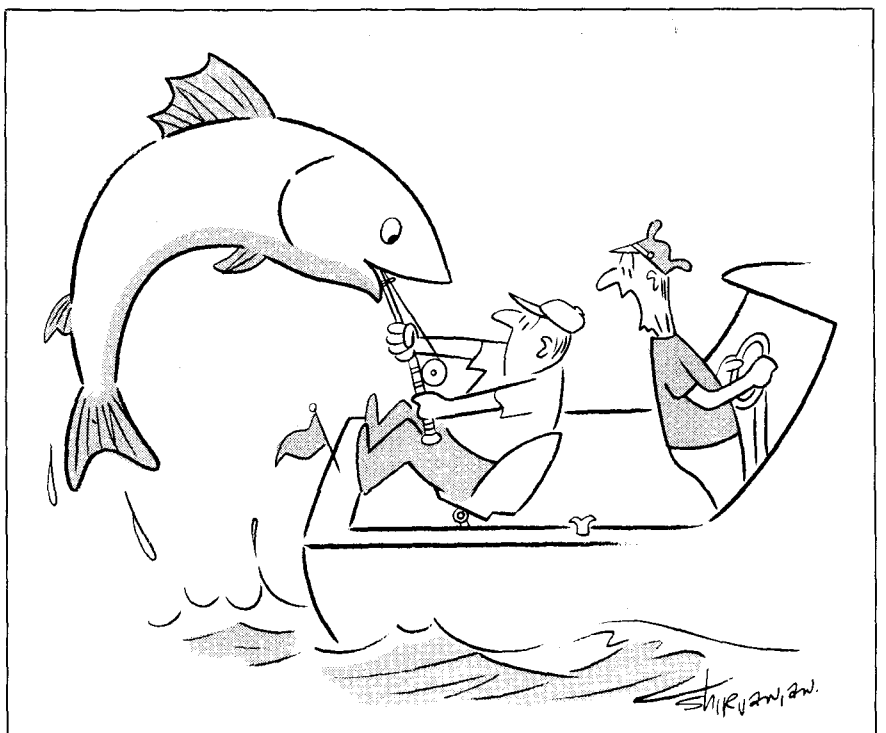
"Maybe," laughed Clarence, "you read a book once, Glass?"

"Funny." Glass, unperturbed, cocked his head, closed one eye. "Like detectives, I don't forget a face. But, that Tyrannosaurus rex—where before did I meet *him?*"

"Who cares?" Clarence said. "He's great. And all because I booted Terwilliger's behind to make him do it right. . . . Come on, Maury!"

When the door shut, Mr. Glass turned to gaze steadily at Terwilliger. Not taking his eyes away, he called softly to the projectionist. "Walt? Walter? Could you favor us with that beast again?"

"Sure thing."



"Give him more line!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Terwilliger shifted uncomfortably, aware of some bleak force gathering in the night room, in the sharp light that shot forth once more to ricochet terror off the screen.

"Yeah. Sure," mused Mr. Glass. "I almost remember. I almost know him. But . . . *who?*"

The brute, as if answering, turned and for a disdainful moment stared across 100,000,000 years at two small men hidden in a small dark room. The tyrant machine named itself in thunder.

Mr. Glass quickened forward, as if to cup his ear.

Darkness swallowed all.

With the film half finished, in the tenth week, Clarence summoned thirty of the office staff, technicians and a few friends to see a rough cut of the picture.

The film had been running fifteen minutes when a gasp ran through the small audience. Clarence glanced swiftly about. Mr. Glass, next to him, stiffened.

Terwilliger, scenting danger, lingered near the exit, not knowing why; his nervousness was compulsive and intuitive. Hand on the door, he watched.

Another gasp ran through the crowd.

Someone laughed quietly. A secretary giggled. Then there was instantaneous silence. Joe Clarence had jumped to his feet. His tiny figure sliced across the light on the screen. For a moment three images gesticulated in the dark: tyrannosaurus, menacing a triceratops, and Clarence, yelling, jumping forward as if to grapple with these fantastic wrestlers.

"Stop! Freeze it right there!"

The film stopped. The image held.

"What's wrong?" asked Mr. Glass.

"Wrong?" Clarence crept up on the image. He thrust his baby hand to the screen, stabbed the tyrant jaw, the lizard eye, the fangs, the brow, then turned blindly to the projector light so reptilian flesh was printed on his furious cheeks. "What goes on! What *is* this?"

"Only a monster, chief."

"Monster, hell!" Clarence pounded the screen with his tiny fist. "That's *me!*"

Half the people leaned forward, half the people fell back, two people jumped up, one of them Mr. Glass, who fumbled for his other spectacles, flexed his eyes and moaned, "So *that's* where I saw him before!"

"That's where you what?" cried Clarence.

Mr. Glass shook his head, eyes shut. "That face, I *knew* it was familiar."

A wind blew in the room. Everyone turned. The door stood open. Terwilliger was gone.

They found Terwilliger in his animation studio cleaning out his desk, dumping everything into a large cardboard box, the tyrannosaurus model under his arm. He looked up as the mob swirled in, Clarence at the head.

"What did I do to deserve this?" Joe Clarence cried.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Clarence."

"*You're* sorry? Didn't I pay you well?"

"No, as a matter of fact ——"

"I took you to lunches ——"

"Once. I picked up the tab."

"I gave you dinner at home, you swam in my pool, and now *this!* You're fired!"

"You can't fire me, Mr. Clarence. I've worked the last week free and overtime. You forgot my check."

"You're fired anyway. Oh, you're *really* fired! You're blackballed in Hollywood. . . . Mr. Glass!" He whirled to find the old man. "Sue him!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APRIL 21, 1962...

ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

The calendar reads April 21, 1962. But to the thousands of ogling, opening-day sightseers, it could easily be the 21st century. This is Seattle's Fair, a dazzling compendium of man's best forecast of what the future will be like. Here, sprawled over 72 acres dominated by the 608-foot Space Needle that challenges the majesty of distant Mt. Rainier, forty-eight governments and countless industries are displaying the atomic-electronic-supersonic world of 2000 A.D.

Strangely, even in this science-fiction city, risk is present. In exhibit after exhibit, the science pavilions, the priceless works of art, the miniature railroad, the delightful displays of bizarre wares from faraway markets, even to the Space Needle itself, Royal-Globe is there, providing the coverage and careful attention which it accords every insured.

With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest, most respected insurance organizations in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and over 18,000 agents fully qualified to write insurance for every type of risk.

For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe!

ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANIES

Casualty • Fire • Marine • Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The world's most dependable changer . . . now the most beautiful too!

NEW *precision-crafted* BSR

Newly styled by famous Raymond Loewy, BSR is proved first in fidelity by leading independent testing laboratories! Lowest in wow, flutter, rumble! Dynamically balanced tone arm assures feather-light tracking, longer record life. World-favorite BSR plays a full stack of ten or more records, 7", 10", 12" intermixed . . . not just six or eight. Plays all speeds, stereo or monaural, automatically or manually. Now in consoles, portables and combinations of leading U.S. phonograph manufacturers. Look for BSR, "the 550,000-play changer," in the hi-fi *you* buy!

BSR BETTER SOUND REPRODUCTION
CRAFTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY BIRMINGHAM SOUND REPRODUCERS, LIMITED
WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS of stereo and hi-fi lines using these famous changers. Address BSR (USA) LIMITED, College Point 56, L.I., N. Y. In Canada: Musimart Ltd., 901 Bleury St., Montreal

Producer

"There is nothing," said Terwilliger, not looking up any more, just looking down, packing, keeping in motion, "you can sue me for. Money? You never paid enough to save on. A house? Could never afford that. A wife? I've worked for people like you all my life. So wives are out. I'm an unencumbered man. There's nothing you can do to me. If you attach my dinosaurs, I'll just go hole up in a small town somewhere, get me a can of latex rubber, some clay from the river, some old steel pipe, and make new monsters. I'll buy stock film raw and cheap. I've got an old beat-up stop-motion camera. Take that away, and I'll build one with my own hands. I can do anything. And that's why you'll never hurt me again."

"You're fired!" cried Clarence. "Look at me. Don't look away. You're fired! You're fired!"

"Mr. Clarence," said Mr. Glass quietly, edging forward. "Let me talk to him just a moment."

"So talk to him!" said Clarence. "What's the use? He just stands there with that monster under his arm, and the goddam thing looks like me, so get out of the way!"

Clarence stormed out the door. The others followed.

Mr. Glass shut the door, walked over to the window and looked out at the absolutely clear twilight sky.

"I wish it would rain," he said. "That's one thing about California I can't forgive. It never really lets go when it should. Right now, what wouldn't I give for a little something from that sky? A bolt of lightning even."

He stood silent, and Terwilliger slowed in his packing. Mr. Glass sagged down into a chair and doodled on a pad with a pencil, talking sadly, half aloud, to himself.

"Six reels of film shot, pretty good reels, half the film done, $300,000 down the drain, hail and farewell. Out the window all the jobs. Who feeds the starving mouths of boys and girls? Who will face the stockholders? Who chucks the Bank of America under the chin? Anyone for Russian roulette?"

He turned to watch Terwilliger snap the locks on a briefcase.

"What hath God wrought?"

Terwilliger, looking down at his hands, turning them over to examine their texture, said, "I didn't know I was doing it, I swear. It came out in my fingers. It was all subconscious. My fingers do everything for me. They did this."

"Better the fingers had come in my office and taken me direct by the throat," said Glass.

"Don't make me feel any guiltier than I feel," said Terwilliger.

"Do you want I should take you dancing?"

"It's just," cried Terwilliger. "He kept at me. Do this. Do that. Do it the other way. Turn it inside out, upside down, he said. I swallowed my bile. I was angry all the time. Without knowing, I must've changed the face. But right up till five minutes ago, when Mr. Clarence yelled, I didn't see it. I'll take all the blame."

"No," sighed Mr. Glass, "we should *all* have seen. Maybe we did and couldn't admit. Maybe we did and laughed all night in our sleep, when we couldn't hear. So where are we now? Mr. Clarence, he's got investments he can't throw out. You got your career from this day forward, for better or worse, you can't throw out. Mr. Clarence right now is aching to be convinced it was all some horrible dream. Part of his ache—99 percent—is in his wallet. If you could put one percent of your time in the next hour convincing him of what I'm going to tell you next, tomorrow morning there will be no orphan children staring out of the want ads in *Variety* and the Hollywood *Reporter*. If you would go tell him ——"

"Tell me what?" Joe Clarence, returned, stood in the door, his cheeks still inflamed.

"What he just told me." Mr. Glass turned calmly. "A touching story."

"I'm listening!" said Clarence.

"Mr. Clarence"—the old lawyer weighed his words carefully—"this film you just saw is Mr. Terwilliger's solemn and silent tribute to you."

"It's *what?*" shouted Clarence.

Both men, Clarence and Terwilliger, dropped their jaws.

The old lawyer gazed only at the wall and in a shy voice said, "Shall I go on?"

The animator closed his jaw. "If you want to."

"This film"—the lawyer arose and pointed in a single motion toward the projection room—"was done from a feeling of honor and friendship for you, Joe Clarence. Behind your desk, an unsung hero of the motion-picture industry, unknown, unseen, you sweat out your lonely little life while who gets the glory? The stars. How often does a man in Atawanda Springs, Idaho, tell his wife, 'Say,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Here's the air filter that does so much more!

RP® EZKLEEN® TRIM-TO-SIZE T.M.
WASHABLE AIR CONDITIONER FILTER

✶ Washable in water
✶ Easily cut to size
✶ Removes odors, dust, pollen
✶ Retards bacteria
✶ Durable rust-proof aluminum

$1.75

Get yours at your air conditioning dealer
AND GET ALL THE COMFORT YOU'RE PAYING FOR!
Or Write
RESEARCH PRODUCTS Corporation
Dept. 260-F, Madison 1, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of the famous E Z Kleen Air Filter for ALL types of air conditioners and furnaces

RELIEF . . . SUPPORT . . . for weak, aching joints
FUTURO
ANKLE BRACE . . . KNEE BRACE

AT LEADING DRUG STORES
$1.50 $1.50
FREE illustrated booklet on Health Supports
Write: Futuro, 312K E. Court, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Mounties PHOTO CORNERS
LOOK BETTER LAST LONGER!
10¢ & 25¢ SIZES AT CHAIN, DRUG, VARIETY STORES

MORE INCOME!
OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.
CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
344 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

WHEN CORN PAIN BEARS DOWN!

GETS-IT LIQUID CORN REMOVER
EASY TO USE LIQUID DISSOLVES CORNS FAST!
Easy to apply medicated liquid brings safe, painless relief. "Get that corn" with GETS-IT Liquid Corn Remover.

Fill Cracks And Holes Better
Handles like putty. Hardens like wood.
PLASTIC WOOD®
The *Genuine* – Accept No Substitute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was thinking the other night about Joe Clarence. A great producer, that man.' How often? Should I tell? Never! So Terwilliger brooded. How could he present the real Clarence to the world? The dinosaur is there: boom! It hits him! This is it! he thought, the very thing to strike terror to the world. Here's a lonely, proud, wonderful, awful symbol of independence, power, strength, shrewd animal cunning, the true democrat, the individual brought to its peak, all thunder and big lightning. Dinosaur: Joe Clarence. Joe Clarence: dinosaur, man embodied in tyrant lizard!"

Mr. Glass sat down, panting quietly. Terwilliger said nothing.

Clarence moved at last, walked across the room, circled Glass slowly, then came to stand in front of Terwilliger, his face pale. His eyes were uneasy, shifting up along Terwilliger's tall skeleton.

"You said *that?*" he asked faintly.

Terwilliger swallowed.

"To me he said it. He's shy," said Mr. Glass. "You ever hear him say much, ever, talk back, swear? Anything? He likes people, he can't say. But immortalize them? That he can do!"

"Immortalize?" said Clarence.

"What else?" said the old man. "Like a statue, only moving. Years from now, people will say, 'Remember that film, *The Monster From the Mesozoic?*' And people will say, 'Sure! Why?' 'Because,' the others say, 'it was the one monster, the one brute in all Hollywood history that had real guts, real personality.' And why is this? Because one genius had enough imagination to base the creature on a real-life, hard-hitting, fast-thinking businessman of A-1 caliber. You're one with history, Mr. Clarence. Film libraries will carry you in good supply. Cinema societies will ask for you. How lucky can you get? Nothing like this will ever happen to Immanuel Glass, a lawyer. Every day for the next two hundred, maybe five hundred years, you'll be starring somewhere in the world!"

"*Every* day?" asked Clarence softly. "For the next ——"

"Eight hundred even; why not?"

"I never thought of that."

"Think of it."

Clarence walked over to the window and looked out at the Hollywood Hills and nodded at last.

"Terwilliger," he said. "You really like me *that* much?"

"It's hard to put in words," said Terwilliger with difficulty.

"So do we finish the mighty spectacle?" asked Glass. "Starring the tyrant terror striding the earth and making all quake before him, none other than Mr. Joseph J. Clarence?"

"Yeah. Sure." Clarence wandered off, stunned, to the door, where he said, "You know? I always *wanted* to be an actor." Then he went quietly out into the hall and shut the door.

Terwilliger and Glass collided at the desk, both clawing at a drawer.

"Age before beauty," said the lawyer and pulled forth a bottle of whisky.

At midnight on the night of the first preview of *Monster From the Stone Age*, Mr. Glass came back to the studio, where everyone was gathering for a celebration, and found Terwilliger seated alone in his office, his dinosaur in his lap.

"You weren't there?" asked Mr. Glass.

"I couldn't face it. Was there a riot?"

"A riot? The preview cards are all super-dandy extra plus! A lovelier monster nobody saw before! So now we're talking sequels! Joe Clarence as the tyrant lizard in *Return of the Stone Age Monster*, Joe Clarence and/or or Tyrannosaurus rex in maybe *Beast From the Old Country.*"

The phone rang. Terwilliger got it.

"Terwilliger, this is Clarence! Be there in five minutes! We've done it! Your animal! Great! Is he mine now? I mean, to hell with the contract. As a favor can I have him for the mantel?"

"Mr. Clarence, the monster's yours."

"Better than an Oscar! So long!"

Terwilliger stared at the dead phone.

"God bless us every one, said Tiny Tim. He's laughing, almost hysterical with relief."

"So maybe I know why," said Mr. Glass. "A little girl, after the preview, asked him for an autograph."

"An autograph?"

"Right there in the street. Made him sign. First autograph he ever gave in his life. He laughed all the while he wrote his name. Somebody *knew* him. There he was, in front of the theater, big as life, Rex himself, so sign the name. So he did."

"Wait a minute," said Terwilliger, pouring drinks. "That little girl ——"

"My youngest daughter," said Glass. "So who knows? And who will tell?"

They drank.

"Not me," said Terwilliger.

Then, carrying the rubber dinosaur between them and bringing the whisky, they went to stand by the studio gate waiting for the limousines to arrive all lights, horns and annunciations. THE END

Our friends have the darndest time remembering what this is for.

You know how it is — out of sight, out of mind.

Our friends swear this "trouble tool" disappeared for good the day they got Lifeliners — Cooper's new no-trouble tire made with amazing "turbo-mixed" rubber.

This rubber actually increases tire life as much as 50%. In miles, that's 10 to 20 thousand more than you get from ordinary tires. (See why our customers are friends?)

We have your safety in mind, too. The cord body of Cooper Lifeliner nylon premiums is 2½ times as strong as U. S. Govt. standards for new car tires. Yet Lifeliners cost about 30% less than other major premium tires.

And Cooper's Protective Service (PS) Guarantee goes beyond that of any other major tire maker . . . fully covers accidental road hazard damage, plus workmanship and materials: (1) For 3 years regardless of tread wear (2) For full life of tread after 3-year guarantee expires.*

Most Cooper dealers offer easy-pay plans. Why not see yours? — before road trouble reminds you what tire wrenches are for.

Cooper Tire & Rubber Company, Findlay, Ohio. Tires, Tubes, Tread Rubber, Industrial Products. **Allowances based on Protective Service (PS) schedule posted at point-of-sale.*

The only tire change many people ever make . . . is to Cooper.

COOPER TIRES Cooper TIRES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For saving
lives
he might
lose his
boat
and now...

The Wedding

When fisherman Joe Silvestri's elder daughter married, it was cheerfully expected to take half of Joe's savings. Instead, Joe being Joe, it took about all. But it was a wedding. Dozen bridesmaids. Stiff pink bids printed in gilt. Cake five foot high. Sit-down hot dinner on Bruno's Fish Wharf for 200 invited guests and all others who dropped in, all warmly welcome. Hundred gallons California red wine and plenty more handy.

Only one thing had upset the bride's mamma. When time came for giving lovely Nina away, Joe had refused the new pants and other rigging his Amelita had bought for him. Plain, chunky Joe had stuck by his shapeless wool pants, twisted sash, striped jersey and comfortable, cavernous sea boots. After hot argument, Joe took the boots off but was damned if he'd switch pants. Said this was how his and mamma's and Nina's friends knew him, wouldn't recognize him any other way.

"Those clothes smell of crab and halibut," his Amelita had wailed.

"So does the church," Joe had retorted, "and whole town of Faro Bay. What's wrong with smell of good crab and halibut? Or salmon. Salmon, this week, is sixty cents a pound at the receiving shed."

So, victorious, Joe had given tall, darkly glowing, shapely Nina Silvestri to young Ernesto Fosca—Nina too wildly happy to care what relics papa wore, and slender Ernesto, who was clerk for the wholesale fish buyer, in general state of stun anyway, as if hit with a trawling boom.

And now, one year and a half later, it was the younger daughter's turn. But with a difference. Oh, there were a dozen bridesmaids in a dozen cottages primping, twirling before small mirrors. Joe and mamma would do no less for Beppina than for Nina. Bids again in gilt on stiff crackly pink. Cake five foot two inches, only four inches shorter than Joe himself. Wine enough to float a tuna boat. Mamma Amelita and neighbor women had been bustling over rich-smelling pots and caldrons for days. But there was difference.

Joe finished cleaning the pump box of the *Amelita*'s engine and climbed to Bruno's wharf and on up the sandy, sliding path, his comfortable sea boots clumping.

Yes, difference. Even though half the market fish boats of Sausalito, Noyo and Fort Bragg soon would be in the offing to join the revels. Even though Beppina Silvestri had grown to be every bit as pretty and blooming as dark, creamy dance-loving Nina had been. Even though Beppy's chosen mate was strong, broad young man with toughened hands and not fine-fingered like Nina's slim Ernesto. But as soon as this wedding was over, Joe reflected, he would have to tell mamma. That he, Joe Silvestri, thirty-two of his forty-four years spent in fish boats, no longer was fisherman.

Beppy wasn't at the house on the hill slope when he reached it. Beppy, Joe guessed, was at Ria's Beauty Shop having her sun-brown cheeks massaged, gull's-wing eyebrows retouched, nails given final buff, and midnight hair—since yesterday a mysterious and wonderful storm cloud—stacked still higher. As if Achille Romita cared.

Mamma, hearing her husband's tread, called from her glassed back porch, "You will put on the decent pants, Joe?" So that battle was on again. Mamma was pressing a new three-inch gusset, which she'd decided she needed, into her own best gown. Steam blended with old sachet.

"I ——" began Joe, standing in the doorway to mamma's cozy workroom with its sewing machine, ironing board and rocking chair.

Mamma had not forgotten her defeat a year and a half back. "Will you, Joe, or won't you?"

"I ——"

"Then go shave and take bath, Joe Silvestri. I have hotted the boiler. And put on all the clean new things that are on the bed."

"Yes, mamma," said Joe, standing there.

Amelita Silvestri looked up astonished. "Joe, you all right?"

"I am all right," stated Joe.

"Your back! Today it kills you?"

"It is not worse from yesterday. Not much."

Mamma studied him, holding her hot iron off the gusset. Her hair was sleeked back, forked into place by a big, high comb. She was in maroon petticoat and stocking feet, her sandpiper ankles as pretty as the day she and Joe had been churched. Joe tried to make himself seem the man of twenty that he had been when mamma married him. Mamma demanded to know. "Engine to *Amelita* will not run?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE KAUFMAN

Came Too Dear

BY NEILL C. WILSON

"Since when does engine to *Amelita* not run?" cried Joe.

"Something is the matter. What is it?"

"Pretty soon I give away my other daughter. My baby."

"Mine too," reminded mamma sharply. "You think I don't cry, when no one sees?"

Mamma had to be told. But not now, thought Joe. Not yet. Trying to hide his anguish, he said, "I will smoke one pipe in chair where I see the harbor. Then I make fine for wedding."

Still she studied him. She said softly, "Joe." She said, gently, wearily, bravely, proudly, "Joe, if you'd really rather wear those stinking boat pants, those fish boots, it is all right. If you want to, Joe."

This shocked Joe profoundly. "Mamma! You all right?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're not sick?"

"When I ever sick?"

"Only on honeymoon, when we crossed the bar," admitted Joe. "On our way to Noyo. Long time back."

"Joe Silvestri, that was only a few minutes, and you know it."

"Yes. I know." It was Joe's turn to feel proud. For mamma. What really had made mamma well that day was one big wave that came over the storm rail, taking her full in face. She came out laughing. That was Amelita for you.

"So now go smoke one pipe," ordered Amelita Silvestri, "and then the bath, and you shall wear what you please. Tomorrow I give away the fine things I buy for you, since no more daughters, and Beppy, like Nina, never see you in them. The nice suit. The white shirt. The shoes, which are very wide, so no need to limp. Yes, these I give away tomorrow, or maybe right now."

So mamma hadn't believed her ears, not really, when Joe had surrendered. Joe had to make it plain. "But I will wear these things, mamma! Except the tie." A man has to keep one shred of his independence. "No, not the tie."

"There is no tie!" cried mamma delightedly. "How well I know you, Joe. But all the rest, yes. It is waiting!"

He turned, trying to keep his back erect. Through the pain of it, her alarmed voice followed him. "Joe!"

He went through the little house to the narrow front porch where his hazelwood cane chair rocked invitingly in the wind.

Faro Bay is a shallow harbor a mile and a half long and a mile wide, behind a tall headland and a sandspit. Tangy piers and restaurants and, at low tide, mud flats and rotting hulks are its foreground. Artists have not discovered it, but will. The commercial fishing fleet numbers perhaps fifty boats.

Joe saw only one of these—the *Amelita*, twenty-five years old but damnfine sea boat. Tiller never nested into any hand but his. Deep-lunged, two-cylinder Hicks direct-drive gas engine, none ever built that was more durable. Trawling booms now clamped vertically against the mast. Strong broad hull, never capsize. Like mamma herself, the companion of his years, this boat. Maybe more hours his companion than mamma, even, for fishermen put out to sea very early in the day and often stay late.

The *Amelita*, seen down there through the smoke of Joe's pipe, lifted and fell as a small swell came in between the jetties. She needed paint, the *Amelita*. It hurt Joe to look at her in this work-worn state. Never before had she gone so long without paint. But, thought Joe, she knows how it is. *Amelita* was there when it happen. A long year ago. Half a year after Nina's wedding. Yes, *Amelita* had been there.

Stars had still been bright that morning. Two hours before daybreak, Joe and his *Amelita* had put out. All of the Faro Bay fleet had been astir, for by noon the west wind comes up, bringing heavy swells. Everybody was full of his own plans, his own schemes, and smell of salmon was on the air. *Amelita* and the rest had chugged out between the jetties, and the others had turned left and southward. Not Joe. He passed the whistling buoy marking Arch Rock and turned right. When the rising sun lit up the Coast Range's bare slopes and wooded gullies, he was off Faro Head. A cloud lay on the water. It was silvery. In moments it grew leaden. Warmth vanished.

He knew, though, precisely where he was. He followed the ten-fathom curve of shore rocks by their wreathing of kelp. He heard the gong buoy marking the northwest shoal off Faro Head. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wedding

turned out to sea, blowing warmth to his rough hands. His engine beat with clean rhythm. *Don-na é mo-bi-le*, it drummed gaily to Joe, who felt like a very duke this bracing morning. Young. Valiant. Strong. "*Don-na é mo-bi-le*," he hummed to his engine, holding tiller with his elbow and baiting his lines with oil-fat sardines. He lowered the two trawling booms, restoked his pipe and watched and listened for sea birds.

Two hours beyond Faro Head, in fog that was thicker than ever, he heard the excited gulls. They cried like a thousand rusty doors creaking. Then he was in it—a fisherman's carnival. The lead-gray sea boiled with fin-thrashers. Joe hauled them in. Joe laughed, Joe sang in great voice. Verdi. Donizetti. Tiller lashed, he tumbled fine king salmon down the fish hatch. He set aside one prime beauty for mamma. She would broil its firm red slices in butter; they would have a feast. With stubby calloused fingers he rebaited, sent out lines again. Ten o'clock, and already 300 pounds in the locker. In spite of thick cold mist, he steamed from sweat. He peeled off his jersey. Eleven, and at least 400 pounds. By eleven-thirty the hatch was full and he waded shank-deep in fish. In wealth. In new dress for mamma, new dress for Beppy, overhaul and recalking for *Amelita*, paint for her in his off hours ——

Joe heard, through the fog, a whistle. Four sharp blasts, many-toned, urgent Ship in trouble. Small motor ship, by the air whistle, but with golden voice. Mellow, like *A te vengo* from *Lucia*.

Joe pulled hard at the block on his masthead. The hinged trawling poles sprang upright. He waded over fish to his tiller, threw his gear lever forward. The husky marine engine thundered. The *Amelita* leaped.

Ondine Rock, thought Joe. The submerged needle that had raked many a vessel, starting with a sailing ship long ago. Sometimes, when a wave of freak size rolled shoreward, the drowned rock came just close enough to the surface ——

Joe saw a man in the water. He slowed down and grabbed, pulled him up over the storm rail. Saw another, in a life buoy. Dropped the first amid salmon and threw a rope. Pulled him to the side of the *Amelita* and dragged him up.

Dim through the fog, the vessel loomed whitely. It was heeled over, half down by the head. People were sliding down her side. She must have hit hard, filling so fast that she'd rolled over on one side, and the lifeboat on the other was unmanageable.

Joe moved cautiously, reaching and grabbing when he saw someone, kneeling to do it, bending far to perform the three-foot lift. He stood astride some of those he hoisted, clasped stomachs and poured the water out. He did so to a slighter one and his hands clutched a woman, no mistaking it. About the age of his Beppy. This one he couldn't just drop face down upon the fish. And more people needed saving. He must throw out his fish, get some weight out of this boat. He jettisoned his catch as fast as he could bend and toss. He made space for this girl, for others. When he saw someone in the water, he stopped pitching fish and heaved a rope, or reached and collared.

He moved in as close as he dared under the stern of the wounded vessel. She was a beautiful motor yacht. He read in gold, *Tiare*, Honolulu. The stern swept high as the bow plunged. *Tiare*'s propeller struck *Amelita* a crunching jolt but didn't capsize her. The gold letters vanished. In his fish boat Joe had twenty-two persons.

He heard a welcome sound. A helicopter. The Coast Guard from Point Arena. It dropped almost to the water, saw Joe's boat, cruised for moments trailing a line with a life buoy but found no takers. A cutter came roaring from thirty miles away. It, and the whirlybird, combed the swells in all directions. No more swimmers. The cutter came alongside and took Joe's passengers.

Next day, Joe could hardly rise. If he stooped, he couldn't straighten. Mamma put him to bed again. Two days—four. He'd never in his life been hauled up on the ways like this. "You better take three solid months of rest, Joe. No lifting," the doctor said. A Coast Guard officer called, said Joe should have a medal. Joe didn't want a medal. He was worried about that smash to the *Amelita*.

After days in a chair by a window where he could see the fleet and smell the sea, Joe called for his boots. Mamma protested, but Joe was Joe. Ettore Poli, the boat mender, must be put to work and could not be asked to wait for the money. Ettore, too, had daughters. Joe, grunting, climbed his truck and drove over the hills to Santa Rosa, to Attilio Nessi, the banker who sometimes on holidays went

His car is protected with Farmers Insurance, too.

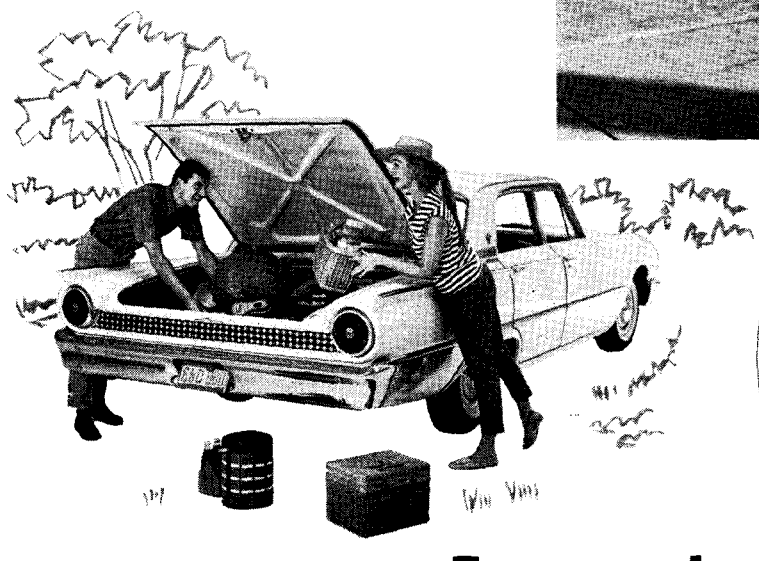
Today's businessman knows it's good sense to insure with Farmers Insurance Group. He gets the coverage he needs for his premises, equipment and vehicles and he gets it at savings that count.

And over a million and a half car-owners will tell you that Farmers is the best auto insurance buy in America today!

Farmers rates are low—usually substantially lower than most other companies.* Farmers offers a generous discount for accident-free driving and if you own more than one car you get additional discounts, if you qualify. Special low rates apply to American-made compact cars.

And Farmers offers special auto policies to special classes of drivers. *Fast* service is the rule with Farmers, *fair* settlement of claims is part of the way Farmers does things. And *friendly* people are there to help when you need them.

*In Texas you save by dividend payments.



CALL YOUR FARMERS AGENT FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE

He's listed in the phone book under *Farmers Insurance Group*. He's an expert on AUTO, LIFE, FIRE, TRUCK and COMMERCIAL insurance. Get them *all* from Farmers for finest coverage at low cost.

Fast · Fair · Friendly **Farmers Insurance Group**

AUTO · LIFE · FIRE · TRUCK · COMMERCIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out with Joe in the *Amelita* for sport fishing. Joe stated his need.

Attilio Nessi had turned out to be not like the man Joe entertained in his boat. In his bank Mr. Nessi was as captain on very high quarter-deck. "H'm. A loan. You own your home at Faro Bay, Joe?"

"Of course," Joe had said. "I build her myself."

"And your boat? You own this also? All of it?"

Own *Amelita?* Everybody knows who owns *Amelita.* Joe had helped build her too. In Ettore Poli's boatyard.

"You have a car?"

Pickup truck, he told this banker. Secondhand when he get her, maybe thirdhand, but still run pretty good.

"Is it fully paid for too?"

What Attilio Nessi mean, paid for? Sure, Joe own her, every nut and bolt. Joe had won her in a game of solo from Ettore.

"You have a cow?"

No cow. What he, Joe Silvestri, want with cow?

"A few sheep then, maybe?"

A few ship? No, no, only one ship. And she just thirty-four-foot fish boat, as Attilio Nessi well knew, but good engine, by gar. Twenty-five years old but damn sweet engine. Everybody in fleet knows *Amelita*'s engine.

Banker Nessi's eyes stopped going like spear through Joe. The tight mustache spread a little, happy to do big favor. "O.K., Joe, but you must sign a paper."

Paper! What for a paper? Doesn't he, Joe Silvestri, always pay what he owe? He has wife, second daughter, good reputation. Ask anybody.

But Nessi ordered the paper drawn up. Joe signed. With boat so hurt by smash from *Tiare* and money cans under front porch empty, what else is to do?

Attilio Nessi rose, shook Joe's hand, clamped Joe's tough shoulder. "You understand, Joe, that this bank now holds deed of trust to your boat. And takes title if you default the payments. You do understand, don't you?" The smile was pleasant, but it was a business smile.

Sure, sure. Joe was tired of talk. What counted was getting Ettore Poli to work on the wounded *Amelita.*

Ettore lost no time. He ran his cunning hands over the strakes, reading them as a blind man reads braille, tracing hair-thin cracks. He opened up the hull, knocked out crushed timbers, inserted new oak ribs and resheathed them with cedar planks so beautifully fitted that they were tight without calking as soon as wet wood could swell. Joe watched the gnarled hands dress out each member, and wished they would make him a brand-new back. But the bill! Joe made Ettore add it up before the craftsman could screw in another cadmium screw. As he feared, the bank loan was quite used up. Topside paint would have to wait.

It was good to be at sea again. But mamma and the doctor had been right. Every move was painful. Experienced Joe no longer was one of the leaders. When others of the fleet came in deep-loaded, making loud opera, Joe had to come in light. Partner or hired helper would have been useful. But who wanted to be partner in a mortgaged boat? And with payments to be set aside to the bank first of all, where was money for wages if catch was small?

Yet, with care, Joe and mamma and Beppy got along.

After almost a year, a medal came from Washington, to Joseph Silvestri, for heroism. Joe gave it to Nina's baby. But he did wish somebody had paid for those fish he threw away, that day of the *Tiare.*

And one evening Beppy had told Joe and mamma that she had found her young man. He was big-shouldered Achille Romita, whose father had been lost in a tall wave before the boy was born. His mother ran a roadside crab-and-fish stand.

Mamma had hugged Beppina, cried happily and insisted that she'd noticed how Achille all but melted away like salt whenever Beppy passed by. But all this came as thumping news to Joe. Beppy, to Joe, was still just his little girl. She was little no longer, Beppy informed Joe firmly. Like her sister before her, she was now ready and eager to become this young man's wife.

So Joe and mamma agreed that Beppy, exactly like Nina, must have a wedding. "First class," cried Joe. To show she wasn't loved one shred the less.

But, the money.

That was all right, said mamma. She, too, had a coffee can. Buried under her back porch. Joe hadn't guessed, but men often are dull that way. Mamma got clam shovel and fetched it. Triumphantly she showed Joe what she'd managed to put by for this very hour.

Joe never was more proud of mamma. But, he perceived, it wasn't enough by half. Well Joe remembered from Nina. He didn't say so. This was mamma's hour, like Beppy's. He knew where the rest of the money must come from.

When Beppy was told that her wedding would be as fine as her sister's, she cried from joy. Not one bridesmaid less? Not one, said mamma. Cake not one inch shorter? No! One inch taller, cried Joe; maybe two. And hot dinner, said mamma, for everybody. And wine, Joe flung in, and music as long as anybody want to dance. Two days. Maybe three. Everybody sing, be gay. Joe beamed as he pictured it. But reminded himself that he would have to double his fish catch. Or this month's payment and many more would not go to the bank.

That was over a month ago. Desperately he'd tried to bring in more fish, more crabs. Till his back hurt worse than ever. Meanwhile, so as not to disappoint Beppy at any point, he'd held back two bank payments. Friendly letter from bank, first time. Sharp letter, second. Harder and harder Joe had tried to bring in a big catch. Until yesterday, when he thought he was going to faint. Had been forced to leave half his crab pots in the sea. He realized, then, the truth. Had gone to Bruno Nello, who owned the pier, and asked if any job was open for man with back like his. Bruno had said sure, sure.

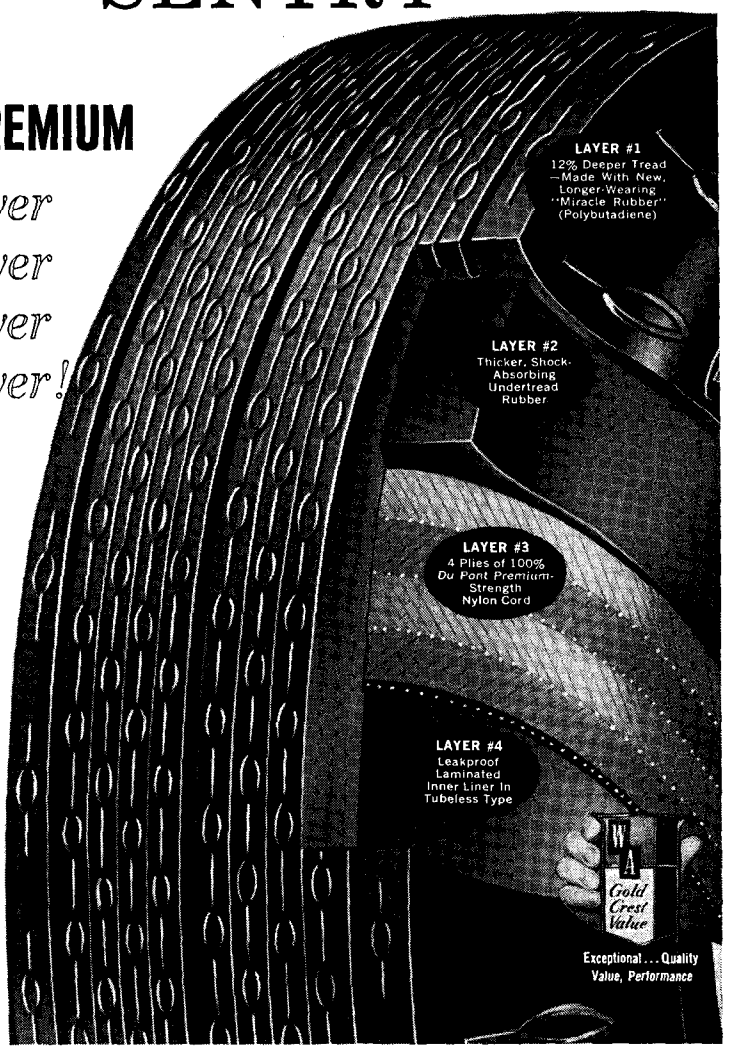
One more day Joe had gone to sea, hoping for miracle. Hold tiller, yes. Move gear lever, yes. Lay course and find fish and crabs if there were any—yes, yes. But this was not enough. Handling catch with this back was like rowing with broken oar. And next month the final sharp letter would come. After today's wedding, but not before, he would tell mamma. And then Attilio Nessi would please come take the boat.

Now, realized Joe, sitting here in his hazelwood rocking chair, Beppy was home from the beauty shop. He could hear her voice. All larks and rainbows, like Gilda, like *Caro nóme.* He knocked out his pipe, rose wincing and went in.

The ALL-NEW DAVIS
PREMIUM
SENTRY

TRUE PREMIUM

... layer after layer after layer after layer!


LAYER #1
12% Deeper Tread —Made With New, Longer-Wearing "Miracle Rubber" (Polybutadiene)
LAYER #2
Thicker, Shock-Absorbing Undertread Rubber
LAYER #3
4 Plies of 100% Du Pont Premium-Strength Nylon Cord
LAYER #4
Leakproof Laminated Inner Liner In Tubeless Type
W A
Gold Crest Value
Exceptional... Quality Value, Performance

Count them — four layers of real "premium" tire features for *extra* safety, *extra* mileage... plus low profile that puts more rubber on the road... yet costs no more than "new car" tires!

It's the equal of any premium tire of 1962 —in safety, mileage, features. Yet this all new *Premium* Davis Sentry will probably cost you no more than a regular first line, new car type tire in a major brand.

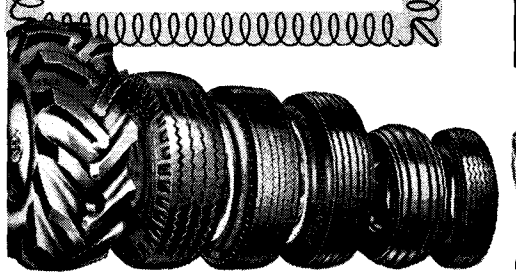
From the inside out this exceptional tire value is just loaded with extras! And even its shape works for you. New low profile design puts more tread rubber against the road for slower, more even wear, greater stability and traction. Proof of outstanding performance from over 2,500,000 test miles clocked in all 50 states!

DAVIS TIMELESS GUARANTEE
never expires while there's tread on your tires!

Nails, glass, rocks, many things can cause blowouts, cuts, bruises, making the best tire unserviceable, but NOTHING—not even defects in workmanship and material—can damage your DAVIS TIRE GUARANTEE, except in cases of misuse.

At our option, we will replace your tire with a new Davis tire or repair it free of charge. When adjusted, you pay only for tread used. Adjustments are prorated on tread wear and based on current exchange selling price (NOT ON LIST PRICE AS WITH MOST OTHER GUARANTEES).

OHIO: Complete tire service guaranteed under proper and normal operating conditions.



Davis Tires—preferred by wise buyers over 35,000,000 times... a tire for almost everything on wheels!

Offering outstanding values with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back . . .

Western Auto

(SP62)

the family store

Western Auto Dealers own their own stores and set their own prices and terms, which may vary slightly in some parts of the U.S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I took my doctor's advice!

Now our constipation worries are over!

Doctors recommend Milk of Magnesia —the gentle laxative-antacid that gives complete but carefree relief

We asked thousands of doctors, "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia for your patients?" The overwhelming majority replied: "Yes!"

Yes, doctors consider Milk of Magnesia effective and gentle enough even for infants, maternity and surgical patients.

And no wonder!

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is *both* a gentle laxative *and* a soothing antacid. It not only relieves constipation thoroughly and comfortably, without forcing the system; it also relieves upset stomach, gas, heartburn and other acid distresses accompanying constipation. Laxatives which work in just one way simply can't bring such complete relief.

Ask *your* doctor! No home should be without Phillips' Milk of Magnesia!

REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

Wedding

Mamma lent him her shoulder so he could stand in the tub. She poured the hot water on his back. She helped him with the clean-smelling underclothes. He felt airy in the white nylon shirt, thin as lady's handkerchief; in the shoes that were wide enough as mamma promised, but so light that he felt bird-footed, that he could fly away. If he stretched his arms, this coat would pop like kelp. Beppy came in and showed herself, turning, floating, trailing fragrance in gown and veil that had been mamma's, then Nina's. She was song, she was spring, she was petals. Somewhere, Joe told himself, young Achille Romita also was getting into marriage clothes. Making shoulders small. Hoping hired outfit wouldn't split.

An hour later and it was done. Beppy belonged to Achille Romita. Achille had managed not to swoon or melt, though tottery. Mamma had cried openly from so much joy for Beppy.

Bruno's wharf was the only place big enough for the feast. All the benches and tablecloths and knives and forks in Faro Bay, all the people in Faro Bay, boatmen from Sausalito, Noyo, Fort Bragg, passers-by from the county road even. Strangers sensed the fun, the welcome, and came down the sandy path and wooden steps. One car had driver in blue cap, and single passenger, who got out, came down and found place at the foot of a table. "Other one too!" called Joe to the driver up on the road, but he'd parked and wouldn't stir. Joe sent Nina's slender Ernesto up with a bottle of wine. To the tables came soup that had been building for days. Salami. Cowpea salad with mamma's dressing. Shrimp. Prawns. Ravioli. *Tagliarini.* Crab legs thick and sweet. Chicken *cacciatore.* Neptune pan roast, lobster tails, toasted sour garlic bread, red wine, white wine, *grappa*—take your choice or take all. *Grappa* for the strong, for any who thought he could keep sea or land legs under him.

Attilio Nessi rose, glass in hand. Stiff mustache spread with smile, he toasted the bride, hailed the groom, cheered up mamma, spoke of Joe as "that great fisherman, good father."

All pounded tables for Attilio Nessi. They glanced toward Joe. He got to his feet, grasped his glass, filled it brimming from a jug. He tried to say something gay, something to start the new-marrieds off. His throat had closed like gate to crab pot. Nothing came. Nothing. His legs wilted. He sat down.

The passer-by who'd left car and driver up on the road was seated far from the wedding party. When Joe Silvestri sat down, this visitor got up. He was groomed like boat fresh from overhaul and new paint. He had broad gold band at finger, four cigars at breast pocket, suit well cut, wouldn't pop. He lifted his tumbler of red wine. "My friends."

It was unexpected. Everyone turned.

"My friends, before I wish joy to a beautiful bride, a lucky groom, I want to say something. You don't know me, but I know you. Because of one man here, I know you all. The kind of wonderful people you are. The stuff you are made of. I am the man who owned the *Tiare.*"

Ah, yes. Joe remembered the *Tiare.*

"For months," the guest said, "I have been in hospital. My wife —— I lost my wife. But my daughter, my crew ——" He stopped.

The man left his place, paused a moment with his hand on Joe. He managed to say, "I understand, good friend, that you flung away your catch." He shook Joe's shoulder gently, walked away. Up the path. The car drove off.

"What is this envelope he left here?" asked Attilio.

"I don't know. He forgets it, I think." Joe remembered his guests. "The music! The dancing! Everybody have fun!"

"It is to Joe and Mrs. Joe Silvestri. You should open it."

"You open and read," said Joe.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

"It is a check," said Attilio. He seemed startled.

"How does he know the weight, my lost fish?" cried Joe.

Attilio adjusted his big-framed glasses, examined then re-examined the check. "He leaves considerable margin."

"It is large check, Joe," said shocked mamma, peeping.

Joe decided to look too.

Banker Nessi held the check as if it were weighty in the hand. "Joe. After you pay off loan on the *Amelita,* you will leave the rest of this with me? In savings bank at interest?"

Joe felt as if he had porpoises in his stomach. Diving, jumping.

"I have good safe bank, Joe."

It was odd; no longer was there a trap gate to Joe's throat. "Mr. Nessi—Attilio." Joe had never called him by first name before. "You own house you live in?"

"Why, certainly."

"You have car?"

"Of course. I came in it."

"You got cow? Ship?"

"What nonsense is this?" Mr. Nessi was outraged.

"No, you no got ship. I got ship. But I think you fine O.K. gentleman, Attilio. Safer than coffee can under porch, maybe. But, by gar, you gotta sign a paper."

Dancing had been going for hours. Joe sat in his boat. More comfortable here than rocking chair. Three solid months ahead, resting—what his back needed. So the doctor had said. Well, soon as honeymoon over, Joe had business to talk with this big new son-in-law. Sea-wise Joe to steer, find fish, Achille to hoist catch—what a partnership!

Accordion, fiddle, scraping feet were tireless.

But Joe, down in his boat, rubbed rough hand over black, smooth, salt-stained tiller. Making plans. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

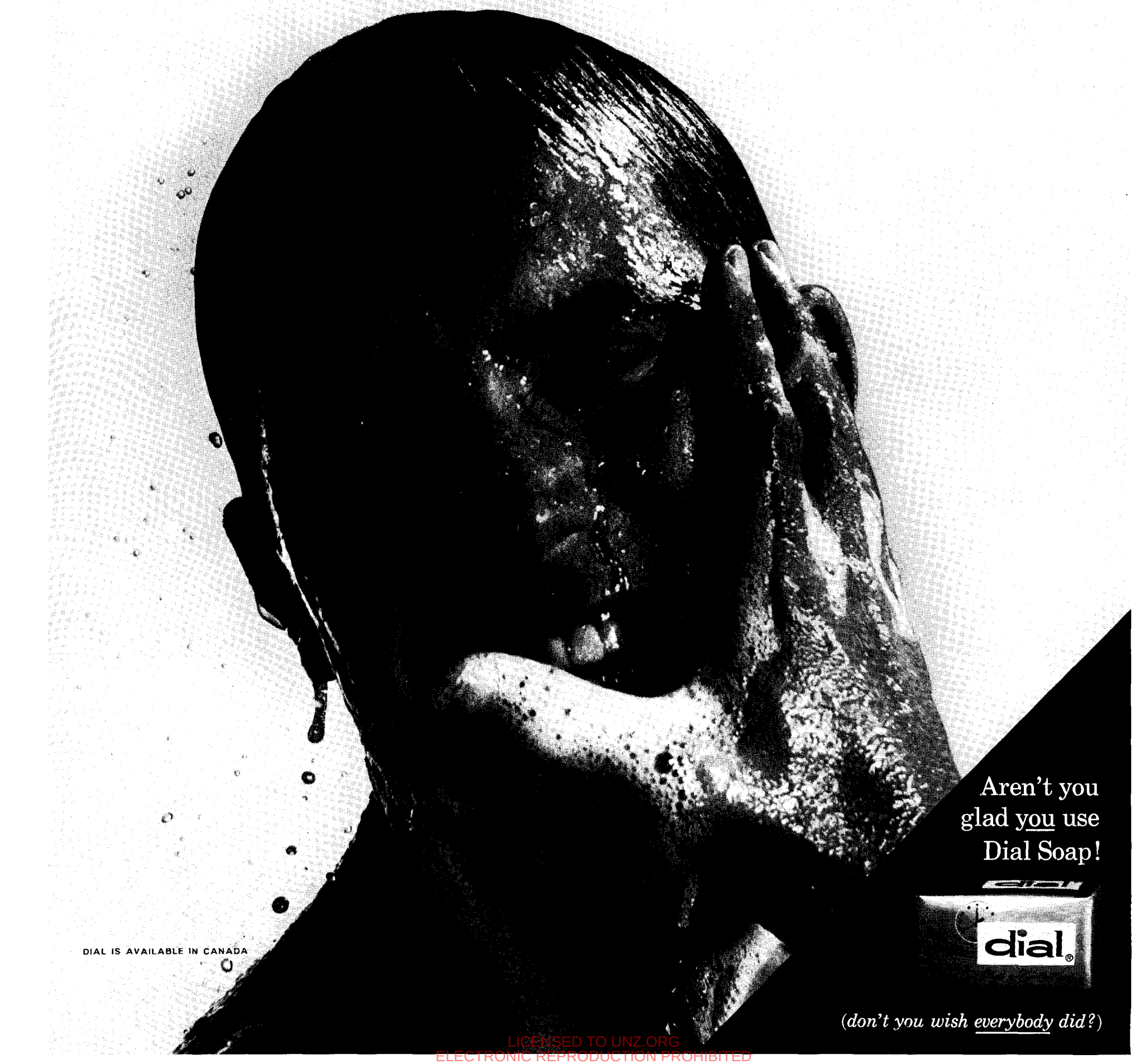
Sure thing!

A Dial shower. No better way to be sure of yourself.

Even on hot summer days it knocks perspiration odor for a loop.

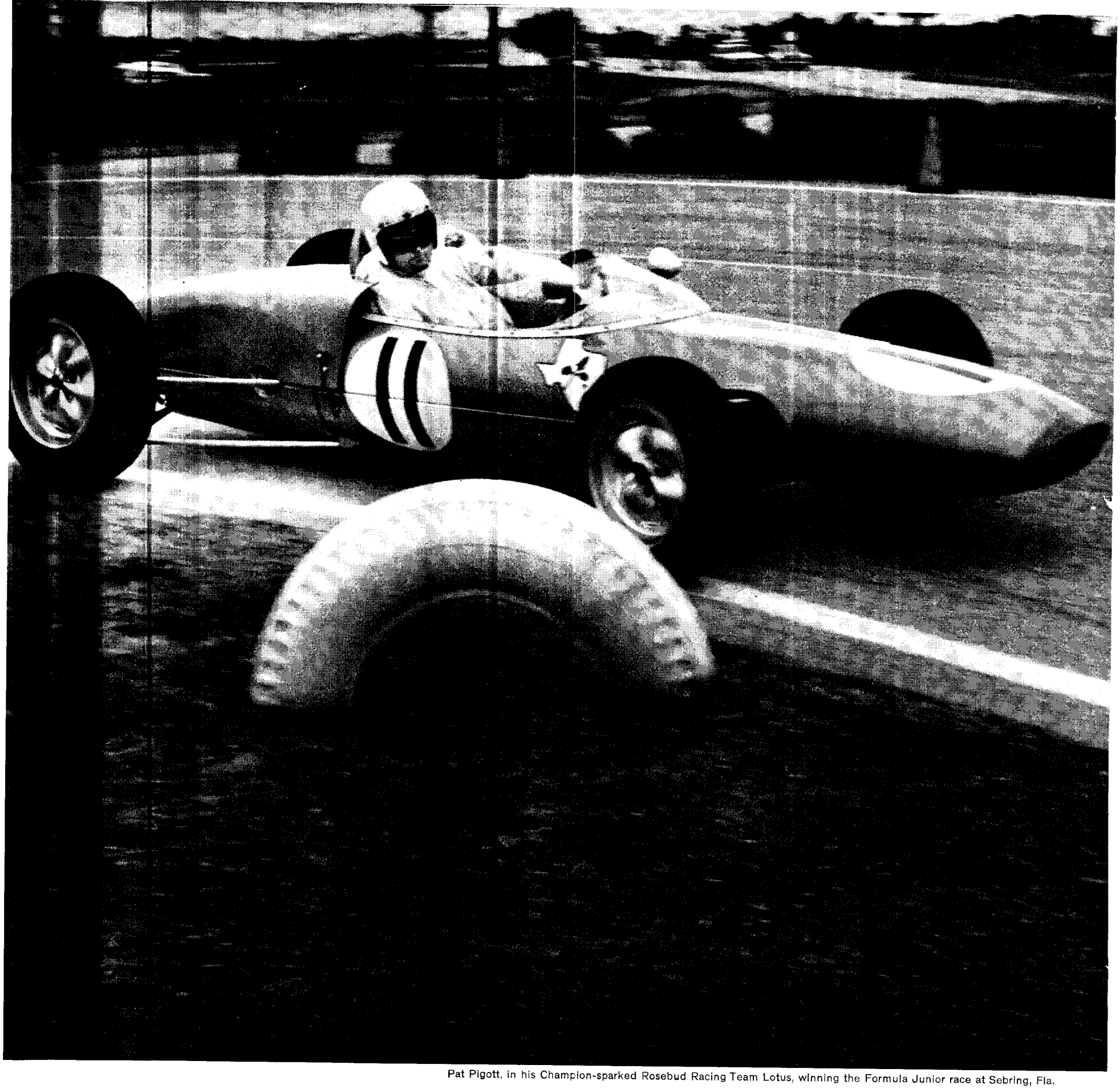
That's because Dial with AT-7 gets rid of bacteria that cause odor.

People who like people like Dial. Get some.



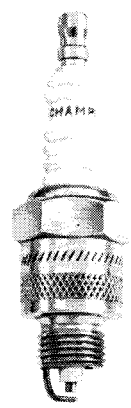
DIAL IS AVAILABLE IN CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pat Pigott, in his Champion-sparked Rosebud Racing Team Lotus, winning the Formula Junior race at Sebring, Fla.

Winners of 9 out of 10 major races
use Champion spark plugs
because Champions have no equal
for dependable performance!
Why settle for less in your car?



CHAMPION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Exposed Billie Sol Estes

The Texas editor who touched off the scandals tells the story of his paper's battle against the hometown hero.

By OSCAR GRIFFIN Jr.

When I came to the West Texas town of Pecos in the summer of 1960, to join the staff of the twice-weekly Pecos *Independent and Enterprise*, the name of Billie Sol Estes meant little to me. Certainly I had no indication that two years later I would help to expose a nationwide political scandal.

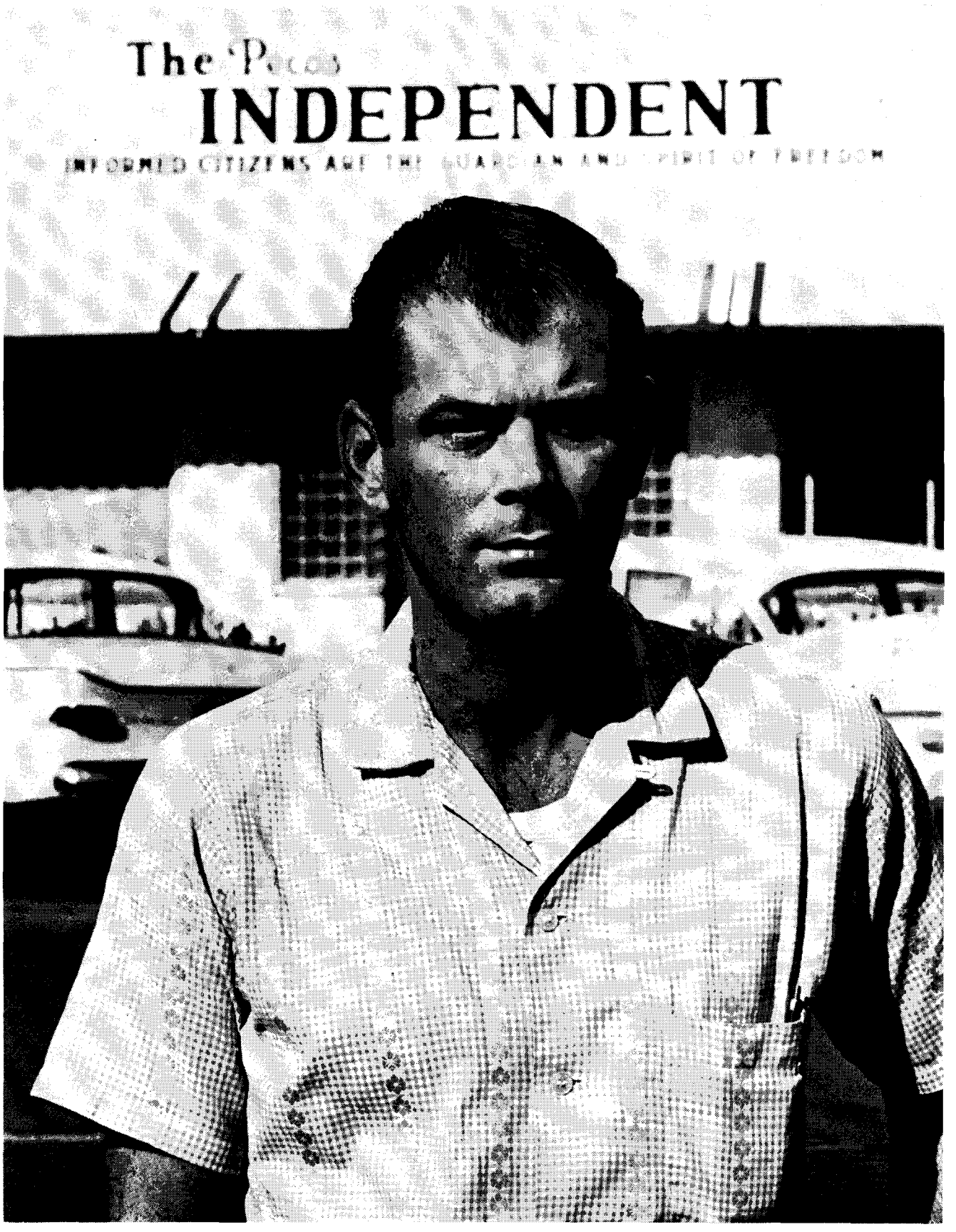
About all I knew of Billie Sol Estes upon arriving in Pecos was a warning I had received from a friend in the Texas Panhandle: "If you want to get along in Pecos, you'll have to go along with Billie Sol Estes." My friend had told me how Estes had tried to buy out his fertilizer-and-insecticide business. When my friend and his partner refused to sell, Estes established a competing firm and cut his prices below cost. My friend's business dropped 80 percent and would no longer support two families; so my friend sold out to his partner, who struggled on alone. However, my friend's bitterness about Estes suggested a personal feud, so I thought no more about it.

He Was Almost a Legend

During my first couple of months in Pecos I did not actually see Billie Sol Estes, although I heard about him as the town's most important person. He was almost a legend. No one knew how many millions he was worth, how many companies he controlled, how many important politicians he was really buddy-buddy with, or exactly how he had managed to build his empire.

It was fact that in 1951, at the age of twenty-six, Billie Sol had come to Pecos practically penniless and three years later had been named to the National Junior Chamber of Commerce's list of the nation's ten outstanding young men. By 1960 he claimed to be the largest distributor of chemical fertilizers in Texas, and was collecting several millions of dollars a year from the Government's Commodity Credit Corporation for storage of surplus grain in his elevators on the High Plains. He also owned or leased several thousand acres of extremely valuable West Texas cotton land. He was always flying to Washington, Dallas, Los Angeles or somewhere else, in one of his two private planes, wheeling and dealing in cotton, grain, real estate, fertilizers and politics.

Since I was only three years out of the University of Texas journalism school, I had my hands full as city editor of the *Independent* without trying to keep track of Billie Sol Estes. I found a lot of activities to cover in Pecos, a town that was once just a ford on the Pecos River. The discovery in the late 1940's of a huge



Author Griffin. In a series of articles in the Independent, *he looked into fertilizer-tank deals and raised embarrassing questions. Estes retaliated by trying to start a boycott against the paper.*

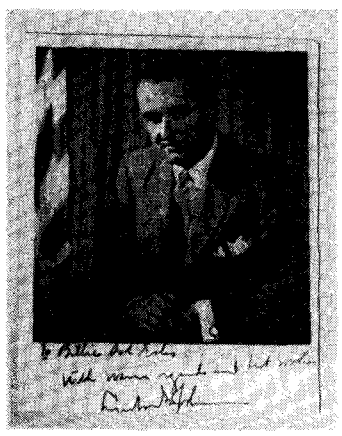
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Billie Sol bragged to friends: "I'll call Orville, and if he can't help us, I'll call Lyndon, and if I have to, I'll call Jack."

THE MEMENTOS ON BILLIE SOL'S WALL

Estes gave the impression to Pecos townfolk that his sphere of influence was extensive. These portraits hung in his office hallway.

The President signed: "For Billie Sol Estes—with appreciation and warm regards."



Lyndon Johnson noted: "To Billie Sol Estes—with regards and best wishes."

Texas Senator Yarborough inscribed: "To a great friend, true Texan, great American."

reservoir of underground water, plus the use of modern chemical fertilizers, had transformed the alkalized soil into choice cotton acreage. There was still cattle ranching, and some cantaloupes, but the economy of Pecos was paced to the cotton boom, and the town's population had increased 58 percent from 1950 to 1960.

Those of the 12,728 citizens whom I met seemed especially friendly and displayed a live-and-let-live philosophy. And much of the spirit of the Old West remained: The outlaws of Judge Roy Bean's "law west of the Pecos" days were replaced by the crop-gambling cotton farmers, who each year battled weather and crop diseases for high profits or heavy losses.

With these farmers a man's word was his bond and a signed contract a mere formality. Most of them had fine homes in town, and had valuable assets in their land and equipment, although they usually had to borrow money each year to finance the next cotton crop or new machinery. The Pecos merchants carried most of their big accounts on credit and did not expect bills to be paid until after harvesttime. Business was booming and the people were prospering, except for a few farmers whose crops had failed. Also excepted from the general prosperity were the Mexican and Negro half of the citizenry, many of whom lived in slum conditions on the east side of town.

My first actual contact with Billie Sol Estes came when I covered a Democratic rally he sponsored at his large home—palatial by Pecos standards—the Sunday before the November, 1960, elections. The outdoor barbecue, to which all of the town had been invited, was held on Billie Sol's two tennis courts.

A Spellbinding Salesman

I had heard about Billie Sol being a red-hot, spellbinding salesman. But in a simple introduction of the featured guest, Texas Senator Ralph Yarborough, Billie Sol appeared more like a country parson. He seemed well-liked and was on a first-name basis with most of the 2000 guests, even the large contingent of Mexicans and Negroes.

Having a United States Senator come to our small town gave weight to the stories Billie Sol told friends about his personal relationship with high officials. In fact, the rumor had spread around town that if Kennedy won, Billie Sol might become Secretary of Agriculture. (He had to settle for an appointment to the National Cotton Advisory Committee.) Only recently, at a meeting of Pecos-area cotton farmers, Billie Sol had promised to go to Washington to resolve a pressing local problem. ("I'll call Orville, and if he can't help us, I'll call Lyndon, and if I have to, I'll call Jack.")

However, after being in Pecos for a while, I found that there were mixed feelings about Billie Sol Estes. Most of the farmers liked him as a friend and because his companies gave them farm services at reduced rates and sold them chemicals and insecticides at low prices—once he briefly cut prices to one sixth the going rates. He also had been instrumental in setting up an industrial-gas company to supply fuel for irrigation pumps, thereby saving the area farmers $3,000,000 a year.

It gave some Pecos citizens pride in their town to hear about Billie Sol hobnobbing with the big shots in Washington or being written up in newspapers and magazines as the hero of a new Horatio Alger success story. They felt that these write-ups reflected credit on Pecos with references to Billie Sol's Sunday-school teaching at the Church of Christ, his frequent quoting of Scripture, his often-reported gifts to his church and to almost anyone in need. They respected his high moral standards; he neither smoked nor drank, and at his home forbade dancing and drinking, or mixed swimming among unmarried young people.

Tank-Deal Rumors

But there was a large anti-Estes element. His own Junior Chamber of Commerce branch had never named him their local "Jaycee of the Year," even when the State of Texas or the National Jaycees honored him. A good many Pecos citizens, including the publishers of the *Independent*, had become disenchanted with Billie Sol because of talk about some of his business practices.

Several people said that Estes had forced them out of business by price cutting, or forced them to sell to him after threats to establish a competing business. And there were occasional rumors about mysterious "tank deals." Stories kept cropping up that Estes was paying farmers large sums for the "use of their credit" in a complicated arrangement for sale and leaseback of anhydrous-ammonia storage tanks. This fertilizer, kept liquid under pressure in tanks and applied to the soil as a gas, is the lifeblood of West Texas cotton crops.

The Estes unbelievers were strong enough last year to defeat his candidacy for the Pecos school board. Even so, most of them muffled their criticism in the belief that what was good for Billie Sol Estes was good for Pecos.

So it was with some qualms over the effect on the community that we at the *Independent* decided last August, soon after I had become editor, to investigate the rumored Estes tank deals. The incident that crystallized our suspicions was a tip that Estes had requested the Retail Merchants Association to eliminate from their biweekly bulletin the listing of mortgages on chemical-tank sales. Estes's request, which was honored, was based on his statement that the listings hurt the credit of the farmers.

Some news magazines and big-city newspapers have written dramatic accounts of our investigation and tried to make me out as some kind of muckraking, fighting editor. Actually our investigation into Billie Sol's activities was a pretty routine job in line with the paper's motto, INFORMED CITIZENS ARE THE GUARDIAN AND SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

At the start of the investigation, we had in mind compiling a list of the tank mortgages recorded only in our own Reeves County during the first nine months of 1961 and then seeing whether a pattern emerged. One afternoon late in September Alan Propp, general manager and one of the owners of the *Independent*, and I decided to go through the list of tank mortgages already compiled. What we saw convinced us that something fishy was going on. The few documents already at hand showed that several of our local farmers, were apparently buying and taking out mortgages on 50, 100 or even 180 of the 1000-gallon tanks at costs up to $170,000. This seemed peculiar because ordinarily farmers don't need to buy these tanks; they can borrow as many as they need—without charge—from the fertilizer distributors.

To get a more complete picture, Alan and I began gathering data on the mortgages recorded in Reeves County for 1959 and 1960. We hired an investigator to obtain the 1959–61 tank mortgages recorded in ten other West Texas counties. By early January of 1962 we had statistics that defied explanation. From 1959 through 1961 West Texas farmers had ordered 33,500 chemical tanks which had been mortgaged for a total of $34,500,000. In the Pecos area alone, thirty-seven of Reeves County's 370 farmers had signed up for 15,000 tanks costing $14,500,000.

One farmer had $970,098 worth of tank mortgages; another had $735,654; still another, $649,386. Hoping to unravel the puzzle, I began phoning the farmers involved. When I uttered the words "tank deals," they refused to discuss the subject. By the time I reached the name of L. B. (Barrett) Johnson, who farms cotton southwest of town, I was getting discouraged. But Johnson didn't balk; he just said, "Sure, come on out."

Five minutes later I was at Johnson's Pecos home, introducing myself. Johnson is a ruddy, homespun former West Virginia schoolteacher who came to Texas in 1951 and has become one of the most successful farmers in the county.

I explained that I wanted to talk about "the tank deals."

Johnson leaned back in his chair and laced his fingers behind his head. "You don't want to talk to me," he said. "I backed out of that deal. I told Billie Sol to count me out and he did."

"Must Be a Mistake"

I then brought out a slip of paper with a notation copied from official Reeves County records. It showed a mortgage totaling $93,600 for 131 thousand-gallon NH_3 (anhydrous ammonia) tanks. And the mortgage had been filed in the name of L. B. Johnson, Pecos, Texas.

Johnson shook his head in disbelief. "Must be some kind of mistake," he said. He then told me the story of his dealings with Estes.

"I got a telephone call one day to drop by Billie Sol's office, so I stopped by. He told me he was in so many businesses that he had used up all of his credit rating and that he needed more equipment for his expanding fertilizer operation. I thought I understood that. He wanted me to lend him my credit rating to buy the equipment."

Johnson added that Estes proposed to lease back the tanks for the exact amount Johnson would need each month to make the payments. Estes also offered an agreement to hold Johnson "harmless"—that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is, without liability—and also supplied a letter from the manufacturer of the tanks, offering to buy them back at any time. For his trouble, Johnson was to be paid a bonus of 10 percent of the purchase price.

"Now I was scared of this thing," Johnson continued. "I fought Estes on it for two or three weeks. But one morning I weakened and he got me to sign two or three papers. A couple of them were blank—'to take care of the error that somebody might make in filling them out,' Billie Sol said. I signed them at eleven o'clock, but I told him I would call him back by one o'clock and let him know whether or not I wanted to go on it. We had a verbal agreement on this, which to me was just as good as a written agreement. I really just signed those papers to get away from him. He had me charmed or something.

Just a Country Boy

"I called him in less than an hour and told him I had talked to my wife about it and had decided against the deal. I said I was an old country boy and never had been used to that kind of finance and I wasn't interested in it. He was hurt about it. He sounded like he was crying. But I was able to stay with him over the telephone—I couldn't do it in his office.

"When I went to his office and picked up the papers, I thought I got them all. I brought the papers home and tore them in two and threw them in the wastebasket. That's the last I heard about the deal, and that was ten months ago."

While I sat in his office, Johnson telephoned A. B. Foster, Estes's business manager. Foster assured Johnson that an office error had been made and would be corrected immediately. Three days later Foster gave Johnson a release from the mortgage liability.

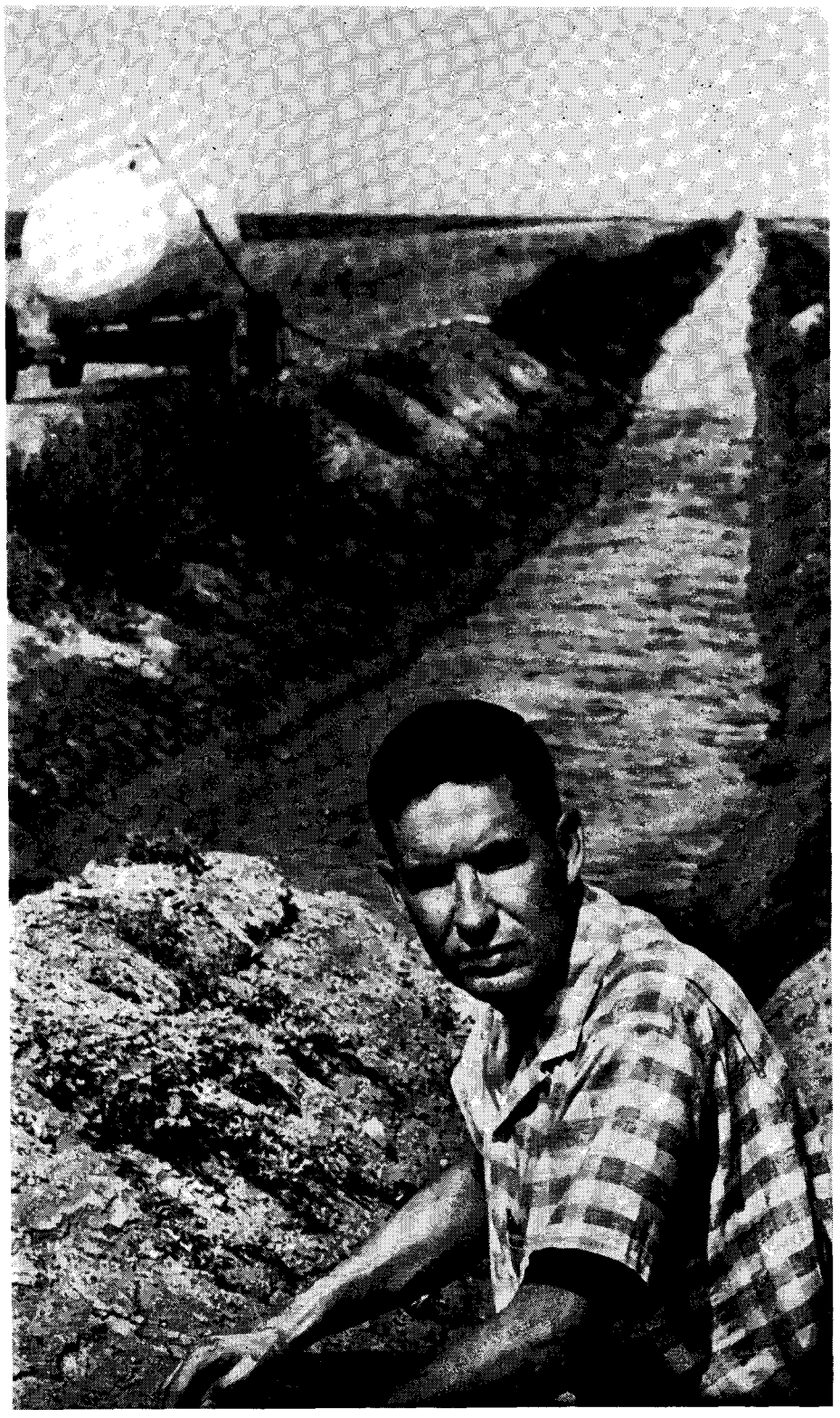
Armed with this discovery, which confirmed scraps of information from other sources, I reported to my publishers. They decided to have me write a series of articles. In the first article, I raised questions about why a farmer with 250 acres under lease would need 400 tanks. Who was gaining from such transactions? Where were the tanks? They were not to be seen anywhere in Reeves County. In later articles, after several other farmers had given me information, I explained the basics of the tank deal—without naming anyone. I reported that Pecos farmers said they understood their tanks were used elsewhere in West Texas. Yet all the other counties had the same amazing surplus. I told of a "businessman," who approached the farmers with the deal. I also raised the question of whether the tanks existed at all; and if they did, why were they not on the tax rolls?

We made no fuss or fanfare in running the series. Each article ran without byline on page one, in a secondary position under a smaller headline than our major news story. I would like to be able to write here that on February twelfth, the day the first article appeared, there was a great hubbub in Pecos. But we had little reaction from the townspeople, although an extra printing was gobbled up at the newsstands. Not a single voice was raised among any civic group, requesting an

Estes in his office a short time before his arrest. He sweet-talked West Texas cotton farmers into putting up their credit to buy him nonexistent fertilizer tanks, used the money to finance other ventures.

LICENSED TO OCLC
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A duped farmer: "Billie Sol told me there weren't as many tanks as the mortgages showed. That sure was the understatement of the year."



Farmer Willis Winters works in front of chemical-fertilizer storage tank like those he purchased for long-time friend Estes. Winters received nothing from Estes, but now owes $330,000 for tanks he has never seen.

investigation. The story went unnoticed in other Texas newspapers including the rival Pecos *News*, a daily started by Estes last August, after our paper had refused to support his candidacy for the school board.

We received support from a few citizens, but around town the atmosphere was mostly guarded. Everyone knew that the unnamed "businessman" of the articles was Estes, but no one wanted to rock the boat.

We heard secondhand that a few Pecos folks were openly hostile toward the *Independent* for running the articles. But only one man called me, a farmer who was not involved in the tank deals. "It's none of your damn business!" he exclaimed. "These deals are private between Billie Sol and the farmers. And anyway, that stuff is not news—everyone in town has known about it. What are you trying to do, stir up trouble?"

Claims of Propaganda

Other criticism was based on assertions that the articles were John Birch-inspired propaganda against Estes, the liberal Democrat. It was true that a former part owner of the *Independent*, Dr. John P. Dunn, was a Bircher and personal critic of Estes. But Doctor Dunn had sold his interest in the paper three months before we started the investigation. The remaining three partners are strongly critical of the John Birch Society, as I am.

Probably the most telling reaction to the newspaper articles was a campaign by Estes to get advertisers to pull out of our paper. He also cut the advertising rates on his newspaper almost one half, undercutting us twenty cents an inch. The boycott didn't work, but we did lose some business to the *News*'s lowered rates.

Despite the indifference in Pecos, we knew that copies of the first article had been sent to several finance companies. A few days later an official of a Los Angeles finance company carrying more than $4,000,000 of the tank mortgages, came to Pecos and asked us for information. Soon the county was full of finance-company investigators who chased around questioning farmers and looking for tanks on which they held the paper. A special FBI agent showed up in mid-March and interviewed several of us on the *Independent*.

Shortly before dinner on Thursday, March twenty-ninth, a friend phoned me to say that Billie Sol had been picked up by the FBI and soon would be arraigned in the Federal building. By 7:30 word had spread throughout town, and a crowd was gathered around the courthouse. The people couldn't believe that anything would happen to Billie Sol.

"You goin' to put Billie Sol behind bars?" a townsman asked Assistant U.S. Marshal Ralph Gilliland.

"You just watch," replied the marshal.

At 12:20 A.M., after Estes's attorneys had spent hours trying to arrange the $500,000 bond—Marshal Gilliland escorted his subdued but head-erect prisoner to the county jail. Billie Sol Estes had been charged with conspiracy in, and interstate transportation of, falsely made, forged, altered and counterfeit chattel mortgages on nonexistent anhydrous-ammonia tanks.

On Friday morning the people read about Estes's arrest in our "extra" edition and in the other papers. For several days afterward, business in town almost came to a standstill. Some people began to panic, carried away by stories in the big-city newspapers indicating that Pecos might go broke if Billie Sol's empire collapsed. They postponed unnecessary purchases and canceled real-estate deals. Some stores refused to cash checks drawn on Estes-connected firms; others began watching the size of farmers' charge accounts.

During the first week after Estes's arrest, half of the people in Pecos still sided with him, believing it was all some kind of a misunderstanding or legal hassle. Some of these people blamed the *Independent* and me for blackening the name of Pecos and for bringing possible financial ruin to local farmers involved in the tank deals.

In the days that followed, a Reeves County grand jury returned added indictments against Billie Sol for felony theft, and his support dwindled. None of us at the *Independent* had any idea that our tank-deal exposé would mushroom into a nationwide scandal involving influence peddling in Washington, illegal transfers of cotton acreage to the Pecos area, state antitrust violations based on business practices aimed at driving competitors out of business and a whole financial empire infested with deceit, forgery and fraud.

Instead of being worth the rumored "hundred to a hundred-fifty million," Estes appeared to be in debt for at least $18,000,000. All of Billie Sol's income from the grain storage, which most people thought to be the basis of his wealth, had been assigned years before to a chemical-fertilizer manufacturer to pay off a multi-million-dollar Estes debt. The Government claimed that more than 3000 acres of Billie Sol's cotton allotment had been fraudulently obtained. Many of the tanks, for which West Texas farmers had assumed financial liability, had never been built. Investigations by the Texas attorney-general's office revealed that much of the mortgage money was kicked back to Estes by a tank manufacturer and had been used as capital for other Estes activities. But most crushing of all to the people of Pecos, who had put their trust in Billie Sol, was the pattern that began to emerge of Estes as a master swindler and con man.

"Estes had a real talent for smelling out a weakness in people and exploiting it," says Texas Attorney General Will Wilson, who has filed antitrust violations against him.

"Easy Money" Deals

With one local farmer, Estes's ploy was that he (Estes) really could get financial help from big companies, but he was giving the farmer an opportunity to keep the money in the community and help local concerns. With another farmer, Estes indicated he had "just a few preferred investors" he was taking into the deal. But these farmers received from 5 to 10 percent of the mortgage value from Estes in cash or credit on chemicals and were, in that sense, trapped by their own willingness to go along on an "easy money" deal.

The case of Willis Winters, however was a different matter. Both Winters and Estes had arrived in the Pecos area in 1951, both were from small Texas towns, both were twenty-six at the time and both were poor. They leased adjoining lands south of Pecos, became friends and joined with four other men in forming a mercantile business. Estes had others work his farm while he lived in town and started his widespread business and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financial dealings. Winters built a home on his farm, developed an automatic irrigation system and other inventions, and became one of the area's most progressive cotton farmers.

In April of 1960 Estes phoned Winters and asked him to drop by the office.

"Estes told me he had exhausted his credit and needed some more tanks, and wanted to know if I would buy some tanks and lease them to him," states Winters. "He was a friend and neighbor, so I was glad to help him. I never received one penny for the execution of any contract or mortgage, nor did I ever receive one penny credit for them. I did not even know anyone was getting anything for the execution of these papers, until it came out in the *Independent*. I was executing these papers for the sole purpose of accommodating what I thought was a friend.

"The day before Billie Sol was arrested I went to see him and asked him point-blank if the tanks existed. He told me there weren't as many tanks as the mortgages showed. That sure was the understatement of the year. I don't know anyone yet who has actually found one of their tanks."

Last August Winters tried to get a loan to put in a new type of fertilizer plant. The finance company he approached, which previously had made him loans, now turned him down. Apparently his credit was already overextended on Estes's tank deals. Now Winters is confronted with possible personal liability for a $330,000 balance due on tank mortgages he signed to help out his old friend, Billie Sol Estes.

Chickens Home to Roost

As these and other revelations have become known in Pecos, business has taken a dip. Involved farmers are unable to spend money, and many other citizens have become cautious. There are mixed emotions among businessmen and non-involved farmers about those threatened with financial disaster. Some feel that it was the farmers' own fault for thinking they could get something for nothing. Yet there are few farmers who can afford to condemn their neighbors, because most of them had taken advantage of Estes's cut-rate prices.

Pecos banker Walter H. Holcombe says that a Billie Sol Estes could not have operated in Maine, or even in the dryland farming area of Texas, where the farmers bite the nickels before they spend them.

"Our farmers around here, who are used to gambling for high stakes with their crops, are an easy touch for men like Billie Sol Estes," says Holcombe. "Why, in the last few years, I'll bet four or five million dollars was carried out of town on moonbeams. And now, with these tank deals, the chickens have come home to roost."

At this writing I am preparing to leave Pecos to go to Texas's biggest city, Houston, where I have been offered a job on the *Chronicle*. It will be hard for my wife Pat and me to leave the friends we have made in Pecos. And I firmly believe that Pecos is one of the best small towns in the nation, with a bright future. I hope too that some of the good people of Pecos have learned that there are times when you should look a gift horse in the mouth.

It is probably not fair, however, to try to assess too much blame for the Estes affair, other than to say that Pecos was made for Billie Sol Estes—and he was made to take it. THE END

Posh living room of the Estes "guest house." Pecos citizens refer to it as the "Truman wing," claiming Estes had told them that he was building it for a visit by the former President. Mr. Truman never came.

In luxuriously furnished home prior to his arrest, Estes poses with wife Patsy and their five children, ages 5 to 12 (left to right, Jan, Billie Sol Jr., Dawn, Joy and Pam). Sol *means sun in Spanish.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

The Pentagon vs. the Reserves

When Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara began poking around the Pentagon, one of the problems he became concerned with was the lack of readiness of the Army reserves. Many reserve outfits, such as 90-mm antiaircraft and veterinary units, were obsolete, and even the highest-priority divisions required from fourteen to twenty weeks to ready themselves for combat.

A year ago Army planners set to work to increase the readiness of the reserves. The result was the highly controversial realignment and reorganization plan announced by the Department of Defense in April.

The plan has many ramifications, but the most important are: (1) Eight nonregular divisions—four National Guard and four reserve—would be reduced to brigades (division headquarters would be retained). (2) Six reserve divisions would be beefed up and given a high-priority status, which means that they would be ready to go in eight weeks. (3) Eleven brigades would be given a high-priority status: two of them ready to go in five weeks and the other nine in eight weeks. (4) Twenty-one reserve divisions would be reduced in strength—to 50 percent—and would revert to a low-priority status, which would allow twenty to thirty-four weeks to bring them to readiness. (5) Obsolete units would be eliminated and many critically needed new outfits, such as radiological detection units, would be created. The net effect would be the elimination of 751 units and the reduction in total strength of the reserves by 58,000, or 8 percent. (It will be accomplished by attrition. No reservist will be severed against his will.)

Boiled down to its essence, the plan means that a readily available force tailored to the active Army's needs would be created at the expense of the bulk of the reserve divisions.

The plan has evoked a storm of criticism. The National Guard sees it as a part of a conspiracy by the regular Army to do away with the reserves. The governors, who command the National Guard within the states, were infuriated because they were not consulted in the plan's formulation. Furthermore, the Guard and reserves had undergone a reorganization only in 1959, when they began converting to pentomic divisions, and another reorganization would disrupt recruiting and reenlistment, of course.

Many Congressmen are deeply disturbed by the plan, and not simply for political reasons. Rep. F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana, chairman of the House Armed Services Subcommittee that has recently been probing the plan, has expressed their concern. "Obviously we do need a quicker response from high-priority units," he says, "but I do not believe that it should be done at the sacrifice of reducing the numbers of personnel necessary to meet any new emergency or any new combination of emergencies that our enemies may develop."

For all the objections and for all the problems that it poses, we are in favor of the plan. The Army, as Under Secretary Stephen Ailes says, needs "quick support to face a sudden emergency." Brush fires today break out in the far corners of the world with little or no warning. We must have a reserve that is ready to go, even if it is a smaller reserve, and that is what the plan provides with its high-priority force.

We are opposed to any reduction in our conventional-war capability, but this high-priority force is especially tailored by Army planners to augment the active Army (which has been increased from fourteen to sixteen effective combat-ready divisions in the past year). In the judgment of the Army's top planners the combined active and reserve force is capable of coping with every contingency short of a general mobilization.

The plan *does* reduce the readiness of the low-priority reserve divisions, but the Army does not have the equipment or the "bottoms" (sealift) to accommodate them. Army planners say that by the time they could equip these divisions and transport them overseas, they could bring them up to strength and whip them into shape with raw recruits. We believe that this is a persuasive point.

The reorganization undoubtedly will cause hardships and disruptions in local communities. We think that these are regrettable, but what really matters is not an individual or a unit, but the most effective defense of the nation.

Get Moving, America

Not long ago the Government's Outdoor Recreation Resources Review Commission made a study to find out how many American families take a vacation each year. By "vacation" was meant any trip away from home for more than three days, even if it was only visiting the in-laws. But most people were unable to qualify. Less than half—43 percent—took vacations.

In another surprising revelation, a recent airlines study showed that half the nation's people *never* travel so much as 200 miles from home.

Such findings are all the more paradoxical when we realize that Americans have more leisure than any other people. They also have the highest per-capita income in the world. In England, for example, where wages are much lower, a survey using the same standards as ours revealed that 58 percent of the people take annual vacations.

Many reasons have been offered for our being such homebodies. Psychiatrists say it's a holdover from our Puritan days when it was considered wrong to go away just for pleasure. Then, too, we have fewer three-day weekends—the bank holidays, saints' days, and so on—than Europeans. Our holidays (for example, Independence Day next month) often come in the middle of the week.

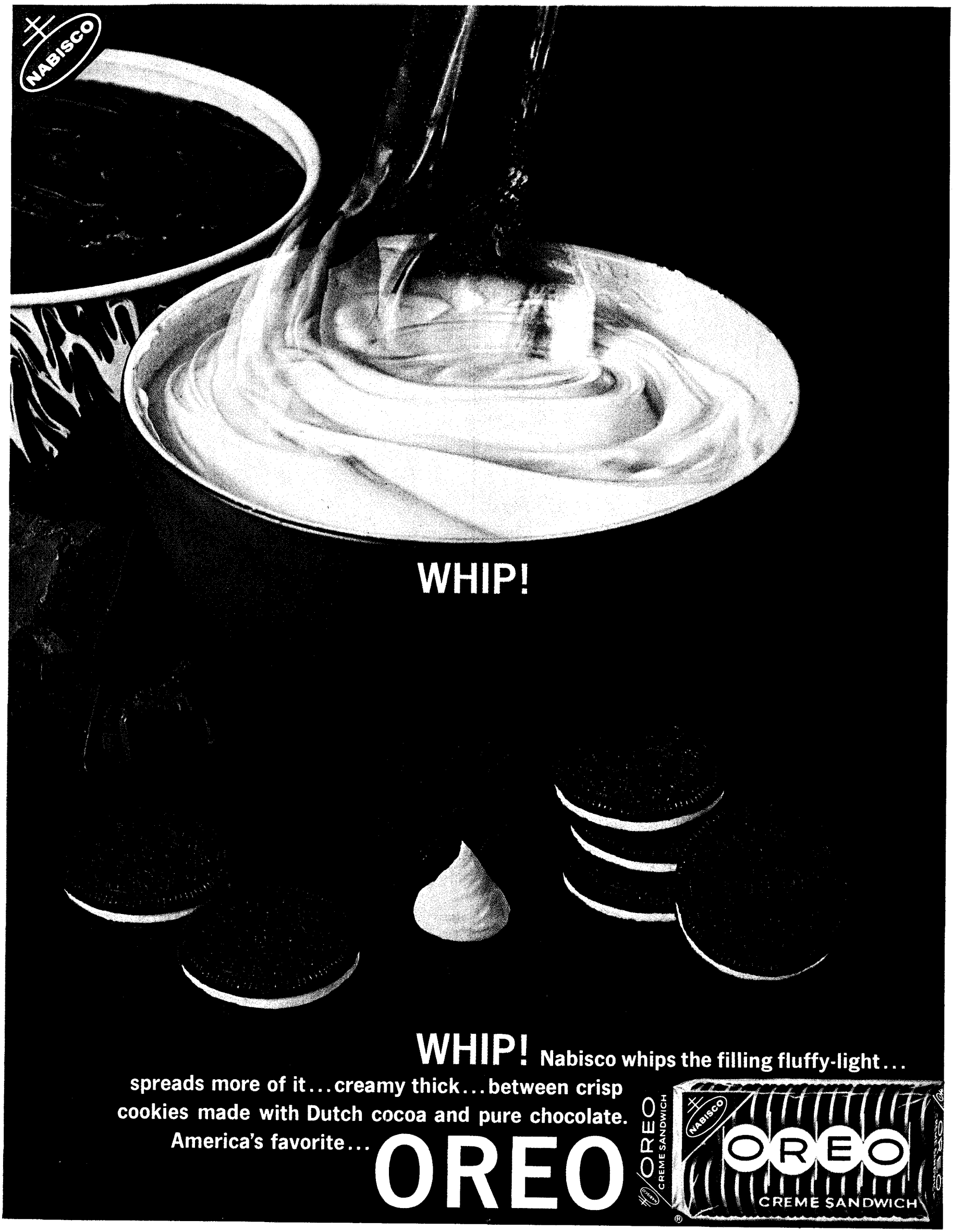
Obviously we ought to examine our stay-at-home complex. In Manhattan not long ago a group of scientists found that Americans didn't know how to relax. How better to relax, we ask, than by going places and being stimulated by new sights, new sounds and new smells? (Even if, as noted on page 8, some places-away-from-home don't look or smell very good.)

And so put down that paintbrush. Drop that trowel. Park the lawn mower in the garage. The horizon is worth exploring even if we come back with nothing more tangible than a fresh coat of sunburn. As Leonardo da Vinci put it: "When you come back to your work, your judgment will be surer and your work seem smaller."

In this day and age, when everything that's pleasurable has been called either immoral, illegal or fattening, it's nice to know that at least one pleasure—taking a vacation—is good for you.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

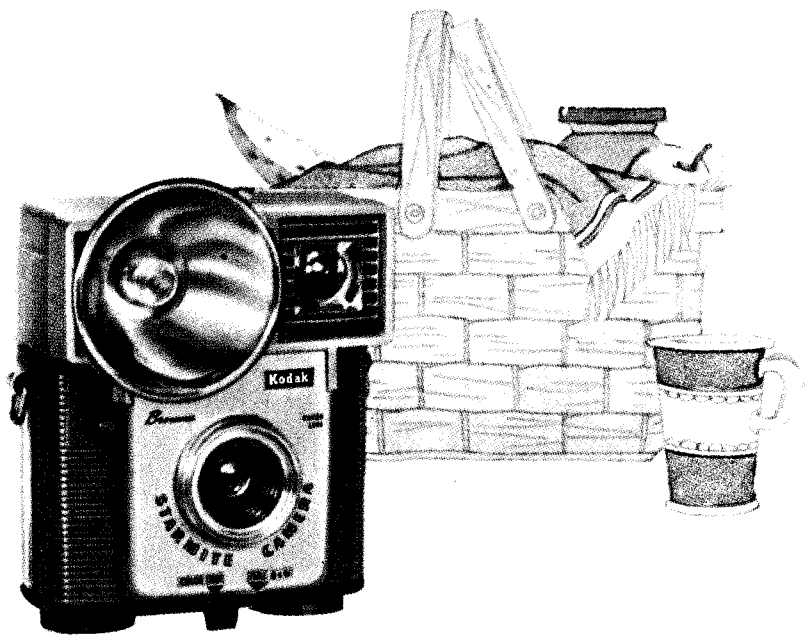
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fun-savers for '62 ...from Kodak!

These exciting new Kodak cameras make it easier than ever to save your summer fun in pictu

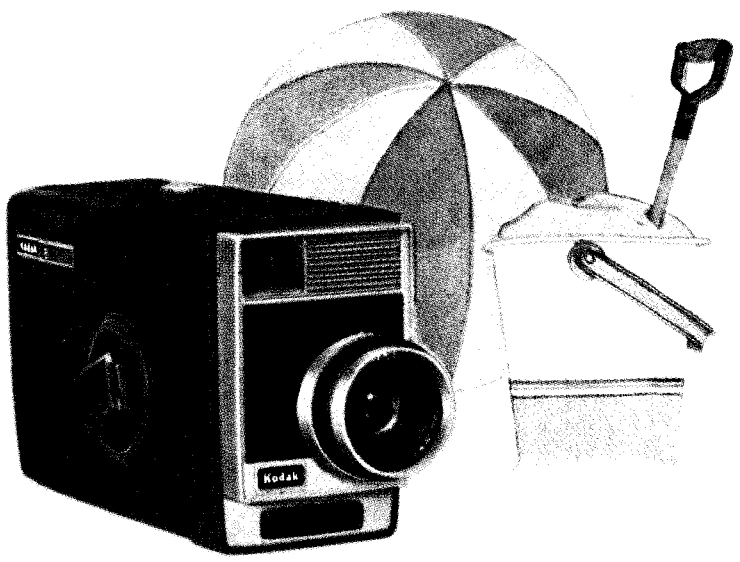


Compact camera with built-in flash . . . weighs less than 8 ounces! Gives you sharp, clear pictures indoors or out, needs no focusing. Uses tiny, inexpensive AG-1 flashbulbs. **BROWNIE STARMITE Camera** . . . less than $12.

Complete gift outfit less than $14.

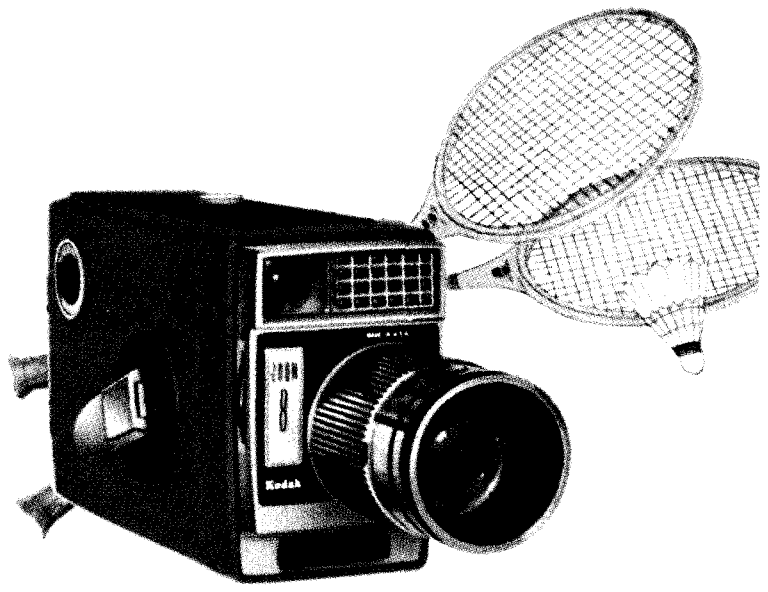
Sets its own exposure! Built-in electric eye measures light, sets lens opening automatically for sharp, clear shots. Automatically signals you to use flash when light is too dim. New **BROWNIE STARMATIC II Camera** . . . less than $35.

Complete gift outfit less than $45.



Now everyone in the family can take movies with this new 8mm Kodak camera. Only one simple setting is required. It's easy to load, too! For bright, clear, action-filled color movies, see the new **KODAK 8 Movie Camera, *f*/1.9** . . . less than $35.

Prices subject to change without notice.



Exciting zoom movies simply by rotating lens barrel! Fixed-focus setting for most situations, plus full focusing scale. Sets its own exposure. New **KODAK Zoom 8 Automatic Camera** . . . less than $120.

And of course, get plenty of dependable Kodak film!
You can depend on the name Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

ENJOY WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR" SUNDAY EVENINGS, NBC-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED